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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

UP THE PARAGUAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

I—THE START

ONE day in 1908, when my presidential term was coming to a close, Father Zahm, a priest whom I knew, came in to call on me. Father Zahm and I had been cronies for some time, because we were both of us fond of Dante and of history and of science—I had always commended to theologians his book, "Evolution and Dogma." Moreover, both of us had a taste for exploration; and his career had appealed to me in many ways. He was an Ohio boy, and his early schooling had been obtained in old-time American fashion in a little log school; where, by the way, one of the other boys was Januarius Aloysius Mac Gahan, afterward the famous war-correspondent, and friend of Skobeloff. Father Zahm told me that Mac Gahan even at that time added an utter fearlessness to chivalric tenderness for the weak, and was the defender of any small boy who was oppressed by a larger one. Later Father Zahm was at Notre Dame University, in Indiana, with Maurice Egan, whom, when I was President, I appointed minister to Denmark.

On the occasion in question Father Zahm had just returned from a trip across the Andes and down the Amazon, and came in to propose that after I left the presidency, he and I should go up the Paraguay into the interior of South America. At the time I wished to go to Africa, and so the subject was dropped; but from time to time afterward we talked it over. Five years later, in the spring of 1913, I accepted invitations conveyed through the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to address certain learned bodies in these countries. Then it occurred to me that, instead of making the conventional tourist trip purely by sea round South America, after I had finished my lectures, I would come north through the middle of the continent into the valley of the Amazon; and I decided to write Father Zahm and tell him my intentions. Before doing so, however, I desired to see the authorities of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, to find out whether they cared to have me take a couple of naturalists with me into Brazil and make a collecting trip for the museum.

Accordingly, I wrote to Frank Chapman, the curator of ornithology of the museum, and accepted his invitation to

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lunch at the museum one day early in June. At the lunch, in addition to various naturalists, to my astonishment I also found Father Zahm; and as soon as I saw him I told him I was now intending to make the South American trip. It appeared that he had made up his mind that he would take it himself, and had actually come on to see Mr. Chapman to find out if the latter could recommend a naturalist to go with him; and he at once said he would accompany me. Chapman was pleased when he found out that we intended to go up the Paraguay and across into the valley of the Amazon, because much of the ground over which we were to pass had not been covered by collectors. He saw Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president of the museum, who wrote me that the museum would be glad to send under me a couple of naturalists, whom, with my approval, Chapman would choose.

The men whom Chapman recommended were Messrs. George K. Cherrie and Leo C. Miller. I gladly accepted both. The former was to attend chiefly to the ornithology and the latter to the mammalogy of the expedition; but each was to help out the other. No two better men for such a trip could have been found. Both were veterans of the tropical American forests. Miller was a young man, born in Indiana, an enthusiastic naturalist with good literary as well as scientific training. He was at the time in the Guiana forests, and joined us at Barbados. Cherrie was an older man, born in Iowa, and at the time a citizen of Vermont. He had a wife and six children. Mrs. Cherrie had accompanied him during two or three years of their early married life in his collecting trips along the Orinoco. Their second child was born when they were in camp a couple of hundred miles from any white man or woman. One night a few weeks later they were obliged to leave a camping-place where they had intended to spend the night, because the baby was fretful, and its cries attracted a jaguar, which growled nearer and nearer in the twilight until they thought it safest once more to put out into the open river and seek a new resting-place. Cherrie had spent about twenty-two years collecting in the American tropics. Like most of the field-naturalists I have met, he is an unusually efficient and fearless man; and willy-nilly he had been forced at times to vary his career by taking part in insurrections. Twice he had been behind the bars in consequence, on one occasion spending three months in a prison of a certain South American state, expecting each day to be taken out and shot. In another state he had, as an interlude to his ornithological pursuits, followed the career of a gun-runner, acting as such off and on for two and a half years. The particular revolutionary chief whose fortunes he was following finally came into power, and Cherrie immortalized his name by naming a new species of ant-thrush after him—a touch that struck me as delightful because of its practical combination of those not normally kindred pursuits, ornithology and gun-running.

Cherrie was just the right man to give us practical advice about the particular kind of trip we intended to take.

In Anthony Fiala, a former arctic explorer, we found an equally good man for assembling equipment and taking charge of the actual handling of the expedition. At the time Fiala was with Rogers, Peet & Co. In addition to his four years in the arctic regions, Fiala had served in the New York Squadron in Porto Rico during the Spanish War, and through his service in the squadron had been brought into contact with his little Tennessee wife. She came down with her four children to say good-by to him when the steamer left. My secretary, Mr. Frank Harper, went with us, and Jacob Sigg, who had served three years in the United States Army, and was both a hospital nurse and a cook, as well as having a natural taste for adventure. In southern Brazil my son Kermit joined me. He had been bridge-building, and a couple of months previously, while on top of a long steel span, something went wrong with the derrick, he and the steel span coming down together on the rocky bed beneath. He escaped with two broken ribs, two teeth knocked out, and a knee partially dislocated, but was practically all right again when he started with us.

In its composition ours was a typical American expedition. Cherrie and Kermit and I were of the old Revolutionary stock, Cherrie being of Scotch-Irish and

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Colonel Roosevelt's route up the Paraguay into the Brazilian wilderness.

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Huguenot descent, and we not only of Dutch but of about every other strain of blood that there was on this side of the water during colonial times. Father Zahm's father was an Alsacian immigrant, and his mother was partly of Irish and partly of old American stock, a descendant of a niece of General Braddock. Miller's father came from Germany, and his mother from France. Fiala's father and mother were both from Bohemia, being Czechs, and his father had served four years in the Civil War in the Union Army—his Tennessee wife was of old Revolutionary stock. Harper was born in England, and Sigg in Switzerland. We were as varied in religious creed as in ethnic origin. Father Zahm and Miller were Catholics, Kermit and Harper Episcopalians, Cherrie a Presbyterian, Fiala a Baptist, Sigg a Lutheran, while I belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church.

For arms the naturalists took 16-bore shotguns, one of Cherrie's having a rifle barrel underneath. The firearms for the rest of the party were supplied by Kermit and myself, including my Springfield rifle, Kermit's two Winchesters, a 405 and 30–40, the Fox 12-gauge shotgun, and another 16-gauge gun, and a couple of revolvers, a Colt and a Smith & Wesson. We took from New York a couple of canvas canoes, tents, mosquito-bars, plenty of cheese-cloth, including nets for the hats, and both light cots and hammocks. Each equipped himself with the clothing he fancied. Mine consisted of khaki, such as I wore in Africa, with a couple of United States Army flannel shirts and a couple of silk shirts, one pair of hob-nailed shoes with leggings, and one pair of laced leather boots coming nearly to the knee. Both the naturalists told me that it was well to have either the boots or leggings as a protection against snake-bites, and I also had gauntlets because of the mosquitoes and sand-flies. We intended where possible to live on what we could get from time to time in the country, but we took some United States Army emergency rations, and also ninety cans, each containing a day's provisions for six men, made up by Fiala.

The trip I proposed to take can be understood only if there is a slight knowledge of South American topography. The great mountain chain of the Andes extends down the entire length of the western coast, so close to the Pacific Ocean that no rivers of any importance enter it. All the rivers of South America drain into the Atlantic. Southernmost South America, including over half of the territory of the Argentine Republic, consists chiefly of a cool, open plains country. Northward of this country, and eastward of the Andes, lies the great bulk of the South American continent, which is included in the tropical and the subtropical regions. Most of this territory is Brazilian. Aside from certain relatively small stretches drained by coast rivers, this immense region of tropical and subtropical America east of the Andes is drained by the three great river systems of the Plate, the Amazon, and the Orinoco. At their head waters, the Amazon and the Orinoco systems are actually connected by a sluggish natural canal. The head waters of the northern affluents of the Paraguay and the southern affluents of the Amazon are sundered by a stretch of high land, which toward the east broadens out into the central plateau of Brazil. Geologically this is a very ancient region, having appeared above the waters before the dawning of the age of reptiles, or, indeed, of any true land vertebrates on the globe. This plateau is a region partly of healthy, rather dry and sandy, open prairie, partly of forest. The great and low-lying basin of the Paraguay, which borders it on the south, is one of the largest, and the still greater basin of the Amazon, which borders it on the north, is the very largest, of all the river basins of the earth.

In these basins, but especially in the basin of the Amazon, and thence in most places northward to the Caribbean Sea, lie the most extensive stretches of tropical forest to be found anywhere. The forests of tropical West Africa, and of portions of the Farther-Indian region, are the only ones that can be compared with them. Much difficulty has been experienced in exploring these forests, because under the torrential rains and steaming heat the rank growth of vegetation becomes almost impenetrable, and the streams difficult of navigation; while white men suffer much from the terrible insect scourges and the deadly diseases which modern science has

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discovered to be due very largely to insect bites. The fauna and flora, however, are of great interest. The American museum was particularly anxious to obtain collections from the divide between the head waters of the Paraguay and the Amazon, and from the southern affluents of the Amazon. Our purpose was to ascend the Paraguay as nearly as possible to the head of navigation, thence cross to the sources of one of the affluents of the Amazon, and if possible descend it in canoes built on the spot. The Paraguay is regularly navigated as high as boats can go. The starting-point for our trip was to be Asuncion, in the state of Paraguay.

From a photograph taken aboard the steamship "Vandyck."

Members of Mr. Roosevelt's expedition.

From left to right, Anthony Fiala, George K. Cherrie, Father Zahm, Theodore Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, Frank Harper, Leo C. Miller.

My exact plan of operations was necessarily a little indefinite, but on reaching Rio de Janeiro the minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Lauro Muller, who had been kind enough to take great personal interest in my trip, informed me that he had arranged that on the head waters of the Paraguay, at the town of Caceres, I would be met by a Brazilian Army colonel, himself chiefly Indian by blood, Colonel Rondon. Colonel Rondon was to accompany us over to the head waters of the affluent of the Amazon down which we were to go, where he would get paddlers and canoes for us and probably himself go with us. He was at the time in Manaos, but his lieutenants were in Caceres and had been notified that we were coming. I had to travel through Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, and Chile for six weeks to fulfil my speaking engagements. Fiala, Cherrie, Miller, and Sigg left me at Rio, continuing to Buenos Aires in the boat in which we had all come down from New York. From Buenos Aires they went up the Paraguay to Caceres, where they were to await me. The two naturalists went first, to do all the collecting that was possible; Fiala and Sigg travelled more leisurely, with the heavy baggage.

During the two months before starting from Asuncion, in Paraguay, for our journey into the interior, I was kept so busy that I had scant time to think of natural history. But in a strange land a man who cares for wild birds and wild beasts always sees and hears something

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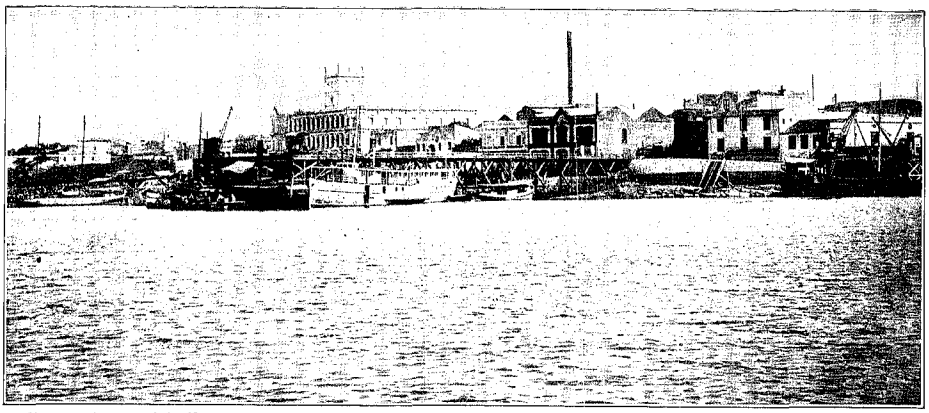
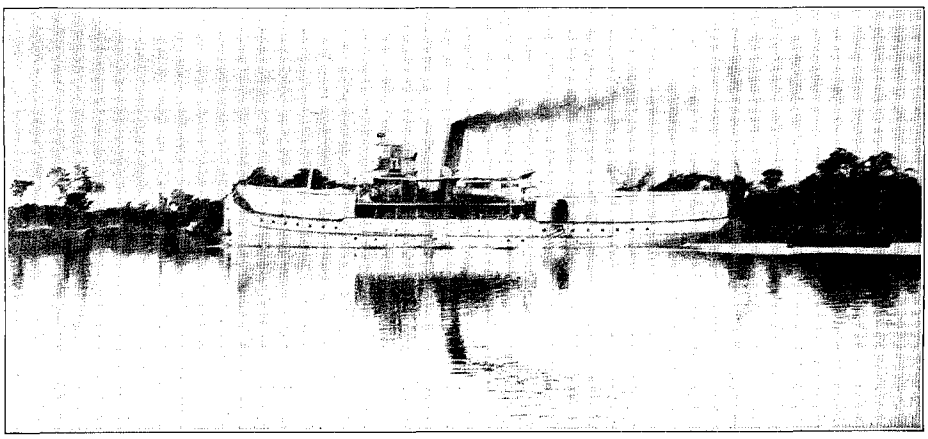


From a photograph by Harper.

Asuncion, Paraguay.

that is new to him and interests him. In the dense tropical woods near Rio Janeiro I heard in late October—springtime, near the southern tropic—the songs of many birds that I could not identify. But the most beautiful music was from a shy woodland thrush, sombre-colored, which lived near the ground in the thick timber, but sang high among the branches. At a great distance we could hear the ringing, musical, bell-like note, long-drawn and of piercing sweetness, which occurs at intervals in the song; at first I thought this was the song, but when it was possible to approach the singer I found that these far-sounding notes were scattered through a continuous song of great melody. I never listened to one that impressed me more. In different places in Argentina I heard and saw the Argentine mocking-bird, which is not very unlike our own, and is also a delightful and remarkable singer. But I never heard the wonderful white-banded mocking-bird, which is said by Hudson, who knew well the birds of both South America and Europe, to be the song-king of them all.

Most of the birds I thus noticed while hurriedly passing through the country were, of course, the conspicuous ones. The spurred lapwings, big, tame, boldly marked plover, were everywhere; they were very noisy and active and both inquisitive and daring, and they have a very curious dance custom. No man need look for them. They will look for him, and



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The *Adolfo Riquelmo*, the government gunboat-yacht of the President of Paraguay, on which Mr. Roosevelt ascended the river.

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when they find him they will fairly yell the discovery to the universe. In the marshes of the lower Parana I saw flocks of scarlet-headed blackbirds on the tops of the reeds; the females are as strikingly colored as the males, and their jet-black bodies and brilliant red heads make it impossible for them to escape observation among their natural surroundings. On the plains to the west I saw flocks of the beautiful rose-breasted starlings; unlike the red-headed blackbirds, which seemed fairly to court attention, these starlings sought to escape observation by crouching on the ground so that their red breasts were hidden. There were yellow-shouldered blackbirds in wet places, and cowbuntings abounded. But the most conspicuous birds I saw were members of the family of Tyrant Flycatchers, of which our own kingbird is the most familiar example. This family is very numerously represented in Argentina, both in species and individuals. Some of the species are so striking, both in color and habits, and in one case also in shape, as to attract the attention of even the unobservant. The least conspicuous, and nevertheless very conspicuous, among those that I saw was the Bientevido, which is brown above, yellow beneath, with a boldly marked black and white head, and a yellow crest. It is very noisy, is common in the neighborhood of houses, and builds a big domed nest. It is really a big, heavy kingbird, fiercer and more powerful than any Northern kingbird. I saw them assail not only the big but the small hawks with fearlessness, driving them in headlong flight. They not only capture insects, but pounce on mice, small frogs, lizards, and little snakes, rob birds' nests of the fledgling young, and catch tadpoles and even small fish. Two of these tyrants which I observed are like two with which I grew fairly familiar in Texas. The scissor-tail is common throughout the open country, and the long tail feathers, which seem at times to hamper its flight, attract attention whether the bird is in flight or perched on a tree, and it has a habit of occasionally soaring into the air and descending in loops and spirals. The scarlet tyrant I saw in the orchards and gardens. The male is a fascinating little bird, coal-black above, while its crested head and the body beneath are brilliant scarlet. He utters his rapid, low-voiced musical trill in the air, rising with fluttering wings to a height of a hundred feet, hovering while he sings, and then falling back to earth. The color of the bird and the character of his performance attract the attention of every observer, bird, beast, or man, within reach of vision. The red-backed tyrant is utterly unlike any of his kind in the United States, and until I looked him up in Sclater and Hudson's ornithology I never dreamed that he belonged to this family. He—for only the male is so brightly colored—is coal-black with a dull-red back. I saw these birds on December 1 near Barillode, out on the bare Patagonia plains. They behaved like pipits or longspurs, running actively over the ground in the same manner and showing the same restlessness and the same kind of flight. But whereas pipits are inconspicuous, the red-backs at once attracted

From a photograph by Harper.

Wood-ibis on a tree on the river-bank.

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attention by the contrast between their bold coloring and the grayish or yellowish tones of the ground along which they ran. The silver-bill tyrant, however, is much more conspicuous; I saw it in the same neighborhood as the red-back and also in many other places. The male is jet-black, with white bill and wings. He runs about on the ground like a pipit, but also frequently perches on some bush to go through a strange flight-song performance. He perches motionless, bolt upright, and even then his black coloring advertises him for a quarter of a mile round about. But every few minutes he springs up into the air to the height of twenty or thirty feet, the white wings flashing in contrast to the black body, screams and gyrates, and then instantly returns to his former post and resumes his erect pose of waiting. It is hard to imagine a more conspicuous bird than the silver-bill; but the next and last tyrant flycatcher of which I shall speak possesses on the whole the most advertising coloration of any bird I have ever seen in the open country, and moreover this advertising coloration exists in both sexes and throughout the year. It is a brilliant white, all over, except the long wing quills and the ends of the tail, which are black. The first one I saw, at a very long distance, I thought must be an albino. It perches on the top of a bush or tree watching for its prey, and it shines in the sun like a silver mirror. Every hawk, cat, or man must see it; no one can help seeing it.

These common Argentine birds, most of them of the open country, and all of them with a strikingly advertising coloration, are interesting because of their beauty and their habits. They are also interesting because they offer such illuminating examples of the truth that many of the most common and successful birds not merely lack a concealing coloration, but possess a coloration which is in the highest degree revealing. The coloration and the habits of most of these birds are such that every hawk or other foe that can see at all must have its attention attracted to them. Evidently in their cases neither the coloration nor any habit of concealment based on the coloration is a survival factor, and this although they live in a land teeming with bird-eating hawks. Among the higher vertebrates there are many known factors which have influence, some in one set of cases, some in another set of cases, in the development and preservation of species. Courage, intelligence, adaptability, prowess, bodily vigor, speed, alertness, ability to hide, ability to build structures which will protect the young while they are helpless, fecundity—all, and many more like them, have their several places; and behind all these visible causes there are at work other and often more potent causes of which as yet science can say nothing. Some species owe much to a given attribute which may be wholly lacking in influence on other species; and every one of the attributes above enumerated is a survival factor in some species, while in others it has no survival value whatever, and in yet others, although of benefit, it is not of sufficient benefit to offset the benefit conferred on foes or rivals by totally different attributes. Intelligence, for instance, is of course a survival factor; but to-day there exist multitudes of animals with very little intelligence which have persisted through immense periods of geologic time either unchanged or else without any change in the direction of increased intelligence; and during their species-life they have witnessed the death of countless other species of far greater intelligence but in other ways less adapted to succeed in the environmental complex. The same statement can be made of all the many, many other known factors in development, from fecundity to concealing coloration; and behind them lie forces as to which we veil our ignorance by the use of high-sounding nomenclature—as when we use such a convenient but far from satisfactory term as orthogenesis.

II—UP THE PARAGUAY

On the afternoon of December 9 we left the attractive and picturesque city of Asuncion to ascend the Paraguay. With generous courtesy the Paraguayan Government had put at my disposal the gunboat-yacht of the President himself, a most comfortable river steamer, and so the opening days of our trip were pleasant in every way. The food was good, our

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Cattle on the upper Paraguay River.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Indians rolling logs at wood station.

quarters were clean, we slept well, below or on deck, usually without our mosquito nettings, and in daytime the deck was pleasant under the awnings. It was hot, of course, but we were dressed suitably in our exploring and hunting clothes and did not mind the heat. The river was low, for there had been dry weather for some weeks—judging from the vague and contradictory information I received there is much elasticity to the terms wet season and dry season at this part of the Paraguay. Under the brilliant sky we steamed steadily up the mighty river; the sunset was glorious as we leaned on the port railing; and after nightfall the moon, nearly full and hanging high in the heavens, turned the water to shimmering radiance. On the mud-flats and sand-bars, and among the green rushes of the bays and inlets, were stately waterfowl; crimson flamingoes and rosy spoonbills, dark-colored ibis and white storks with black wings. Darters, with snakelike

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Palms along the bank of the river.

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necks and pointed bills, perched in the trees on the brink of the river. Snowy egrets flapped across the marshes. Caymans were common, and differed from the crocodiles we had seen in Africa in two points: they were not alarmed by the report of a rifle when fired at, and they lay with the head raised instead of stretched along the sand.

For three days, as we steamed northward toward the Tropic of Capricorn, and then passed it, we were within the Republic of Paraguay. On our right, to the east, there was a fairly well-settled country, where bananas and oranges were cultivated and other crops of hot countries raised. On the banks we passed an occasional small town, or saw a ranch-house close to the river's brink, or stopped for wood at some little settlement. Across the river to the west lay the level swampy, fertile wastes known as the Chaco, still given over either to the wild Indians or to cattle-ranching on a gigantic scale. The broad river ran in curves between mud-banks where terraces marked successive periods of flood. A belt of forest stood on each bank, but it was only a couple of hundred yards wide. Back of it was the open country; on the Chaco side this was a vast plain of grass dotted with tall, graceful palms. In places the belt of forest vanished and the palm-dotted prairie came to the river's edge. The Chaco is an ideal cattle country, and not really unhealthy. It will be covered with ranches at a not distant day. But mosquitoes and many other winged insect pests swarm over it. Cherrie and Miller had spent a week there collecting mammals and birds prior to my arrival at Asuncion. They were veterans of the tropics, hardened to the insect plagues of Guiana and the Orinoco. But they reported that never had they been so tortured as in the Chaco. The sand-flies crawled through the meshes in the mosquito-nets, and forbade them to sleep; if in their sleep a knee touched the net the mosquitoes fell on it so that it looked as if riddled by birdshot; and the days were a torment, although they had done well in their work, collecting some two hundred and fifty specimens of birds and mammals.

From a photograph by Harper.

Woman washing clothes in the river.

Nevertheless for some as yet inscrutable reason the river served as a barrier to certain insects which are menaces to the cattle men. With me on the gunboat was an old Western friend, Tex Rickard, of the Panhandle and Alaska and various places in between. He now has a large tract of land and some thirty-five thousand head

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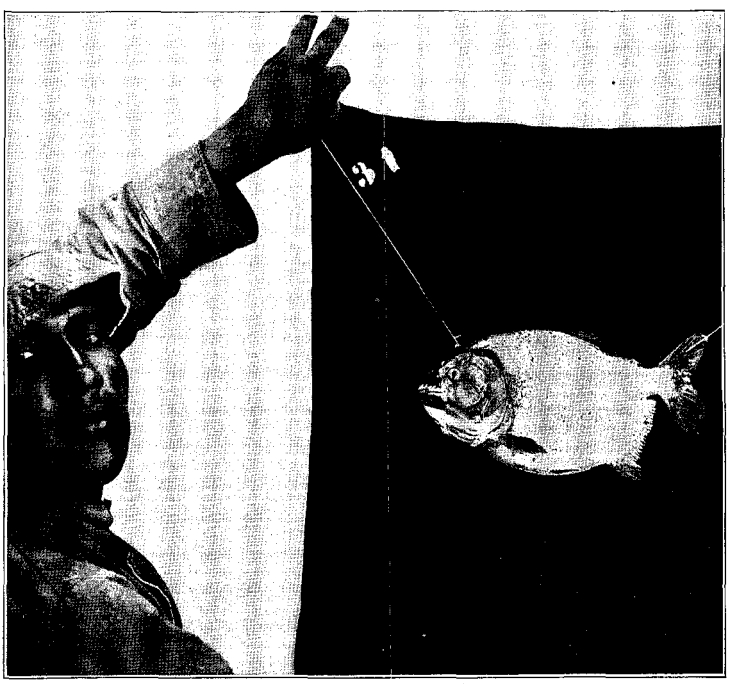
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Paraguayan gaucho (cowboy).

of cattle in the Chaco, opposite Concepcion, at which city he was to stop. He told me that horses did not do well in the Chaco but that cattle throve, and that while ticks swarmed on the east bank of the great river, they would not live on the west bank. Again and again he had crossed herds of cattle which were covered with the loathsome blood-suckers; and in a couple of months every tick would be dead. The worst animal foes of man, indeed the only dangerous foes, are insects; and this is especially true in the tropics. Fortunately, exactly as certain differences too minute for us as yet to explain render some insects deadly to man or domestic animals, while closely allied forms are harmless, so, for other reasons, which also we are not as yet able to fathom, these insects are for the most part strictly limited by geographical and other considerations. The war against what Sir Harry Johnston calls the really material devil, the devil of evil wild nature in the tropics, has been waged with marked success only during the last two decades. The men, in the United States, in England, France, Germany, Italy—the men like Doctor Cruz in Rio Janeiro and Doctor Vital Brazil in São Paulo—who work experimentally within and without the laboratory in their warfare against the disease and death bearing insects and microbes, are the true



From a photograph by Harper.

Man-eating fish, piranha.
Note the razor-edged teeth.

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leaders in the fight to make the tropics the home of civilized man.

Late on the evening of the second day of our trip, just before midnight, we reached Concepcion. On this day, when we stopped for wood or to get provisions—at picturesque places, where the women from rough mud and thatched cabins were washing clothes in the river, or where ragged horsemen stood gazing at us from the bank, or where dark, well-dressed ranchmen stood in front of red-roofed houses—we caught many fish. They belonged to one of the most formidable genera of fish in the world, the piranha or cannibal fish, the fish that eats men when it can get the chance. Farther north there are species of small piranha that go in schools. At this point on the Paraguay the piranha do not seem to go in regular schools, but they swarm in all the waters and attain a length of eighteen inches or over. They are the most ferocious fish in the world. Even the most formidable fish, the sharks or the barracudas, usually attack things smaller than themselves. But the piranhas habitually attack things much larger than themselves. They will snap a finger off a hand incautiously trailed in the water; they mutilate swimmers—in every river town in Paraguay there are men who have been thus mutilated; they will rend and devour alive any wounded man or beast; for blood in the water excites them to madness. They will tear wounded wild fowl to pieces; and bite off the tails of big fish as they grow exhausted when fighting after being hooked. Miller, before I reached Asuncion, had been badly bitten by one. Those that we caught sometimes bit through the hooks, or the double strands of copper wire that served as leaders, and got away. Those that we hauled on deck lived for many minutes. Most predatory fish are long and slim, like the alligator and pickerel. But the piranha is a short, deep-bodied fish, with a blunt face and a heavily undershot or projecting lower jaw which gapes widely. The razor-edged teeth are wedge-shaped like a shark's, and the jaw muscles possess great power. The rabid, furious snaps drive the teeth through flesh and bone. The head with its short muzzle, staring malignant eyes, and gaping, cruelly armed jaws, is the embodiment of evil ferocity; and the actions of the fish exactly match its looks. I never witnessed an exhibition of such impotent, savage fury as was shown by the piranhas as they flapped on deck. When fresh from the water and thrown on the boards they uttered an extraordinary squealing sound. As they flapped about they bit with vicious eagerness at what-

From a photograph by Harper.

A street in Concepcion.

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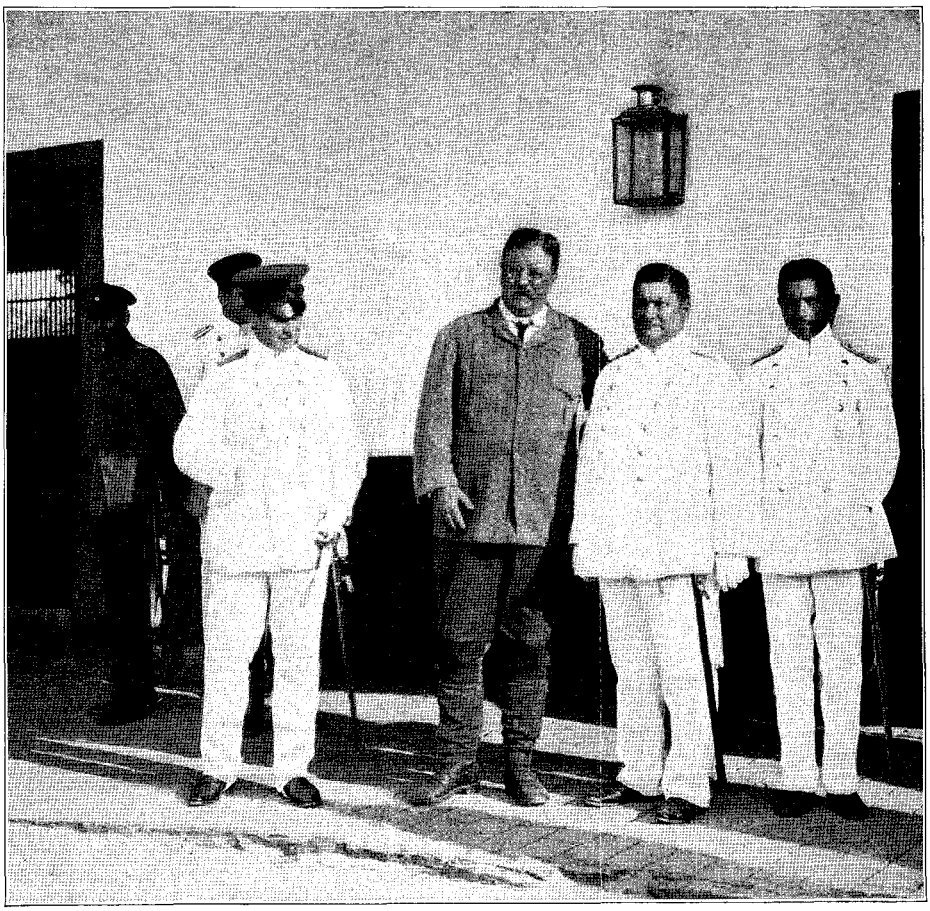
ever presented itself. One of them flapped into a cloth and seized it with a bull-dog grip. Another grasped one of its fellows; another snapped at a piece of wood, and left the teeth-marks deep therein. They are the pests of the waters, and it is necessary to be exceedingly cautious about either swimming or wading where they are found. If cattle are driven into, or of their own accord enter, the water, they are commonly not molested; but if by chance some unusually big or ferocious specimen of these fearsome fishes does bite an animal—taking off an ear, or perhaps a teat from the udder of a cow—the blood brings up every member of the ravenous throng which is anywhere near, and unless the attacked animal can immediately make its escape from the water it is devoured alive. Here on the Paraguay the natives hold them in much respect, whereas the caymans are not feared at all. The only redeeming feature about them is that they are themselves fairly good to eat, although with too many bones.

At daybreak of the third day, finding we were still moored off Concepcion, we were rowed ashore and strolled off through the streets of the quaint, picturesque old town; a town which, like Asuncion, was founded by the Conquistadores three-quarters of a century before our own English and Dutch forefathers landed in what is now the United States. The Jesuits then took practically complete possession of what is now Paraguay, controlling and Christianizing the Indians, and raising their flourishing missions to a pitch of prosperity they never elsewhere achieved. They were expelled by the civil authori-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt and officials at Concepcion.

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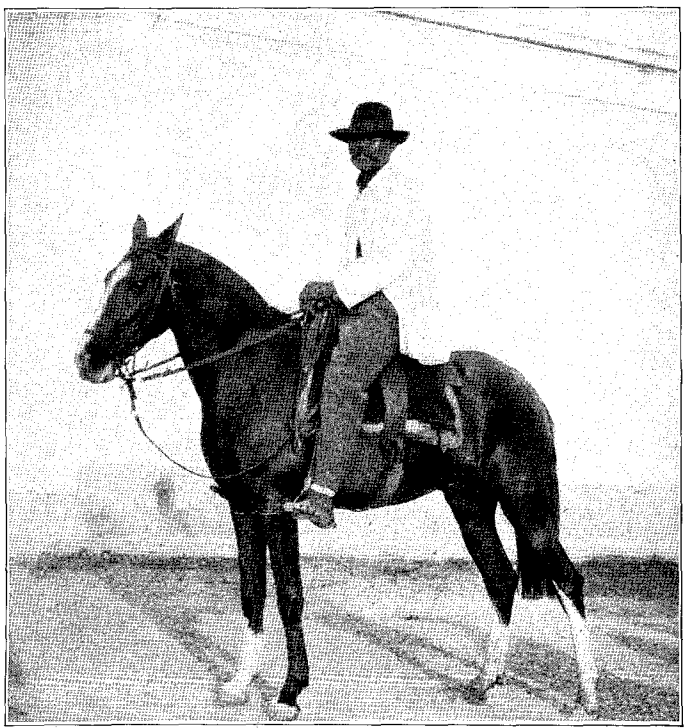
ties (backed by the other representatives of ecclesiastical authority) some fifty years before Spanish South America became independent. But they had already made the language of the Indians, Guaraný, a culture-tongue, reducing it to writing, and printing religious books in it. Guaraný is one of the most wide-spread of the



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Paraguayan horseman at Concepcion with spurs attached to his bare feet.

Indian tongues, being originally found in various closely allied forms not only in Paraguay but in Uruguay and over the major part of Brazil. It remains here and there, as a *lingua geral* at least, and doubtless in cases as an original tongue, among the wild tribes; in most of Brazil, as around Para and around São Paulo, it has left its traces in place-names, but has been completely superseded as a language by Portuguese; but in Paraguay it still exists side by side with Spanish as the common language of the lower people and as a familiar tongue among the upper classes. The blood of the people is mixed, their language dual; the lower classes are chiefly of Indian blood but with a white admixture; while the upper classes are predominantly white, with a strong infusion of Indian. There is no other case quite parallel to this in the annals of European colonization, although the Goanese in India have a native tongue and a Portuguese creed, while in several of the Spanish-American states the Indian blood is dominant and the majority of the population speak an Indian tongue, perhaps itself, as with the Quichuas, once a culture-tongue of the archaic type. Whether in Paraguay one tongue will ultimately drive out the other, and if so which will be the victor, it is yet too early to prophesy. The English missionaries and the Bible Society have recently published parts of the Scriptures in Guaraný; and in Asuncion a daily paper is published with the text in parallel columns, Spanish and Guaraný—just as in Oklahoma there is a similar paper published in English and in the tongue which the extraordinary Cherokee chief Sequoia, a veritable Cadmus, made a literary language.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Indian girl at cooking-pot.

The Guaraný-speaking Paraguayan is a Christian, and as much an inheritor of our common culture as most of the peasant populations of Europe. He has no kinship with the wild Indian, who hates and fears him. The Indian of the Chaco, a pure savage, a bow-bearing savage, will never come east of the Paraguay, and the Paraguayan is only beginning to venture into the western interior, away from the banks of the river—under the lead of pioneer settlers like Rickard, whom, by the way, the wild Indians thoroughly trust, and for whom they work eagerly and faithfully. There is a great development ahead for Paraguay, as soon as they can definitely shake off the revolutionary habit and establish an orderly permanence of government. The people are a fine people; the strains of blood—white and Indian—are good.

We walked up the streets of Concepcion, and interestedly looked at everything of interest: at the one-story houses, their windows covered with gratings of fretted iron-work, and their occasional open doors giving us glimpses into cool inner courtyards, with trees and flowers; at the two-wheel carts, drawn by mules or oxen; at an occasional rider, with spurs on his bare feet, and his big toes thrust into the small stirrup-rings; at the little stores, and the warehouses for matté and hides. Then we came to a pleasant little inn, kept by a Frenchman and his wife, of old Spanish style, with its *patio* or inner court, but as neat as an inn in Normandy or Britanny. We were sitting at coffee, around a little table, when in came the colonel of the garrison—for Concepcion is the second city in Paraguay. He told me that they had prepared a reception for me! I was in my rough hunting-clothes, but there was nothing to do but to accompany my kind hosts and trust to their good nature to pardon my shortcomings in the matter of dress. He drove me about in a smart open carriage, with two good horses and a liveried driver. It was a much more fashionable turnout than would be seen in any of our cities

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Tupi girl with young ostrich.

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save the largest, and even in them probably not in the service of a public official. In all the South American countries there is more pomp and ceremony in connection with public functions than with us, and at these functions the liveried servants, often with knee-breeches and powdered hair, are like those seen at similar European functions; there is not the democratic simplicity which better suits our own habits of life and ways of thought. But the South Americans often surpass us, not merely in pomp and ceremony but in what is of real importance, courtesy; in civility and courtesy we can well afford to take lessons from them.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Indian boy with coati (coon-like animal) and paraquet.

We first visited the barracks, saw the troops in the setting-up exercises, and inspected the arms, the artillery, the equipment. There was a German lieutenant with the Paraguayan officers; one of several German officers who are now engaged in helping the Paraguayans with their army. The equipments and arms were in good condition; the enlisted men evidently offered fine material; and the officers were doing hard work. It is worth while for anti-militarists to ponder the fact that in every South American country where a really efficient army is developed, the increase in military efficiency goes hand in hand with a decrease in lawlessness and disorder, and a growing reluctance to settle internal disagreements by violence. They are introducing universal military service in Paraguay; the officers, many of whom studied abroad, are growing to feel an increased *esprit de corps*, an increased pride in the army, and therefore a desire to see the army made the servant of the nation as a whole and therefore not the tool of any faction or individual. If these feelings grow strong enough they will be powerful factors in giving Paraguay what she most needs, freedom from revolutionary disturbance and therefore the chance to achieve the material prosperity without which as a basis there can be no advance in other and even more important matters.

Then I was driven to the City Hall, accompanied by the intendente, or mayor, a German long settled in the country and one of the leading men of the city. There was a breakfast. When I had to speak I impressed into my service as interpreter a young Paraguayan who was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was able to render into Spanish my ideas—on such subjects as orderly liberty and the far-reaching mischief done by the revolutionary habit—with clearness and vigor, because he thoroughly understood not only how I felt but also the American way of looking at such things. My hosts were hospitality itself, and I enjoyed the unexpected greeting.

We steamed on up the river. Now and then we passed another boat—a steamer, or, to my surprise, perhaps a barkentine or schooner. The Paraguay is a highway of traffic. Once we passed a big beef-canning factory. Ranches stood on either bank a few leagues apart, and we stopped at wood-yards on the west bank.

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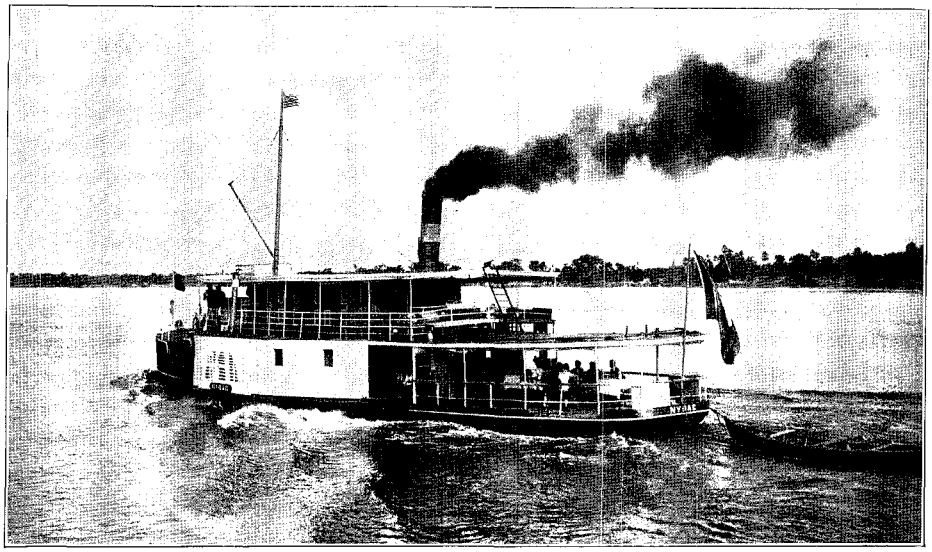

From a photograph by Harper.

Colonel Roosevelt with Colonel Rondon on his boat the *Nyoac*.

Indians worked around them. At one such yard the Indians were evidently part of the regular force. Their squaws were with them, cooking at queer open-air ovens. One small child had as pets a parrot and a young coati—a kind of long-nosed raccoon. Loading wood, the Indians stood in a line, tossing the logs from one to the other. These Indians wore some clothes. This day we got into the tropics. Even in the heat of the day the deck was pleasant under the awnings; the sun rose and set in crimson splendor; and the nights, with the moon at the full, were wonderful. In a day or two we were far enough north, toward the equator, to see the Dipper ahead of us on the very edge of the horizon; Orion blazed overhead; and the Southern Cross hung in the star-brilliant heavens behind us. But after

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Meeting Brazilian officers and members of the expedition at the boundary.

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the moon rose the constellations paled; and clear in her light the tree-clad banks stood on either hand as we steamed steadily against the swirling current of the great river.

At noon on the twelfth we came to the Brazilian boundary. On this day we here and there came on low, conical hills close to the river. In places the palm groves

From a photograph by Harper.

Father Zahm and a group of Indian children.

broke through the belts of deciduous trees and stretched for a mile or so right along the river's bank. At times we passed some cattle-herder or a handsome ranch-house, under a cluster of shady trees, some bearing a wealth of red, and some a wealth of yellow blossoms; or we saw a horse-corral among the trees close to the brink, with the horses in it and a barefooted man in shirt and trousers leaning against the fence; or a herd of cattle among the palms; or a big tannery or factory or a little native hamlet came in sight. We stopped at one tannery. The owner was a Spaniard, the manager an "Oriental," as he called himself, or Uruguayan of German parentage. The peons or workers, who lived in a long line of wooden cabins back of the main building, were mostly Paraguayans, with a few Brazilians, and a dozen German and Argentine foremen. There were also some wild Indians, who were camped in the usual squalid fashion of Indians who are hangers-on round the white man but have not yet adopted his ways. Most of the men were at work cutting wood for the tannery. The women and children were in camp. Some individuals of both sexes were naked to the waist. One little girl had a young ostrich as a pet.

Water-fowl were plentiful. We saw large flocks of wild muscovy ducks. Our tame birds come from this wild species and its absurd misnaming dates back to the period when the turkey and guinea-pig were misnamed in similar fashion—our European forefathers taking a large and hazy view of geography, and including Turkey, Guinea, India, and Muscovy as places, which, in their capacity of being outlandish, could be comprehensively used as including America. The mus-

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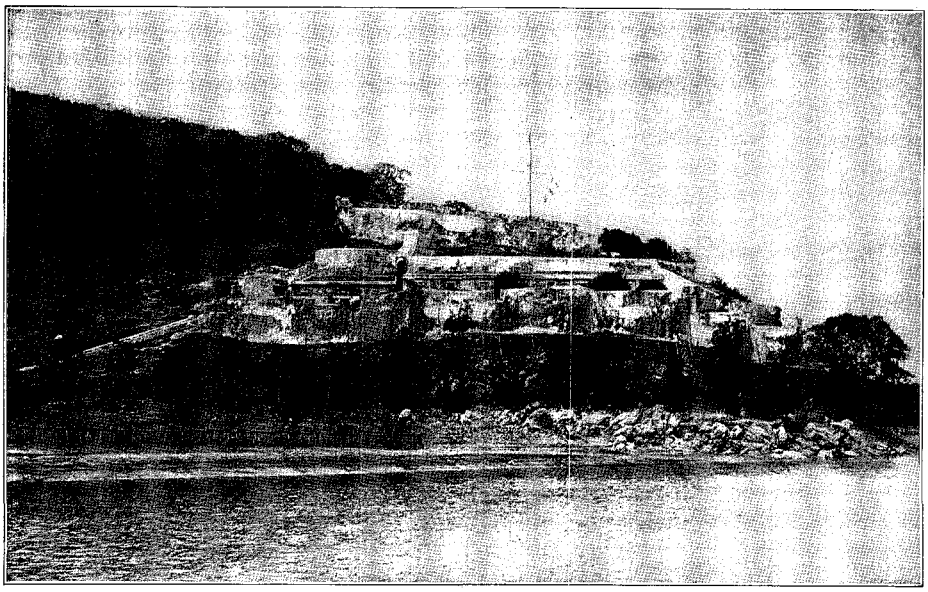

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Fort Coimbra (Colonial Portuguese).

covy ducks were very good eating. Darters swarmed. They waddled on the sand-bars in big flocks and crowded the trees by the water's edge. Beautiful snow-white egrets also lit in the trees, often well back from the river. A full-foliaged tree of vivid green, its round surface crowded with these birds, as if it had suddenly blossomed with huge white flowers, is a sight worth seeing. Here and there on the sand-bars we saw huge jabiru storks, and once a flock of white wood-ibis among the trees on the bank.

On the Brazilian boundary we met a shallow river steamer carrying Colonel Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon and several other Brazilian members of the expedition. Corumbá was the appointed

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The street of Fort Coimbra.

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meeting-place for all of us. The Brazilian members came in consequence of a suggestion made to me by the minister of foreign affairs of Brazil, Mr. Lauro Muller, when I reached Rio Janeiro. Mr. Muller is a very efficient public servant, and he is also a man of wide cultivation that he was all, and more than all, that could be desired. It was evident that he knew his business thoroughly, and it was equally evident that he was a most delightful companion. He was a classmate of Mr. Lauro Muller at the Brazilian Military Academy. He is of almost pure

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Graveyard with mausoleum at Fort Coimbra.

and reading; he reminded me much of John Hay. He has taken a keen interest in the exploration and development of the interior of Brazil, and he believed it wise to use my trip as a means toward spreading abroad a more general knowledge of the country. Accordingly, with generous courtesy, he, on behalf of the Brazilian Government, offered to send with me Colonel Rondon, the man who for a quarter of a century has been the foremost explorer of the Brazilian hinterland, and a number of assistants and of scientific men. I gladly accepted, for with such help I felt that the trip could be made of much scientific value, and that it was even possible that we should add a little to the fund of geographic knowledge concerning the little-known parts of South America.

Colonel Rondon immediately showed Indian blood, and is a Positivist—the Positivists are a really strong body in Brazil, as they are in France and indeed in Chile. The colonel's seven children have all been formally made members of the Positivist Church in Rio Janeiro. Brazil possesses the same complete liberty in matters religious, spiritual, and intellectual as we, for our great good fortune, do in the United States, and my Brazilian companions included devout Catholics and equally sincere men who described themselves as "libres penseurs." Colonel Rondon has spent the last twenty-four years in exploring the western highlands of Brazil, pioneering the way for telegraph-lines and railroads. During that time he has travelled some fourteen thousand miles, on territory most of which had not previously been traversed by civilized man, and has built

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three thousand miles of telegraph. He has an exceptional knowledge of the Indian tribes and has always zealously endeavored to serve them and indeed to serve the cause of humanity wherever and whenever he was able. Thanks mainly to his efforts, four of the wild tribes of the region he has explored have begun to tread the road of civilization. They have become Christians. It may seem strange that among the first-fruits of the efforts of a Positivist should be the conversion of those he seeks to benefit to Christianity. But in South America Christianity is at least as much a status as a theology. It represents the indispensable first step upward from savagery. In the wilder and poorer districts men are divided into the two great classes of "Christians" and "Indians." When an Indian becomes a Christian he is accepted into and becomes wholly absorbed or partly assimilated by the crude and simple neighboring civilization, and then he moves up or down like any one else among his fellows. Colonel Rondon does in very fact believe in the religion of humanity exactly as he is devoted to scientific research, and what he preaches he practises.

His companions included Captain Amilcar de Magalhaẽs, Lieutenants Joaõ Lyra, Julio Barbosa, Thomas Reis (an expert with the cinematograph), Joaquin de Mello Filho, and Alcides de Sant' Anna; Doctor Euzebio de Oliveira, a geologist, and Frederico Hoehne, a botanist, with two assistant taxidermists. Captain Magalhaẽs has done much previous exploring work; Lieutenant Reis has taken extraordinary photographs on these exploring expeditions.

The steamers halted; Colonel Rondon and several of his officers, spick and span in their white uniforms, came aboard; and in the afternoon I visited him on his steamer to talk over our plans. When these had been fully discussed and agreed on we took tea. I happened to mention that one of our naturalists, Miller, had been bitten by a piranha, and the man-eating fish at once became the subject of conversation. Curiously enough, one of the Brazilian taxidermists had also just been severely bitten by a piranha. My new companions had story after story to tell of them. Only three weeks previously a twelve-year-old boy who had gone in swimming near Corumbá was attacked, and literally devoured alive by them. Colonel Rondon during his exploring trips had met with more than one unpleasant experience in connection with them. He had lost one of his toes by the bite of a piranha. He was about to bathe and had chosen a shallow pool at the edge of the river, which he carefully inspected until he was satisfied that none of the man-eating fish were in it; yet as soon as he put his foot into the water one of them attacked him and bit off a toe. On another occasion while wading across a narrow stream one of his party was attacked; the fish bit him on the thighs and buttocks, and when he put down his hands tore them also; he was near the bank and by a rush reached it and swung himself out of the water by means of an overhanging limb of a tree; but he was terribly injured, and it took him six months before his wounds healed and he recovered. An extraordinary incident occurred on another trip. The party were without food and very hungry. On reaching a stream they dynamited it, and waded in to seize the stunned fish as they floated on the surface. One man, having his hands full, tried to hold one fish by putting its head into his mouth; it was a piranha and seemingly stunned, but in a moment it recovered and bit a big section out of his tongue. Such a hemorrhage followed that his life was saved with the utmost difficulty. On another occasion a member of the party, a brother of the Lieutenant Barbosa who was with us, was off by himself on a mule. The mule came into camp alone. Following his back track they came to a ford, where in the water they found the skeleton of the dead man, his clothes uninjured but every particle of flesh stripped from his bones. Whether he had drowned, and the fishes had then eaten his body, or whether they had killed him it was impossible to say. They had not hurt the clothes, getting in under them, which made it seem likely that there had been no struggle. These man-eating fish are a veritable scourge in the waters they frequent. But it must not be understood by this that the piranhas —or, for the matter of that, the new-world caymans and crocodiles—ever be-

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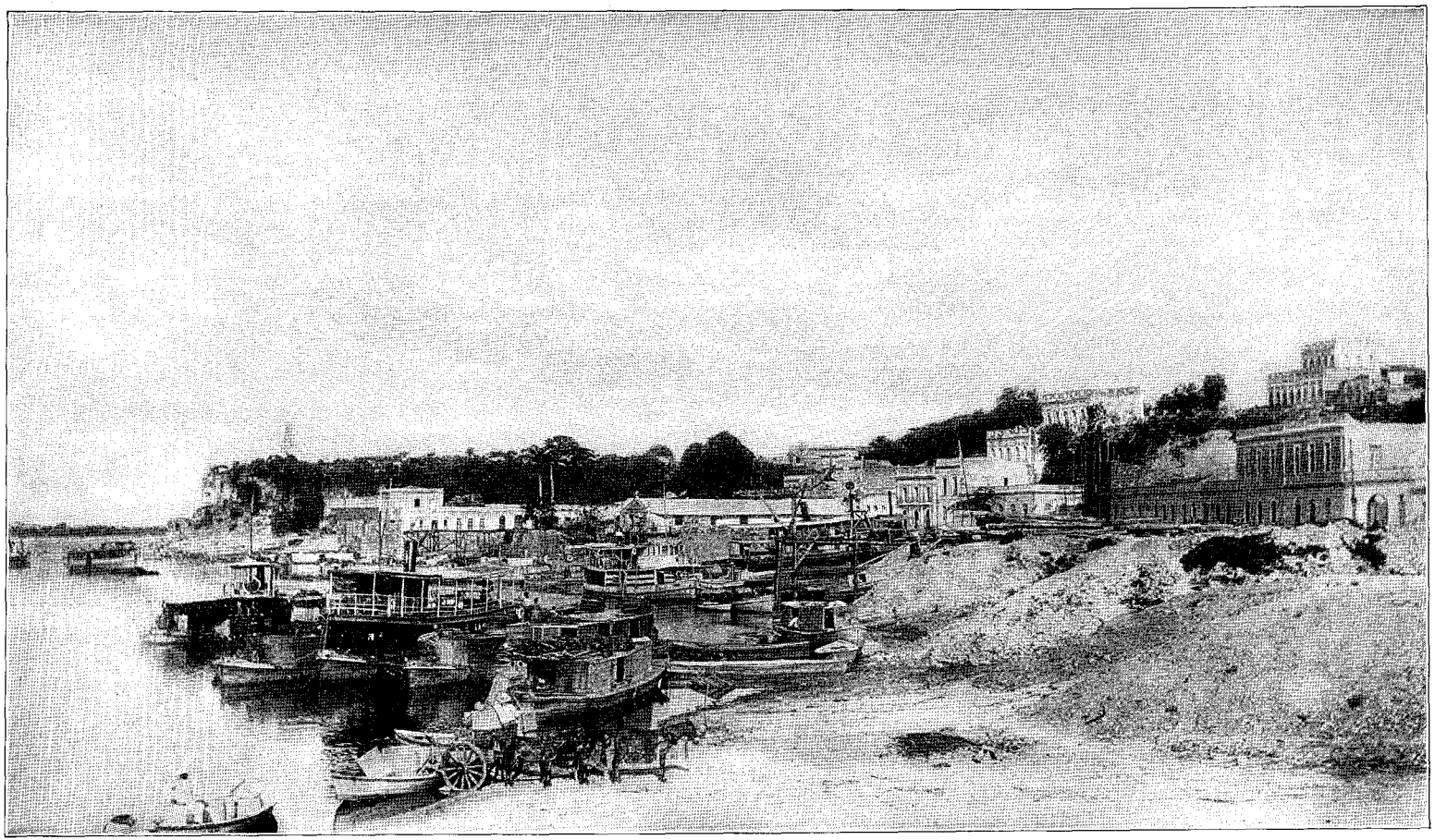

From a photograph by Fiala.

Corumbá, Brazil.

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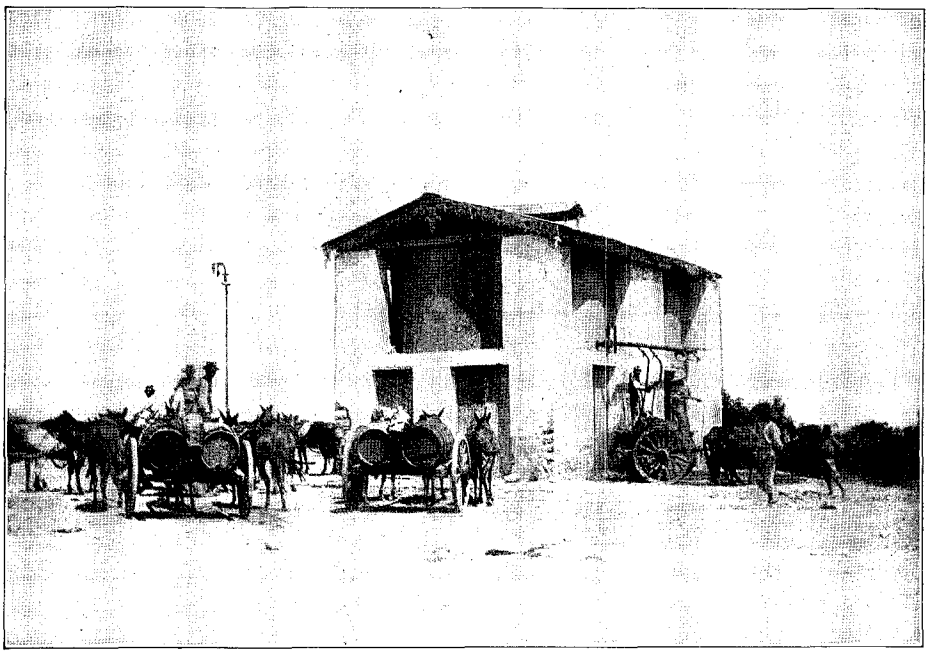

From a photograph by Fiala.

Water-carts around the well at Corumbá.

come such dreaded foes of man as for instance the man-eating crocodiles of Africa. Accidents occur, and there are certain places where swimming and bathing are dangerous; but in most places the people swim freely, although they are usually careful to find spots they believe safe or else to keep together and make a splashing in the water.

During his trips Colonel Rondon had met with various experiences with wild creatures. The Paraguayan caymans are not ordinarily dangerous to man; but they do sometimes become man-eaters and should be destroyed whenever the opportunity offers. The huge cayman, or crocodile, of the Amazon is far more dangerous, and the colonel knew of repeated instances where men, women, and children had become its victims. Once while dynamiting a stream for fish for his starving party he partially stunned a giant anaconda, which he killed as it crept slowly off. He said that it was of a size that no other anaconda he had ever seen even approached, and that in his opinion such a brute if hungry would readily attack. Twice smaller anacondas had attacked his dogs; one was carried under water—for the anaconda is a water-loving serpent—but he rescued it. One of his men was bitten by a jararaca; he killed the venomous snake, but was not discovered and brought back to camp until it was too late to save his life. The puma Colonel Rondon had found to be as cowardly as I have always found it, but the jaguar was a formidable beast, which occasionally turned man-eater, and usually charged savagely when brought to bay. He had known a hunter to be killed by a jaguar he was following in thick grass cover.

All such enemies, however, he regarded as utterly trivial compared to the real dangers of the wilderness—the torment and menace of attacks by the swarming insects, from mosquitoes and the even more intolerable tiny gnats to the ticks and the vicious poisonous ants which occasionally cause villages and even whole districts to be deserted by human beings. These insects, and the fevers they cause, and dysentery and starvation and wearing hardship are what the pioneer explorers have to bear. The conversation was to me most interesting. The colonel spoke French about to the extent I did; but of course he and the others preferred

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Portuguese; and Kermit was the interpreter.

In the evening, soon after moonrise, we stopped for wood at the little Brazilian town of Porto Martinho. There are about twelve hundred inhabitants. Some of the buildings were of stone; a large private house with a castellated tower was of stone; there were shops, and a post-office, stores, a restaurant and billiard-hall, and warehouses for matté; of which much is grown in the region roundabout. Most of the houses were low, with overhanging, sloping eaves; and there were gardens, with high walls inside of which trees rose, many of them fragrant. We wandered through the wide, dusty streets, and along the narrow sidewalks. It was a hot, still evening; the smell of the tropics was on the heavy December air. Through the open doors and windows we caught dim glimpses of the half-clad inmates of the poorer houses; women and young girls sat outside their thresholds in the moonlight. All whom we met were most friendly: the captain of the little Brazilian garrison; the intendente, a local trader; another trader and ranchman, a Uruguayan, who had just received his newspaper containing my speech in Montevideo, and who, as I gathered from what I understood of his rather voluble Spanish, was much impressed by my views on democracy, honesty, liberty, and order (rather well-worn topics); and a Catalan who spoke French, and who was accompanied by his pretty daughter, a dear little girl of eight or ten, who said with much pride that she spoke three languages—Brazilian, Spanish, and Catalan! Her father expressed strongly his desire for a church and for a school in the little city.

When at last the wood was aboard we resumed our journey. The river was like glass. In the white moonlight the palms on the edge of the banks stood mirrored in the still water. We sat forward and as we rounded the curves the long silver reaches of water stretched ahead of us, and the ghostly outlines of hills rose in the distance. Here and there the prairie fires burned, and the red glow warred with the moon's radiance.

Next morning was overcast. Occasionally we passed a wood-yard, or factory, or cabin, now on the eastern, the Brazilian, now on the western, the Paraguayan, bank. The Paraguay was known to men

From a photograph by Fiala.

Riding bullocks.

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From a photograph by Fiala.

Corumbá family of poor people in their Sunday clothes.

of European birth, bore soldiers and priests and merchants as they sailed and rowed up and down the current of its stream, and beheld little towns and forts rise on its bank, long before the Mississippi had become the white man's highway. Now, along its upper course, the settlements are much like those on the Mississippi at the end of the first quarter of the last century; and it is about to witness a burst of growth and prosperity much like that which the Mississippi saw when the old men of to-day were very young.

In the early forenoon we stopped at a little Paraguayan hamlet, nestling in the green growth under a group of low hills by the river-brink. On one of these hills stood a picturesque old stone fort, known as Fort Bourbon in the Spanish, the colonial, days. Now the Paraguayan flag floats over it, and it is garrisoned by a handful of Paraguayan soldiers. Here Father Zahm baptized two children, the youngest of a large family of fair-skinned, light-haired small people, whose father was a Paraguayan and the mother an "Oriental," or Uruguayan. No priest had visited the village for three years, and the children were respectively one and two years of age. The sponsors included the local commandante and a married couple from Austria. In answer to what was supposed to be the perfunctory question whether they were Catholics, the parents returned the unexpected answer that they were not. Further questioning elicited the fact that the father called himself a "free-thinking Catholic," and the mother said she was a "Protestant Catholic," her mother having been a Protestant, the daughter of an immigrant from Normandy. However, it appeared that the older children had been baptized by the Bishop of Asuncion, so Father Zahm at the earnest request of the parents proceeded with the ceremony. They were good people; and, although they wished liberty to think exactly as they individually pleased, they also wished to be connected and to have their children con-

From a photograph by Fiala.

Corumbá family *not* in their Sunday clothes.

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nected with some church, by preference the church of the majority of their people. A very short experience of communities where there is no church ought to convince the most heterodox of the absolute need of a church. I earnestly wish that there could be such an increase in the personnel and equipment of the Catholic Church in South America as to permit the establishment of one good and earnest priest in every village or little community in the far interior. Nor is there any inconsistency between this wish and the further wish that there could be a marked extension and development of the native Protestant churches, such as I saw established here and there in Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, and of the Y. M. C. Associations. The bulk of these good people who prefer religion will continue to be Catholics, but the spiritual needs of a more or less considerable majority will best be met by the establishment of Protestant churches, or in places even of a Positivist Church or Ethical Culture Society. Not only is the establishment of such churches a good thing for the body politic as a whole, but a good thing for the Catholic Church itself; for their presence is a constant spur to activity and clean and honorable conduct, and a constant reflection on sloth and moral laxity. The government in each of these commonwealths is doing everything possible to further the cause of education, and the tendency is to treat education as peculiarly a function of government and to make it, where the government acts, non-sectarian, obligatory, and free—a cardinal doctrine of our own great democracy, to which we are committed by every principle of sound Americanism. But no democracy can afford to overlook the vital importance of the ethical and spiritual, the truly religious, element in life; and in practice the average good man grows clearly to understand this, and to express the need in concrete form by saying that no community can make much headway if it does not contain both a church and a school.

From a photograph by Fiala.

Cactus-tree.

We took breakfast—the eleven-o'clock Brazilian breakfast—on Colonel Rondon's boat. Caymans were becoming more plentiful. The ugly brutes lay on the sand-flats and mud-banks like logs, always with the head raised, sometimes with the jaws open. They are sometimes dangerous to man and to his domestic animals, and are always destructive to fish; and it is good to shoot them; I killed half a dozen, and missed nearly as many more—a throbbing boat does not improve one's aim. We passed forests of palms that extended for leagues, and vast marshy meadows, where storks, herons, and ibis were gathered, with flocks of cormorants and darters on the sand-bars, and stilts, skimmers, and clouds of beautiful swaying terns in the foreground. About noon we passed the highest point which the old Spanish conquistadores and explorers, Irala and Ayolas, had reached in the course of their marvellous journeys in the first half of the sixteenth century—at a time when there was not a settlement in what is now the United States, and when not a single English sea captain had ventured so much as to cross the Atlantic.

By the following day the country on the east bank had become a vast marshy

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plain dotted here and there by tree-clad patches of higher land. The morning was rainy; a contrast to the fine weather we had hitherto encountered. We passed wood-yards and cattle-ranches. At one of the latter the owner, an Argentine of Irish parentage, who still spoke English with the accent of the land of his parents' nativity, remarked that this was the first time the American flag had been seen on the upper Paraguay; for our gunboat carried it at the mast-head. Early in the afternoon, having reached the part where both banks of the river were Brazilian territory, we came to the old colonial Portuguese fort of Coimbra. It stands where two steep hills rise, one on either side of the river, and it guards the water-gorge between them. It was captured by the Paraguayans in the war. Some modern guns have been mounted, and there is a garrison of Brazilian troops. The white fort is perched on the hillside, where it clings and rises, terrace above terrace, with bastion and parapet and crenellated wall. At the foot of the hill, on the riverine plain, stretches the old-time village with its roofs of palm. In the village dwell several hundred souls, almost entirely the officers and soldiers and their families. There is one long street. The one-story, daub-and-wattle houses have low eaves and steep sloping roofs of palm-leaves or of split palm-trunks. Under one or two old but small trees there are rude benches; and for a part of the length of the street there is a rough stone sidewalk. A little graveyard, some of the tombs very old, stands at one end. As we passed down the street the wives and the swarming children of the garrison were at the doors and windows; there were women and girls with skins as fair as any in the northland, and others that were predominantly negro. Most were of intervening shades. All this was paralleled among the men; and the fusion of the colors was going on steadily.

From photographs by Fiala.

Brazilian babies bathing.

Around the village black vultures were gathered. Not long before reaching it we passed some rounded green trees, their tops covered with the showy wood-ibis; at the same time we saw behind them, farther inland, other trees crowded with the more delicate forms of the shining white egrets.

The river now widened so that in places it looked like a long lake; it wound in every direction through the endless marshy plain, whose surface was broken here and there by low mountains. The splendor of the sunset I never saw surpassed. We were steaming east toward clouds of storms. The river ran, a broad highway of molten gold, into the flaming sky; the far-off mountains loomed purple across the marshes; belts of rich green, the river-banks stood out on either side against the rose-hues of the rippling water; in front, as we forged steadily onward, hung the tropic night, dim and vast.

On December 15 we reached Corumbá. For three or four miles before it is reached the west bank, on which it stands, becomes high rocky ground, falling away into cliffs. The country roundabout was evidently well peopled. We saw gauchos, cattle-herders—the equivalent of our own cowboys—riding along the bank. Women were washing clothes, and their naked children bathing, on the shore; we were told that caymans and piranhas rarely ventured near a place where so much was going on, and that accidents generally

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occurred in ponds or lonely stretches of the river. Several steamers came out to meet us, and accompanied us for a dozen miles, with bands playing and the passengers cheering, just as if we were nearing some town on the Hudson.

Corumbá is on a steep hillside, with wide, roughly paved streets, some of them lined with the beautiful trees that bear scarlet flowers, and with well-built houses, most of them of one story, some of two or three stories. We were greeted with a reception by the municipal council, and were given a state dinner. The hotel, kept by an Italian, was as comfortable as possible—stone floors, big windows and doors, a cool, open courtyard, and a shower-bath. Of course Corumbá is still a frontier town. The vehicles are ox-carts and mule-carts; and we saw men riding oxen. The water comes from a big central well; around it the water-carts gather, and their contents are then peddled around at the different houses. The families showed the mixture of races characteristic of Brazil; one, after the children had been photographed in their ordinary costume, begged that we return and take them in their Sunday clothes, which was accordingly done. In a year the railway from Rio will reach Corumbá; and then this city, and the country roundabout, will see a great development.

At this point we rejoined the rest of the party, and very glad we were to see them. Cherrie and Miller had already collected some eight hundred specimens of mammals and birds.

RETURN

By David Morton

How could you ever think that I would sleep
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

I am the rain that sings to you by night,
When you lie wakeful, hurt with lost delight.

I am that song whose fragile failing wing
Comes ever near, and yet you cannot sing.

I am that star you gaze on and call fair;
(Felt you no slender fingers in your hair?)

But more than these, O more, I am the grass
That gladdens at your coming when you pass

These ways along, so grieving and so dear,
Where they had laid me now this many a year.

How could you ever think that I would sleep
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

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ON THE MAT

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I

IT was afternoon in a small oasis-village of the Zibans. I was seated on a straw mat in a little garden-space just outside the café, and dreamily regarding the intense blue sky through the vine leaves trellised overhead, which flecked me with their shadows. An old Arab was praying just in front. Two groups, one on each side of me, were placidly seated on clean yellow mats—young men, whose dark, sad faces, thin-featured and large-eyed, contrasted with their white robes. They were smoking kif—a translucence of gold in their clear bronze skin, a languor of light in their immobile gaze, content. The garden made off before me, topped with palmy distance; the silent street, to one side, was out of sight, as if it were not. It was a place of peace. I had finished my coffee and dates. I filled my brier-wood. The May heat was great, intense; and I settled myself to a long smoke, and fell into revery and recollection.

How simple it all was! That praying Arab—what an immediacy with God! What a nonchalance in the dreamy pleasures of those delicate-featured youths! What a disburdenment was here! I had only to lift my index-finger to heaven dying, to be one of the faithful; and the fact was symbolic, exemplary, of the simplicity of Islam. It makes the minimum demand on the intellect, on the whole nature of man. I had but lately placed the faith in its true perspective, historically. Mohammedanism, the Ishmael of religions, was the elder brother of Protestantism, notwithstanding profound differences of racial temperament between them. The Occidental mind is absorbent, conservative, antiseptic. It is not content, like the Mohammedan, to let things lie where they fall, disintegrate, crumble, and sink into oblivion. Western education fills the mind with the tangle-foot of the past. Catholicism was of this racial strain. It had a genius for absorption. It was the melting-pot of the religious past, and what resulted after centuries was an amalgam, rich in dogma, ritual, and institution, full of inheritance. The Reformation was an attempt to simplify religion and disburden the soul of this inheritance in so far as it contained obsolete, harmful, or inessential elements; many things, such as saint-worship, art, celibacy, were excised. Mohammedanism, ages before and somewhat differently placed, initiating rather than reforming a faith, was an effort of the desert soul to adapt to itself by instinct the Semitic tradition of God that had grown up in it, and to simplify what was received from its neighbors. The founder of Islam was more absolute and radical in exclusion than the reformers in elimination. Islam had a genius for rejection. Mohammed, with the profound monotheistic instinct that was racial in him, affirmed the unity of God with such grandeur and decision that there was no room in the system for that metaphysical scrutiny of the divine nature in which Catholic theology found so great a career; on the other hand, with his positive sense of human reality, which was also racial, he shut out asceticism, in which Catholic conscience worked out its illustrious monastic future. He had achieved a reconciliation between religion and human nature in the sphere of conduct, and he had silenced controversial dogma in its principal field in the sphere of theology.

A creed so single and elementary had no need of a priesthood to preserve and expound it. There was no room for a clergy here, and there was none. The reformers lessened but did not end the priest; Islam suppressed him; yet there remained much analogy between Mohammedanism and Protestantism in the field of religious phenomena in which the priest is embryonic. Protestantism is the best example in human affairs of the actual

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working of anarchy; and, in proportion as its sects recede from the authority and organization of the Catholic Church, it presents in an increasing degree, in its individuality of private judgment and freedom of religious impulse, the anarchic ideal of personal life. Islam offers in practice a similar anarchy. I was struck from the beginning with an odd resemblance to my native New England in this regard. It, too, has been a marabout-breeding country, with its old revivals, transcendentalists, new-lights, Holy Ghosters, and venders of Christian Science. Emerson was a great marabout. The Mormons, who went to Utah and made a paradise in the desert, were not so very different from the Mzabites who planted an oasis-Eden in the Saharan waste. The communities that from time to time have sprung up and died away, or dragged on an unnoticed life in country districts, are analogous, at least, to the *zaouias* scattered through this world of mountain and sand. In many ways my first contacts with the faith were sympathetic. The faith that had no need of an intellectual subsidy, that placed no interdict on human nature, that interposed no middle-men between the soul and God, woke intelligible responses in my agnostic, pagan, and Puritan instincts; here, too, was great freedom for the religious impulse, and toleration of its career; and I saw with novel interest in operation before my eyes the religious instinct of man, simple in idea, direct in practice, free in manifestation, and on the scale of a race. It was the desert-soul that was primarily interesting to me—its environment, its comprehension of that, its responses thereto; and, examining it thus, its religion seemed a thing *intime* and scarcely separable from its natural instincts and notions.

What is it that is borne in on the desert-soul, when it wakes in the great silence, the luminosity, the boundless surge of the sands against the sky? Immensity—the feeling of the infinite—nature taking on the cosmic forms of God. The desert is simple. It has few features, but they are all elements of grandeur. It is the mood of the Psalms. Awe is inbred in the desert-dweller. There is, too, a harmony between these few elements in their superb singleness and his lowly mind; not much is required of him, and that little is written large for his understanding; he takes things in wholes. His mind is primary, intuitive, not analytical; he does not multiply thought, he beholds; and this vision of the world he lives in, a wonderfully grand and simple world, suffices for a religious intuition as native to him as the palm to the water-source. The palm is a monotheistic tree. Monotheism belongs to the desert. The faith of the desert is a theism of pure nature, unenriched by any theism of humanity, of the human heart in its self-deification; it is a spiritualization of pure nature-worship, whereas Christianity, at least under some aspects, is the grafting of a human ideal on an old cosmogony. The God of the desert is an out-of-doors god, like the Great Spirit of the Indians, who had no temples. No mosque can hold him; there is no altar there, no image. He cannot be cloistered; he has no house, no shrine, where one can repair, and abide for a time, and come away, and perhaps leave religion behind in a place of its own. He is in the desert air; and the desert-dweller, girt with that immensity, wherever his eye falls can commune with him; five times daily he bows down in prayer to him and has the intimate sense of his being; he does not think about him—he believes.

The desert cradles, nurses, deepens, colors, and confirms this belief. It is a land of monotony, full of solitude and silence. The impression it thus made upon me was profound, and amounted to an annihilation of the past. The freshness of the wilderness, as the discoverer feels it, lay there; it abolished what was left behind; the old world had rolled down the other side of the mountains. Life in its turmoil and news, its physical clamor and mental clatter, life the distraction, had ceased. It was not that silence had fallen upon it; but the soul had gone out from it and returned to the silence of nature. There is no speech in that rosy ring of mountain walls, in the implacable gold of the sands undulating away to the blue ends of earth, in the immutable sky; they simply are. In the passage of the winds there is stillness. It is not that there are no sounds. The hush is of the soul. Monotonous? Yes. That is its charm. Monotony belongs to the simple soul; and

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what is monotone to the eyes of the desert-dweller is monotone in the ideas and emotions of his psychology. Repetition belongs to Islam; its words and rites, its music and dances are stereotyped, something completely intelligible, identically recurrent, like tales that please children—the same stories in the same words. Prayer and posture, formula and rhythm, endlessly renewing the same idea and the same sensation—they imprint, they intensify; desert-moulds, they help the soul to retain its conscious form. The larger mind that discriminates, analyzes, and explores, may tire of this; but it also finds in such a solitude, full of silence and monotony, a place where the soul collects itself, integrates, and has more profoundly the sense of its own being.

The desert is not only the generator and fosterer of the desert-soul, in its spiritual attitude, its practices and processes, by the larger and universal elements in the environment, but in more detailed ways it provides the atmosphere of life. It is strangely sympathetic with the dweller upon its sands. He is a nomad; and the desert is itself nomadic. The landscape is a shifting world. The dunes travel. The scene dissolves and rebuilds. The sand-hills lift a sculptured mountain edge upon the blue, swells like the bosom of a wave, precipices and hollows like mountain defiles, outlooks, and hiding-places in the valleys, and the surface shall be finely mottled and delicately printed and patterned with lace-work as far as the eye can see. The wind erases it in a night, hollows the hills and fills the hollows; it is gone. The oases disappear; they are like islands sinking in the sea of driving sands; you see their half-sunken trees like ruins buried beneath the wave, still visible in the depths. The face of the land is ephemeral; to leave the route is to be lost. And after the wind, the light begins its play. The lakes of salt and saltpetre, the lifeless lands, the irremediable waste—ruins of some more ancient and primordial desolation, the region cursed before its time with planetary death—change, glitter, disclose placid reaches of palm-fringed water, island-paradises, mirage beyond mirage in the far-reaching enchantment, strips of fertility like lagoons on the mineral mud as when one sees a valley-land through clouds. The heat gives witchcraft to the air; size and distance are transformed; what is small seems gigantic, what is far seems beside you; a flock of goats is a cavalcade, a bush is a strange monster. To the nomad in those moving sands, in that air of illusion and vision, in those imprecise horizons, the solid earth might seem the stuff that dreams are made on. The desert is a paradox; immutable, it presents the spectacle of continuous change.

Nowhere is the transitory so suggested, set forth, and embodied. Here is the complete type of human existence, permeated with impermanence, the illusory, and oblivion, yet immutable; the generations are erased, but humanity abides with the same general aspects. The land is a type, too, of the desert past—its tribes globing into hosts and dispersed, its dynasties that crumble and leave not a ruin behind, its inconsecutiveness in history, wars like sand-storms, peace without fruition. It is on this life, and issuing from its mortal senses, that there falls the impalpable melancholy and intimate sadness of the desert. The formlessness of the vague envelops all there; it is the path of the unfinished, the illimitable; it is the bosom of the infinite where life is a momentary foam. Mystery is continuous there, a perpetual presence. Its human counterpart, its image in the soul, is *la rêve*, the dream, revery, as changeful, as illusory, that takes no root, fades, and vanishes. It is not a merely contemplative sadness; it is a physical melancholy. The oases are full of fever, of the incredible languors of the heat—breath is a weight upon the lungs, blood is weariness in the veins, life is an oppression and an exhaustion. It revives, but it remembers. There is a swift spring-time of life, a resilience, a jet, of the eternal force, and age comes like night with a stride. Death is the striking of the tent. It is quickly over. You shall see four men passing rapidly with the bier, a wide frame on which the body lies, wrapped in white; in the barren place of the dead they dig with haste a shallow hollow in the sand; they stand a moment in the last prayer; they have covered the grave swiftly and stuck three palm twigs in the loose sand, and are gone. A change of day and night, of winter and summer,

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of birth and death, and at the centre the wind-blown desert and the frail nomad tent; and then, three palm twigs in the nameless sand.

The desert gives new values to life. It is a rejuvenation of the senses, a perpetual renaissance. The fewness of objects and their isolation on the great scene increase their worth to the eye, and in the simple life all trifles gain in meaning through receiving more attention; the pure and bracing air invigorates the whole body in all its functions, and the light is, in particular, a stimulant to the eye. The intensification of the pleasures of the senses is due also to the austerities and hardships of life in the waste and the change from suffering to ease. To the nomad, after the rigors of the sands, heat and thirst and glare, all vegetation has the freshness of spring-time; the oasis, welcoming his eyes, is, in truth, an opening paradise. The toiling caravan, the French column, know what it means. The long, black-green lines of the oasis over the sands are like the breaking of light in the east; the sound of running water is a music that reverberates in all their nerves; fruits hanging in cool shadows, flowers, groves—it is *la vie*, the great miracle, again dreaming the beautiful dream in the void. After the hamada, the desert route, it is paradise. It is impossible to conceive of the sensual intensity of this delight, of its merely bodily effervescence. The Arabs are a sensual race, and the desert has double-charged their joys with health and hardship; their poverty of thought is partly recompensed by fulness of sensation. The oases are not gardens in the European sense; they are rude and arid groves and orchards and fields, with a roughness of untamed nature in the aspect of the soil; and the desert everywhere is savage in look, with the uncared-for reality, the nakedness, and the wild glory of primeval things. Yet I have never known habitually such delicacy and poignancy of sensation. The wind does not merely blow, it caresses; the landscape does not smile, it mirrors and gives back delight; odors and flavors are penetrating; warmth and moisture bathe and cool; there is something intimate in the touch of life. There is a universal caress in nature, a drawing near—something soothing, lulling, cadenced—felt in the blood and along the nerves, a *volupté* diffused and physical; for there is a flower of the senses, as there is a flower of the mind, as refined in its exhalation, in the peace of vague horizons, in wafted fragrances of the night, in luminosities of the atmosphere, in floating vapors of morning, in the dry bed of the *oued* under the moon, in the pomegranate blossom, in the plume of the date-palm flower, in all evanescence, the companionship of some little thing of charm, the passing of a singing voice. The desert is rich in those mysteries of sensation that remain in their own realm of touch and eye and ear, revery and dream. It is a garden of the senses; and the wild flavor of the garden gives a strange poignancy to its delights.

This sensuality prolongs its life in the higher faculties; it penetrates and impregnates the mental consciousness; memory and imagination are strongly physical; the soul-life itself is deeply sensuous. It is, in this primitive psychology, as if one should see the coral insects building up beneath the wave the reef that should emerge on a clear-skied world. The desert music reveals this most clearly. Sensation, as has been often said, enters into the arts in varying degrees. Literature is the most disembodied of the arts; its images are most purely mental and free from physical incarnation; then, in order, painting, sculpture, music include greater actuality of sensation by virtue of which æsthetic pleasure, as it arises from them, is more deeply drenched in physical reality. The senses are preliminary to the intellect; that is why the arts precede the sciences in human evolution. The desert-dweller has no sciences, and his only art is music, which itself is in a primitive stage, being still characteristically joined with the dance in its original prehistoric union. The Arabs sit, banked on their benches, apathetic, gazing, listening, while the monotonous rhythm of the dance and the instruments rises, sways, and terminates, and begins again interminably. What is their state? It is an obsession, more or less profound, of memory and imagination, retrospective or prospective experience, felt with physical vagueness, defined, vivified, and made momentarily present by the swaying dancer in the emo-

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tional nimbus of the music. It is the audience at only one remove from participation in the dance, contemplative but still physically reminiscent of it. The dances are of two general types: that of the negroes, a physical hysteria, full of violent gesture, leaping, and loud cries, the barbaric paroxysm; the other that of Arab origin, a voluptuous cadencing to a monotonously responsive accompaniment. The desert-dweller is a realist; his emotions, his desires have not transcended the facts of life; his poetry, so far as it exists, and there is a considerable amount of it, is one of simple and positive images. Mysticism, in the intellectual sense, the transformation of the senses into the spirit, does not exist for him; not nearer than Persia is the mystic path which leads to the ecstasy of the soul's union with the divine, of the Bride with the Bridegroom; the desert knows nothing of that Aryan dream. Sensation remains here in its own realm; and its summary artistic form is music, itself so physically penetrating in its method and appeal. The music of the desert is to me very attractive; it engages me with its simple and direct cling; snatches of carolled song, the humble notes of its flutes, the insistence of its instruments fascinate and excite me. It is the music of the senses.

The sensuality of the Arabs also found other climaxes, in love and war. It is the intensity of their passion and of their fighting which has charged their history, as a race, with its greatest brilliancy; and at their points of highest achievement a luxurious temperament has characterized them, which has made an Arabian dream the synonym for all strange and soft delights. The desert in its degree has this *mollesse*, physical languors, exhaustion; its home is in the oasis-villages. The true nomad contemns the oasis-dwellers as a softened, debilitated, and corrupt race; the life of the nomad is purer, hardier, manlier; he is the master; the oasis pays him tribute. The life of the senses, however, in either form, passes away; vitality ebbs the more swiftly because of its rapid and intense play; pallor falls on the sensations, they fade, and joy is gone. Melancholy from its deepest source supervenes; in the desert—age in its abandonment, decay, and poverty; in the oasis—life somnolent, effeminate, drugged. The wheel comes full circle in the end for all. Meanwhile the vision of life is whole, and goes ever on. Youth is always there in its beauty and freshness. There is always love and fighting. Nature does not lose her universal caress. The desert-soul still adores the only God in his singleness. There is great freedom. The route calls. It is human life, brave, picturesque, mysterious—beset by the sands, but before it always the infinite.

Yet, fascinated though I was, I was aware of some detachment. Sweet was the renaissance of the senses—what brilliancy and joy in their play—merely to look, to breathe, to be! To have come into one of the titanic solitudes of nature, comparable only to ocean wastes and amplitudes of the sky, and to dwell there, far from the mechanic chaos, the unbridled egotism, the competitive din—what a recovery of the soul was there, of human dignity, of true being! and to find there a race still in a primitive simplicity, unburdened by thought, not at warfare with its mortal nature, the two poles of the spirit and the body married in one sphere; and to feel the rude shepherding of nature round their nomad lives, inured to hardship, but swiftly responsive with almost animal vitality to her rare kindlier moods and touches—it was a discovery of the early world, of ancestral primeval ways. It was a refreshment, a disburdenment, an enfranchisement; and it was a holiday delight. Yet over these simplicities, austerities, and wild flavors there still hung a moral distance, something Theocritean, the mood of the city-dweller before pastoral charm. To sit in the café in the throng of Arabs with the coffee and the dance, to muse and dream on the mat alone, to lie apart in the garden and be content—it was a real participation; but in the background behind, in the shadow of my heart, was the old European though eluded. This life had the quality of escapade—to see things lying crumbled and fallen with none to care, to be free of the eternal salvage of dead shells of life and thought—a world so little encumbered with the heritage of civilization! How many years had I spent, as it were, in a museum of things artificially preserved in books, like jars—in the laboratory of the intellectual

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charnel-house! The scholar, accumulating the endless history of human error, has no time to serve truth by advancing it in his own age; he lives so much with what was that he cannot himself be; his inheritance eats him up. The crown of Western culture is apt to be an encyclopædia. There was no library in the desert. And religion—how much of it comes to us moderns in a dead form! Surely religion is a revelation of the soul, not to it. This is a doctrine of immanence. If God be not immanent in the soul, man can have no knowledge of the divine. Religion is an aura of the soul, a materialization of spiritual consciousness, varying in intensity of light and tones of color from race to race, from age to age, and, indeed, from man to man; it is the soul's consciousness made visible. It is not to me interesting as scientific truth is, a thing of worth in the realm of the abstract, but rather as artistic truth is, a vital expression, something lived. What a reality it had here in the desert-soul—its effluence, almost its substance, giving back the spiritual image of nature in humanity, a condensation of the vast spaces, the vague horizons, the monotony, the mortal burden, in a prayer! It is a new baptism into nature, if not unto God, only to see this aura of the soul in the desert. The scene in all its phases—landscape and men—was to me an evocation of the long ago. But the soul does not return upon its track. The simple life is only for the simple soul. The soul of the old European is not simple. Yet if the leopard could change his spots, if one could lay off the burden of thought, lay staff and scrip aside, and end the eternal quest, nowhere else could he better make the great refusal and set up an abiding-place as in this nomad world. Its last word is resignation; peace is its last desire.

The desert world is a dying world. That is the sadly shadowing, slowly mounting, fatally overwhelming impression that grows on the mind and fills it. Death is the aspect of the scene; sterility, blankness, indifference to life. Inhospitality is its universal trait and feature. It is as hostile to animal and vegetable as to human life—its skeleton lakes without fishes, its drifting valleys without birds, its steppes without roving herds. Its oases are provisioned with water and bastioned with ramparts against the eternal siege of the sands; to preserve them is like holding Holland against the sea. The mere presence of man, too—what is human—shares in this aspect of death. I have mentioned the cemeteries, mere plots of extinction, anonymous, without dates, leaving nothing of degradation to be added to the sense of hopelessness, futility, and oblivion. The dwelling-places of the living are hardly more raised above the soil or distinguishable from the earth they crumble into—typically seen in those *ksour* of the south, cracked, with gap and rift, dissolving in ageless decay and abandonment, mere heaps over the underground darkness of passages and cells—or here embosomed in a great silence, full of solitude and secrecy, the life of the palm-garden, of the great heats, of the frigid nights; always and everywhere with the sense of an immense desolation, denudation, and deprivation. The life of the tent is one of sunshine and vitality by comparison; humble and rugged, it has no decadence in its look; in the villages the decadence seems almost of the soil itself. One goes out into the desert to escape the oppression of this universal mortal decay; and there is no life there, only a passage of life, of which the skeleton of the camel in the sands is the epitaph.

A dying world, and a race submissive to its fate. In that nomad world, where everything is passing away, there is nothing fixed but the will of Allah. It is not strange to find fatality the last word of Islam. In the desert world the will of nature appears with extreme nakedness; the fortune of man is brief, scant, and unstable; the struggle is against infinite odds, a meagre subsistence is gained, if at all; and the blow of adversity is sudden and decisive. Patience everywhere is the virtue of the poor, resignation the best philosophy of the unfortunate, and defeat, as well as victory, and perhaps more often, brings peace. These are great words of Islam, and nowhere have they sunk deeper into life than in the desert-soul. They are all forms of that fatality which the desert seems almost to embody in nature, to exercise in the lives of its children, and to implant in their bosoms as the funda-

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mental fact of being. Fatality is in the outer aspect of things and exhales from the inward course of life; melancholy, impotence, immobility accumulate with the passage of years; effortless waiting, indolence, prayer, contemplation—these are the shadows in which is the end. This mood of the despair of life has nowhere more lulling cadences of death. The desert is a magnificent setting for the scene—its strong coloring, its vast expanses, its unfathomable silences; its desolate grandeurs, its sublime austerities, its wild glory—godlike indifference to mankind; its salt chotts, immense as river valleys, tufts of the sand-sunken palms—premonitions of the disappearance of life from the earth, the final extinction of that vital spark which was the wildfire of the planet, the thin frost-work on the flaking rock, the little momentary breath of love and war and prayer. Here life takes on its true proportions at the end—all life; it is an incident, a little thing in the great scene. A dying world, a dying race, a dying civilization, truly; but the old European, the wise pessimist in the shadow, has seen much death; to him it is but another notch on the stick. To me, personally near to it and fascinated in my senses still, it is *très humain*, exciting, engaging; and the melancholy that penetrates it ever more deeply and mysteriously does not interfere with its charm, its blend of delicacy and hardiness, of spirit and sense, of freedom and fate. I have a touch of the heart of the desert-born. "If love of country should perish from the earth," said my soldier poet, "it would be found again in the heart of the Bedouin." No race is more attached to the soil, or so consumed with homesickness for it. The Bedouin loves the desert.

II

A STRANGE thing to me was the absence of any political state. There has never been a political state, properly speaking, in the desert. Such was the parcelling of the communities, so elementary the governmental form, so feeble the impulse of political aggregation and cohesion, that the general condition might seem to be an anarchy. In the Kabyle villages of the mountains and among the Mzabites of the Sahara the assemblies of the elders with the election and change of headmen present an aspect of such primitive simplicity and independence that they might be thought freemen's institutions of an ideal purity; on the other hand the absence of any political centres of concentration forbade the formation of a nation. The recognition of the tribal blood-tie conserved groups, smaller or larger, with a greater or less sense of unity; but feud was the natural condition of these units, extending to the smallest and even into families, and in the larger world political history found only hordes hastily massing for temporary ends and dissolving in a night, or empires of facile conquest and loose tributary bonds, of the nature of a primacy rather than a sovereignty, and without long continuity of life. Public order, with its correlatives, security and peace, was little realized, and, however ideal local institutions might seem within the group, it was, viewed largely, a barbaric world.

A very pure democracy in its primitive form prevailed. All men were equal before Allah, and the condition of equality generally obtained also between man and man. Inequality belongs to civilization; the absence of that, and especially the lack of security for wealth and its inheritance, of an official class of state functionaries and a clerical hierarchy, and preeminently the lack of knowledge, removed main sources of that differentiation which has stratified modern society. There was a noblesse of the sword and also of religion, grounded originally on descent from Mohammed or more generally and powerfully here in the west from some marabout, but neither class was really separated from the people. The only effective source of inequality was *virtù*—real ability. Tradition made it the glory of the Arab noble to dissipate his patrimony in gifts to his friends, and to rely on the booty of his own hand for himself. Ignorance, besides, is a great leveller, and poverty is the best friend of fraternity; liberty was native to the soil. It was a society where all men had substantially the same ideas, customs, and desires, thought and acted, lived, in the same way. It was a natural democracy, and inbred; and to-day this trait is one of the most striking and refreshing that a sojourn among its people

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brings to notice, for it is a real democracy, unconscious of itself, vital, and admirable in its human results.

Race-consciousness found historic expression only in the religious field. The spots where the faith first began on the soil, the tombs of great leaders in the conquest, such as that of Sidi Okba in the oasis not far away, the white domes of the marabouts sown like village spires through all this land, were places of sacred memory, centres of race-consciousness, and here took the function of integrating the common soul of the race, as, in other civilizations, political memorials of great public events and famous men develop national consciousness. In the desert patriotism and faith are one emotion. The ideal Mohammedan state is a pure theocracy, in which the political and spiritual powers are one and inseparable; where this condition prevails is the *dar el Islam*, the land of Islam, the soil of the true faith; elsewhere, wherever the union is imperfect or the faith must concede to the infidel, is the *dar el harb*, or, as we should say, missionary countries. Neither Turkey nor Egypt is *dar el Islam;* its narrow, though still vast, realm is the Libyan sands, where it still refuges its people. It is an arresting sight when religion goes into the desert to be with God; the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower's* wake, the Mormons of the sunflower trail fill the imagination with their willingness to give up all, to go forth and plant a new state sacred to their idea. It is always an heroic act. Such a coming out from among the world, such a going forth into the inhospitable waste has been characteristic of desert history. Solitude is the natural home of orthodoxy, of the fanatic sect and the purist. Mohammedanism in its primary stage was a particular religion of a desert people; in its secondary stage, as a conquering faith, it had to develop its capacity for internationalism, its powers of adaptation to other breeds and of absorption of foreign moods and sentiments, its fitness to become a world religion; in itself also there was necessarily the play of human nature involving, as time went on, a variation into sects, heresies, innovations; thus, for example, it absorbed mysticism from the extreme East and whitened the West with the worship of saints. The faith was purer and more rigid in the desert, generally speaking, and was there more primitively marked; there it was safest from contaminating contacts; and there also Western civilization, closing round and penetrating its realm, finds the most fanatic and obdurate resistance.

Race-resistance to the invasion of the modern world, naturally following the lines of race-consciousness, notwithstanding the aid it received in the beginning of the struggle from the old feudality of the desert, had its stronghold in religion and its organization; and, specifically, it found its practical rallying-points and strongest alignment in the confraternities, or secret orders, with their *zaouias*, analogous to mediæval abbeys and monasteries, which had so great a development in North Africa in the last century—some more enlightened in leadership and capable of assimilating Western benefits in some degree, others stupidly impervious to the new influences and events. These brotherhoods, whose nomadic agents under the guise of every humble employment course the land with great thoroughness, are ideal organizations for agitation, collecting and disseminating news, preparing insurrection, fomenting and perpetuating discontent and secret hope; it is they and their machinations that are back of the Holy War, as a race idea. They are all hearths of the faith; but some, such as the Tidjaniya, recognizing both the fact of French power and the reality of the benefits it confers, are committed to political submission and peace; others are less placable, and nurse eternal hate of the infidel, with a credulous hope of expelling him from the land; and one, the most irreconcilable and the most powerful, is an active foe. This fraternity is the Snoussiya, having its seat at Djarbout, in the Libyan desert, where it has constituted a veritable empire of the sands, a pure Mohammedan state; it has divided with the neighboring empire of the Mahdi, and with that of the Sultan of Morocco, the proud title of *dar el Islam*. Sidi Snoussi, the founder, was a humble *taleb* of Medjaher, in the province of Oran. He preached the exodus, and led the recalcitrant and irreconcilable into the Cyrenaica, and there by virtue of his natural

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ability and enterprise built up a state, to which his sons have succeeded, the eldest of them having been already designated by his father as the promised Mahdi, the always expected Messiah of Islam, who should restore its power as the true kingdom of God on earth. It is this state which is the centre of Panislamism, the hope of a reunion of the entire Mohammedan world after the fall of the Sultan at Constantinople should be accomplished. The desert round about owns its sovereignty from Egypt to Tunis, and it is buttressed on the south by the negro states which it has joined in proselytizing, converting them from their savage fetichism.

The spirit of proselytism has always been active in North Africa. The story of its saints from early days contains a missionary element, acting at first on the indigenous barbarism of the desert and mountains and extending at a later period to the negro populations of the Soudan. The Snoussiya, together with other Mohammedan agents, has conducted a proselytism to the south, which has been astonishing in its success and has long arrested European attention. Islam is, indeed, well adapted to convert inferior peoples, and adopts an intelligent policy in practice. The simplicity of the faith, the absence of any elaborate dogma or ritual, its slight demand on the intellect, together with its avoidance of anything ascetic in its rule of life, made it easily acceptable in itself; and its tolerant advance, without pressure, on the imitative instincts, the ambitions and interests of the savage populations with which it is in political and commercial contact, secures its spread without irritation or disturbance. It is the warrior race of the Foulbés in the Soudan who have most carried forward this movement of mingled spiritual, political, and commercial conquest; beside these, like the Jew by the Arab, are the Haoussas, a black race, with a commercial instinct, who established themselves under the protection of the Foulbés; they, generally speaking, have the monopoly of instruction and are the simple teachers of the region; the fetichistic tribes, coming under the influence of these Moslem expansionists by conquest, protectorate, marriage, in one and another way of the old and universal methods of the transformation of a lower race by a higher, are thus added to the domain of Islam. So important is this religious change, and so striking is the event, that some Catholic bishops have seen in it a providential preparation by an intermediate state for a future evangelization. What is noteworthy is the active spread of Mohammedanism contemporaneously in Central Africa and its close connection with the power of the Snoussiya, the most energetic and fanatic centre of Islam. The dream of the poor preacher of Oran has come partly true: in leading the irreconcilable into the Libyan desert and building a refuge for them in the most desolate wastes of the eastern Sahara, in the *dar el Islam*, he established a new centre for the faith in a region backed by populations where its natural spread is great and its presence is likely to be long continued, and he aroused through all the Mohammedan world the spirit of Panislamism. It is in his work and the fruit of it that race-resistance to the impact of the modern world on the old life of the desert all along the African coasts of the Sahara finds its climax, its centre, and its hope; elsewhere it has ebbed slowly away.

That retreat of the old faith into the desert out of whose immensity it was born, to die if need were in its own cradling sands, far from the pollutions of the modern and changed world, excites the imagination and commands admiration. It might be the episode of an epic, with its *mise-en-scène*, its protagonist, its atmosphere of travel and assemblage, and the coloration of its auxiliary tribes. It has classical poetic quality. But to the meditative mind the fortunes of the *dar el harb*, the nearer land of the infidel, is more profoundly impressive. It is a curious feeling that comes over one at the thought that he is present at the death of a race and has before his eyes the passing away of a civilization, and that civilization a culture in its essential features once common to the human family. That is the scene here—the passing of the early world. It is like the passing of the Indian world of the wilderness from America that our fathers saw, only in a more concentrated scene and on a more impressive scale—the death of an ancient mode of life in its home of centuries, full of memory going back to the dawn of history. It is a solemn thing for the reflective mind to

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witness, hard to realize adequately. Agriculture is gaining on the pastoral state, supplanting it; the nomad is slowly becoming fixed to the soil; the towns increase in number and population and in the variety of their life; peace, order, security establish themselves; capital, science arrive—companies, railways, telegraphs, communication, and transportation—and the face of life is changed; in a few years there will be no more caravans to Tougourt, to Tripoli, to Ghadamès—they will be legends like the mule-trains and prairie-schooners of the old emigrant West.

The economic change is most obvious, the inrush of the mechanical and cosmopolitan, colonization and exploitation, public works and private enterprise, securing and furnishing the territory for a commercial tillage and use. Is it a dispossession of the native from the soil or is it a means by which he may more justly enjoy it? The people, in the old days, lived in a sort of serfage to the nomads or the *zaouias*. The French régime put an end to desert feudality, but treated the *zaouias* with more consideration, owing to their religious character. The *zaouias* of Algeria, notwithstanding some counter-currents among them, generally accepted French rule and co-operated with it. The result, nevertheless, was largely a lessening of the economic lordship of the religious families at the head of these establishments and an enfranchisement of the people from dependence upon them. The *zaouias* were sources of great communal benefit; they practised especially the Moslem virtues of alms-giving and hospitality; but they also took tithes and offerings. Their social importance has diminished; and, in place of the old half-patriarchal, half-feudal system, society takes on the modern structure of economic individualism. The impersonal administrative system, dealing with all in an individual way, shivered the primitive economic collectivity of society at a stroke. The modern world has come; capital, wages, earnings bring new arrangements and ways of living; the economic career in a commercial world is open and safe, wealth is its prize, competence is possible for those who can maintain themselves in the way; the new dispensation—the future, has begun. Life is more free, more just, fuller of opportunity, and it is also more difficult; new desires, new temptations, and new needs arise; the cost is greater. Civilization enforces the higher standard of living even on the lowliest. This is the material fact most powerful in transformation. It is a fact inherent in progress.

The change in manners is the superficial expression of economic changes. There is an ingathering into the towns, and as always in the first contacts of a comparatively primitive race with a luxurious civilization the corruption of manners and morals is patent; the weakening of the old fibre of life before the new fibre has time to form occasions a moral displacement. This is most noticeable in the cities of the coast, but in some degree is everywhere to be seen. There is, as it were, a sifting of classes; the more advanced, those who are most sensitive to the new and most free and bold, begin an exodus from the *café Maure* to the European restaurant; they imitate the foreigner, ape his ways and take the mould of his habits; the French *vie* tends to establish itself as the ideal, to a greater or less degree, among the forward spirits and the young; old haunts and customs are left with the lower class in the *café Maure*. The chief support of the general change, broadly speaking, is the instruction in French schools throughout the provinces, which reduces the old language to a country dialect and secures a certain glamour for the new régime and naturalizes it as a *patrie* familiar from childhood, protective, and opening the ways of life. A vital point is the extent to which in this change of manners and ideals religion, the faith, is affected. It appears to be conceded that the practice of the faith formally is weakened. It is a faith in which the rite counts heavily; the doing of certain acts, as a matter of observance, is a large part of its reality; but a default in the practice of religion is never a sure index to a decline in belief. Belief habitually outlives practice. It is certain that no Christianizing takes place. The White Brothers, the Catholic missionaries of the Sahara, have long confined their efforts to works of humanity and simple helpfulness, abandoning attempts at conversion. If the religion of Islam grows feebler in its hold, it means that free thought, scepticism, and indifference come in its place. Perhaps the fundamental fact is that the

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larger sphere which existed for religion in the old days no longer exists. The hermit is a holy man largely because he has nothing else to do except to be holy; and religion fills the world of Islam partly, at least, because of the absence of other elements in that primitive monotonous life. The modern world has brought with it into the desert a great variety of novel interests, a diversified life, stimulating curiosity and attention and often absorbing practical participation in the new movement on the part of the people in trade, enterprise, amusement, information, news. It appears to be agreed that in the parts of longest occupancy by the French there has been a relaxation of religious practice and a softening of fanatic hatred, concurrently with a corruption of morals and degeneracy of racial vigor where European contact has been most close.

The final question is of the issue. The population has greatly increased under French rule. The development of the country in a material way goes on apace. The colonial empire of France in Africa has a great commercial future. Will the native people in this new economic civilization be able to hold fast, and secure for its own at least a share of the products of this great movement, or will they be merely a servile race in the service of French proprietors and over-lords, or in a condition of economic serfage to vast accumulations of capital, analogous to that of industrial workers in our capitalistic society? Will the moral decay, incident to the change of civilizations, eat them up and destroy them, as has been the luck of half-barbaric peoples elsewhere in their contact with the modern world? In a word, is the Berber people, for that race is here the general stock and stamina, capable of assimilating this civilization and profiting by it? These are questions of a far future. Meanwhile the best opinion is sharply divided upon them. Historically, the Berber race has shown assimilative power racially by its absorption of the foreign bloods that have crossed it from the earliest days: the northern barbarians, the Arabs of the great invasion, the negroes of the south have all mingled with it freely; it has also shown power to take the impress of foreign institutions from Roman and Christian days to the time of its Islamization. Its resistant power, its vitality as a race, is scarcely less noticeable. There are some who look to see real assimilation, even to the extent of a miscegenation of the various strains of foreign blood; there are others who expect at most only a hegemony of civilization over a permanently inferior people; and there are still others who hope for a true assimilation of material civilization, with its blessings of science and order, but see an impassable abyss between the old European and the soul of the desert, inscrutable, mysterious, alien, which remains immutable in the Berber race.

III

THE old life of the desert is passing away; the fact is written on the landscape, on the faces of the people, and in their hearts. It was as full of miseries as of grandeurs; and its disappearance is for good. What was admirable in it was the endurance of the human heart in the sterile places, and the mysterious flowering from it, amid this desolation, of a great faith. The death of a religion, no more than the decay of other institutions, should perplex or disturb; all these alike are the work of the soul, and when the soul leaves them they perish; and as in the revolutions the daily life of men goes on, so in the religious changes of organization and dogma the spiritual life of the soul continues. The soul can no more be without religion than the body without life. The sense of the mystery of its own being abides in the soul, in however half-conscious or imperfect forms, implanted in its vital and animating principle, and shares with shaping power in its thoughts, emotions, and will, and exhales the atmosphere in which it realizes its spiritual life: it is here that religion, in the external sense of worship and dogma, has its source. The desert-soul may cast the old life like a garment—faith and all; but under these old skies and in these supreme horizons it cannot change its nature, which is, in a sense, the human form of the desert. The flower of faith will grow here, and blossom in the wild, in the future as in the past, for the desert is a spiritual place; and in this austere and infinite air faith will continue to be a religion of the desert truly, with the least of the corporeal in

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its manifestation and idea, with the least of the defined in creed and localized in place; for the spiritual, the universal, the vague are the intuitions and language of the desert; there religion is less a thought than a feeling, less a prayer than a mood.

I closed my meditations in such thoughts as these, instinctively seeking amid so much that was mortal the undying, in the decadent the permanent, in the transitory the eternal.

IV

THE stars were coming out in the sky; the coolness of the night was already in the air. The old Arab had long ago departed; the kif-smoking youth were gone. I was alone under the vine-trellis, with the dark lines of the palm grove before me in the falling night. The proprietor, a mild-faced and gentle-mannered old Arab, came, as I rose to go, with a few pleasant words and gave me a small branch of orange-flowers and a spray of the white flower of the palm. "*C'est le mâle,*" he said with a smile. And as I rode home over the silent desert, and crossing the bed of the *oued* looked back on the mountain wall and swept with my gaze the great dark waste under the stars, I found myself repeating his words—"*C'est le mâle.*"

SOLDIERS OF TIME

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

ON this morning in May Johann Haff lay listening to the measured footsteps of his soldiers of time in the big front room. No two marched together, but each had a gait of his own; and now he listened anxiously to hear if all were on the move, if any were breaking a gait. The darkness thinned and whitened, the clocks came further and further out of the grayness. After a while there was a terrific commotion on all the brown walls, on the dresser to the right of the street window, on the ancient carved mantel out beyond the foot of the bed. Loud and low, quick and slow, bells and cuckoo whistles and beaten coils of wire proclaimed that another march had been done. It was six o'clock.

"So!" said Johann Haff in a satisfied tone, and got out of bed. Going to the spindle-legged bowl and pitcher stand to the right of the marble mantel, he poured a blue graniteware cup nearly full of water and set it on a wire contrivance above a gas-jet there. Emptying the pitcher into the bowl, he spread a square of red oilcloth over the faded yellow carpet to protect its dingy white roses, and sponged his big, bony frame until he glowed pink from his feet to his white head. He took down the heated water from the gas-jet, lathered his face, stropped his razor, and reaching up pulled May 29 from a large, thick calendar hanging on the wall by the side of four pasteboard back-pieces of other calendars that had been emptied of their days. May 30, crossed with red, was staring at him.

For a moment the old German gazed hard at the red-marked day, not breathing, chilled at the heart; then he laid the razor and the sheet of paper on the corner of the mantel and walked slowly over to the window looking out on West 127th Street. The street was beginning to stir with the life of the young morning. Out of the doors of the ancient houses, pioneers of building in Harlem at a time when the old road to the Fort Lee ferry was its principal crosstown thoroughfare, people were hurrying forth to work, a delightful definiteness in their movements. Some certain place to go, some certain thing to do! That appealed to Johann Haff's methodical German soul. And to work! He sighed.

Six years before this May morning he

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had had a wife and a business and two hobbies; they had filled his life beautifully. From time out of mind he had been the proprietor of a roomy tobacco store in 125th Street, where there were chairs, and where a considerable number of people could, and often did, gather to smoke and talk. But he had never had any bargain sales, had never offered any prizes, had never given any coupons or certificates. A powerful company had opened a tiny store, costing half the rent of his, next door to him; and it had pushed its trade by every device known to the deep student of the human purse. For two months the tall, black German had sat, raging like a lion, watching his old customers going into the new store; then he had closed his doors. The next year his wife had died.

There had been left to him then only his two hobbies—his collection of clocks, and a sort of vicarious flower-gardening. For years he had been making daily visits to the botanical greenhouses in Central Park. The births and lives and deaths behind their glass walls had come to be matters of passionate interest to him. Yes, he had had his hobbies left, and his pride. Patrick Roche, the Irish undertaker on one side of his old place in 125th Street, had often pressed him to open another store in the same neighborhood, telling him that many of his former customers would be glad to come back to him, that they were longing for a place where they could again stand around and talk. But Johann Haff had indignantly refused; he had kept open his store for two whole months in the face of the newcomer, they had deserted him. So!

After his wife's death he had found that his bank balance was a little over $5,000. He had moved to Mrs. Sigel's boarding-house, here in 127th Street. Knowing his expenses down to the cent, he had calculated that his money would last him, unless something happened, five years, after taking out a small bequest for Mrs. Sigel, a smaller one for Katie, her huge maid of all work, and also the $200 to pay Patrick Roche for his last offices. The rest of the money he had divided into five parts. He might die in less than five years; the schedule fixed in his Teutonic mind demanded that he should not live beyond a certain day in the fifth year, when his capital, except for a possible few remnants, would be gone. He had bought five calendars with numbers a foot high. On the fifth he had marked that last day, lest the sacred schedule be marred by an unthinking lapse of a few days or weeks. Besides, each day's leaf would be good for shaving-paper.

The thought of the shaving-paper made him remember that the lather was now drying on his face as he stood there by the window dreaming over the years. He went back to the white-painted, spindle-legged stand and shaved, and went down to breakfast. Neither Mrs. Sigel nor any of her other five foster children were down, but Katie was there to serve him with her usual affectionate haste. He was glad he had left something for Katie.

After breakfast he climbed back to his room to consider finally his affairs. Sitting down at the bandy-legged writing-desk to the left of the window, he pulled all the papers out of the pigeon-holes and looked them over. Most of them being of no consequence now, he tore them up and threw them into the waste-basket. His will was quite satisfactory. His bank-book showed a balance of something over $500; that would provide for the bequests to Mrs. Sigel and Katie, and the $200 for Patrick Roche's charges, with a small margin for trifling expenses, such as a flow of gas for several hours. The schedule demanded that it be by gas.

From time to time he grunted complacently, "So!" He was proud of his achievement in having thus far lived in strict accordance with the schedule, of having kept within his yearly allowances without skimping or bother; and he felt justified in congratulating himself. And his plan, having done so well for so long, must work on smoothly and accurately to the very end, carrying out every detail to its proper close.

Hence, there must be no sniffing of police around the house to worry Mrs. Sigel; he wrote a note, addressed to the coroners, that would make investigation unnecessary. This, with his will and the letter of last instructions to Patrick Roche, he laid out in plain view near the inkstand, closed the desk-cover, and stood up, scratching his head, thinking, like a man making ar-

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rangements for a trip, lest he forget something.

He contemplated the gas-jets; there were six of them, four in the chandelier, one on either side of the marble mantel with its carved clusters of agglutinated grapes; six—enough. The footbeats of his soldiers of time rose into his consciousness, and he sent his black eyes around the room after them. Yes, they must be stopped of course, but he would wait until they had reached a natural halting-place.

Sitting down on the bed, he watched them in anguish, as if they were striding steadily on to certain death. Presently the big room was clamoring at the end of the march; it was eight o'clock. Johann Haff got up quickly and laid hold of the pendulum of the giant soldier to the left of the mantel, easing it tenderly to a proper place of rest. He got the impression that the old clock did not like to stand still, and he patted it soothingly.

"Na, na, Vilhelm, ve all stob now," he said coaxingly.

The clocks with pendulums were easy to handle; those without were much more difficult. Several times, having taken down a round one from its hook, and turned the winding key backward until the works ceased to click, and hung it back on the wall, he was startled presently to hear it ticking stubbornly along again. These he conquered by stopping and hanging back so stealthily that there was not the slightest jarring inside. The round-faced baby clock embedded in the block of green marble at the right end of the mantel he brought to a halt a dozen times before he could make it stand still. But one must be patient with babies. Johann Haff smiled indulgently.

After a while his ears heard none of his dear familiar footbeats of time, and the room was very lonely. Well, why not do it now? The old man sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at a warm glow of sunlight stealing around the window jamb. He noticed that where the sun touched the carpet its faded yellow was a rich Roman gold and its monstrous figures were brilliant white roses. Well, why not do it now? He kept his eyes on the white roses.

"Tst!" he said impatiently, standing up quickly. "Dummkopf! To forged dem bot'!"

It had occurred to him that his schedule called for a special and formal farewell visit to his children of the greenhouses. Also, he must draw out his bank balance, lest Mrs. Sigel and Katie and Roche be put to unnecessary trouble in getting what was coming to them.

Taking down his coat and hat, and seizing his heavy stick, Johann Haff tiptoed to the door, stopping to look back at his soldiers of time, mutely asking their pardons for having ended their march a few hours too soon. Locking the door, he got down-stairs and out of the house as quietly as he could. Squaring back his broad shoulders, he strode along westward toward the subway station, half-whistling under his breath. By noon, at the latest, he reckoned, he would be back home; by night he would have rounded out the accomplishment of a plan that had grown precious and imperial through age. To his Teutonic soul it was gratification merely to contemplate the smooth working out of a schedule to the end. He noticed that he was whistling, but it did not seem incongruous to him. A dynamite charge in an excavation around in 126th Street rocked the houses near him.

Calling at his bank, far down-town, with which he had dealt ever since his arrival in America, Johann Haff saw this placard behind the plate glass of the closed door:

DECORATION DAY
BANK CLOSED ACCOUNT OF LEGAL HOLIDAY

He stood several minutes staring at the placard and beating the end of his stick on the stone step furiously. "Damn deir Decoration Day!" It was interfering with his schedule. Though three checks for Mrs. Sigel and Katie and Patrick Roche would be the same as money, the schedule called for cash. But checks must serve now. He strode stormily eastward, and boarded a Third Avenue elevated train.

Though it was nearly eleven o'clock already, Johann Haff could not resist the temptation of leaving the train at Sixty-seventh Street for a stroll up through the park. He suspected that he could not

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walk to the conservatory at 106th Street, and then get home by noon. He felt guilty; he hurried along faster.

Passing up the gray concrete path above the menagerie, he stopped to look at the city's children enjoying their earliest thrilling taste of the saddle on the ponies and donkeys there. A little boy with the fire of adventure in his blue eyes crawled over a saddle and seized a donkey's gigantic ear to get the feel of it, and did so feel it before the attendant and the terrified nurse captured him. Johann Haff laughed with him in joyous comradeship.

"Tst!" he exclaimed at himself between his teeth. He was wasting time. He hit his leg with his stick, and hastened on.

They say the city man never sees the sky. Johann Haff saw it this day. It was soft and blue and cool. From time to time he lifted his eyes and gazed up at it; after a while he sat determinedly down on a bench, propped his head against the back of it, and gave himself wholly up to the sky. Out of the west came a regiment of clouds, out of the east came two; a low roll of thunder was booming in the south; the regiments came together.

"So! Moltke knew de French would mage dad move. Id iss all over now."

He laughed in pride. His black eyes lit up, his wrinkled face played above his emotions, as in the blue plains up there he traced the battles of the Franco-Prussian War that he had been in, the big guns growling louder in the distant south. There was a rattling through the leaves, like musketry fire in a wood; a bullet of rain smashed against his cheek and ran down into his gray mustache; he leaped up, stiff, on guard, ferocious. Instantly his muscles slackened, a smile flashed across his brown face, he moved on slowly.

His schedule began calling to him sternly; he swung forward faster, keeping as much under the protecting trees as he could, shaking his head at himself sadly, as a very solid old person to a very flighty young scamp.

As the rain bullets tore through the leaves, the suggestion crept into his mind that gas was an ignominious weapon for a man, a soldier, to use upon himself; he had a pistol at home. He thought of that a good while before he caught himself considering another violation of the sacred schedule. Besides, gas was so silent and dry and clean; there was Mrs. Sigel and Katie to think of.

When the Metropolitan Museum came in sight the rain was still falling, and he dashed across an open space to gain its cover, going on the double-quick. He thought of it that way. It did not occur to him to do anything except wait until the rain was over; and he followed several people up some marble stairs.

This was Johann Haff's first time there; for dry paint and motionless stone, it had always seemed to him, could not offer anything warm and stirring. Two patient old women with heavy bundles of wood came out of a strangely lighted gray picture and left something with him that was not words; he felt it after he had passed them, and looked back fearfully. A girl of nineteen or so, whose walk was a dance, whose face was a song, came down out of a green picture and left something with him, something different from that of the two old women, though it increased his vague uneasiness in the same way. Scattered groups of soldiers behind a rampart in a smoke-wrapped picture got a message out to him that was not words. Johann Haff fled from the building to save his schedule, for now he knew what was uneasy within him.

The summer shower was nearly over; but still a few tiny drops were coasting down the gentle wind, leaping upon him. He wondered if he hadn't better go back into the museum for a few minutes.

"Tst!" he hissed at himself irritably. "Es macht nichts aus."

He went on northward, feeling that the schedule ought to be mollified now that he had braved the wind in its defence, though the raindrops were but tapping on his derby and shoulders playfully. With an effort of which he was conscious and proud, Johann Haff resisted the terrible temptation to stand and watch some reckless, radiant, wet boys sailing little ships in a great round pond.

The rain tapped at him and ran, tapped at him and ran, and then came no more to play with him; he was too stern. The sun flashed across the park—fresh slide in a tremendous magic lantern—and up through the glistening trees he saw the gleaming glass roofs of the greenhouses.

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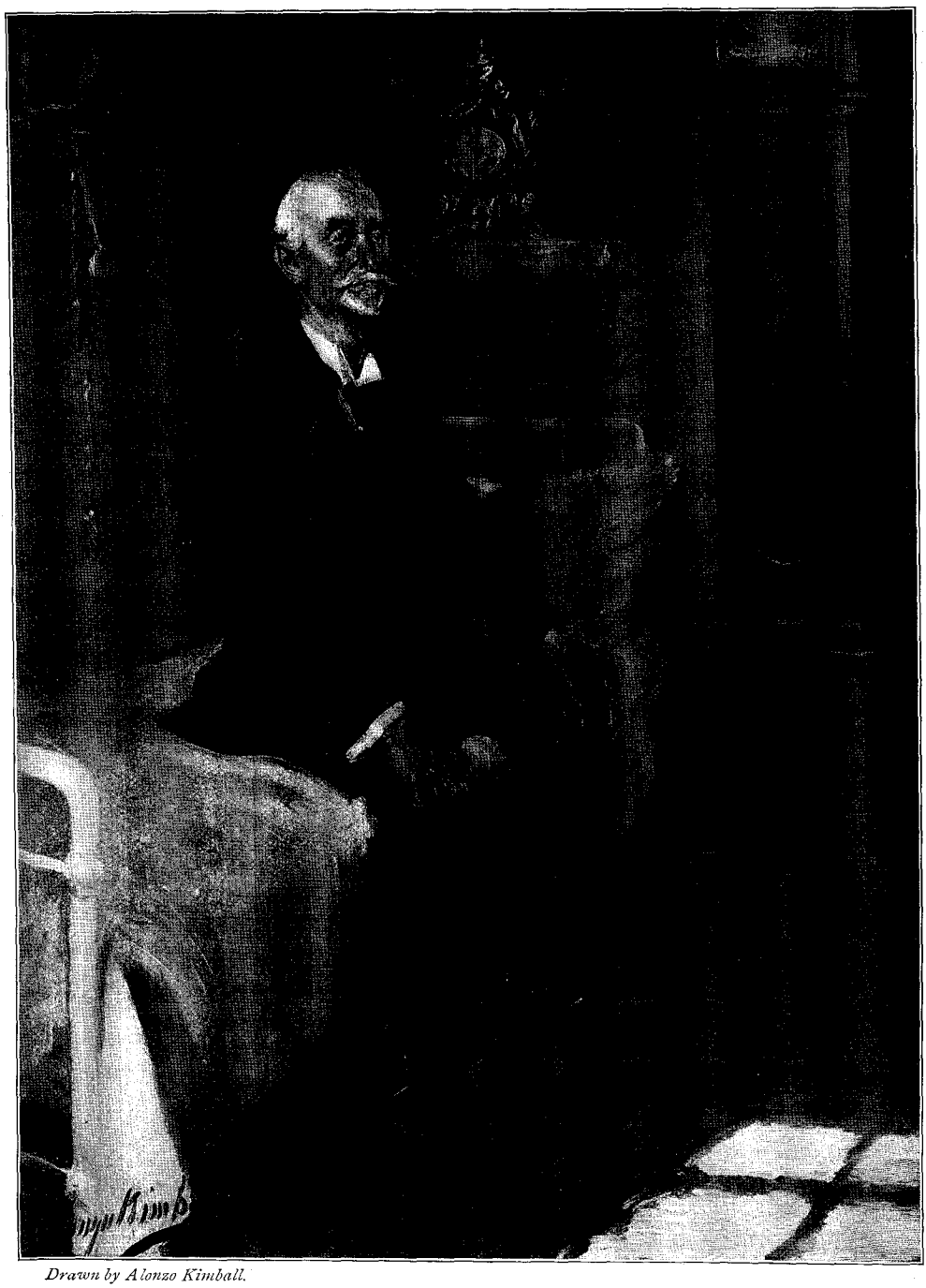

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

The old man sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at a warm glow of sunlight stealing around the window jamb.—Page 449.

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The after-rain breeze was cool and clean. The sky was blue and clean. All the park was green and clean. Johann Haff noticed these things, and steeled himself against them.

He chose to go first into the glass house where the big plants live; he would see his little ones last. At this noon hour no one else was visiting the collections. The shaded aisles under the towering palms and banana-trees were silent except for the melancholy dribbling of the weak waterfall above the goldfish pool. In the black-bottomed pool the gorgeous ghosts moved without a sound. The schedule was not uneasy here. At the far end of the house orchids swung down from their latticed boxes—ragged spots of magnificence against a dark background. Here Johann Haff stood for a moment, looking along the aisles to the right and left, including all his friends in the farewell, and, raising his hand in a gesture of desperate finality, walked slowly back out of the house and into the next one.

It was brighter and cooler here; he had left the tropics. Having passed the sleeping doorkeeper sitting in a chair with his feet on a cushion, and gone down the aisle to the right, he found himself alone with dear living things that he had watched coming out of blackness and growing beautiful as they struggled up into the light. Knowing them intimately, he felt that they were reading him, and was embarrassed and constrained. In the faces of the roses he fancied that he saw a new and alien sadness. The deep dark eyes of the lilies looked at him reproachfully. In a great family of hyacinths he thought he saw significance in the way they hung their little heads. He reached out his hand and patted at them gently, tenderly, placatingly.

"Na, na, Liebchen! Don'd!"

Again he fled to save his schedule. He struck across the park, meaning to get to the subway as quickly as he could and go home. But he could not hold his head up long, and when it was lowered on his chest he was let down into foggy thought, and the paths in the park wind and twist and cross mazingly; so that when finally he saw a long, gray row of apartment houses rising above the green trees he was down near Seventy-second Street. Well, there was a subway station at this cross street; he hurried westward toward Broadway. The schedule, though disgracefully delayed, was, nevertheless, now complete except for the last detail. The hooded hole in the ground was a welcome sight to him, and pushing his way through the crowds on the sidewalk he ran across the street and down into it.

From down Broadway came the dim, blaring murmur of a band; Johann Haff hesitated, stepped back out on the concrete platform of the station. Now he noticed that the people on the sidewalks were waiting, drawn in taut lines, facing the street. The music was coming closer; it was a march; Johann Haff involuntarily squared back his shoulders. Putting several men aside, he stood out in front of the crowd packed around the subway station and strained his eyes down Broadway. Automobiles and wagons and boys were scurrying up the street—chaff blown before a great wind.

Down the sidewalks on both sides lines of people stretching unending; between the curbs, six blocks down, a wilderness of horses' legs, little black sticks weaving themselves forward; above, patches of blue, flashes of red; in the music, cannon booming; rising hum of applause running up through the spectators—double train of powder not exploding yet.

The head of the column came up to Seventy-second Street; the hum rose as if now it would explode. Then everything that could suddenly went quiet. Except the ruffled drumming, the bands were still. Hoofs dropped patteringly on the soft asphalt; multitudinous lighter feet scraped along in a gigantic rhythm; little chains clinking, leather creaking, scabbards rattling, steel glittering. Police, functionaries in carriages, youths who would be soldiers, these had now passed, clearing the way. Now the veterans. Johann Haff took off his hat. It was not his war parading along here to-day, but these men——

"Hoch!"

He bellowed. The dynamite charges of emotion banked at the corners here exploded. Stupendous cheers roared through the canyoned streets. The gray-haired men straightened up, stepped forward faster. It was helpful to hear that roar.

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They were old. They were already behind time, and tired, and there were fifty blocks more to go to reach Grant's tomb.

Again a band was playing. Further up Broadway the high hotel windows were frantic with flags. The running fire of huzzas had blazed on northward. The parade was passing. The taut lines of spectators on the sidewalks here were already breaking up, some of their elements hurrying on to get new places of vantage.

The parade had not quite passed—except one little man in a Zouave uniform with a huge gun. Cut off from the main column, insignificant atom in the swirling crowds that overflowed from the sidewalks, he kept his eye on a banner far forward and fought on. The people in front of him were closing up and thickening into a moving wall. The banner was leaving him behind. Bending low, he tried to run between the legs in his way, and fell.

Johann Haff had been coming to him. He picked the Zouave up. In the babel of voices the little soldier screamed at him:

"I'm part of the parade. We're already behind time 'count of the rain. I've *got* to get to his tomb with the column."

Snatching himself away, he ran at the crowds, shouting in the high, thin falsetto of weakness and desperation:

"Lemme by. Don't you see I'm part of the parade?"

Nobody heard him but Johann Haff. The little Zouave darted forward, flung himself against the moving wall, fell again in a tangle of heedless legs. Johann Haff lifted him up. Time and time again he wrenched himself loose, and fought, and fell, and was lifted to his feet. Finally, the big, black German, having picked him up once more, shoved the little Zouave's left arm through his own right, holding it there a prisoner; and together they stormed through the crowds, together they went to the tomb, and with the column.

"Well, we fought on, didn't we?" panted the radiant little veteran at the end. He pointed his gun toward the tomb. "He'd 'a' done that; he'd 'a' fought on."

The sight of the tomb cleared the way in Johann Haff's mind for the rising of his own outraged schedule. His watch said it was three o'clock; he was three hours behind time. He smashed his way through the pressing throngs and went eastward on the double-quick, guilty, seeking to make amends by haste.

The last block home he ran. Now he stood before the ancient, four-storied, red-brick house. Walking up the steps, he opened the outside door and stepped cautiously into the dark hall. He stopped to listen. Down in the basement fat old Katie was singing a German song. In the back parlor Mrs. Sigel was sewing merrily along on a machine. The breath was blasting itself out of Johann Haff's chest, and he patted at his gray-bearded mouth with his hand. He was straining his ears to make sure of another sound.

Tipping up the stairs, he unlocked and eased open his own door, and slipped inside the sunlit room. Except for the big ones with pendulums, all his valiant soldiers were marching steadily on. He recalled the rocking dynamite explosion of the morning. Walking over to the largest clock, to the left of the mantel, he laid his head against it lovingly.

"Den, ve all fight on, Vilhelm," he whispered. "Ve all fight on."

He set the hands and swung the pendulum. The next month he opened a tobacco store.

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THE FAIR IN THE COW COUNTRY

By W. Herbert Dunton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE pushed forward among the eager throng at the gate, straining to peer between or over the mass of hat-crowns. I caught the clatter of hoofs up the track and heard the shrill, high-pitched cries of the riders. The grand stand was in an uproar; hats and handkerchiefs waved madly and voices about me swelled to a mighty bellow. The rumble of hoofs descended on us like a roar of thunder, and, raising myself on my toes, I caught, for an instant, a thrilling impression of action and color—a moving picture of a dozen girls in "white" Stetson hats, garish silk handkerchiefs, and divided skirts flashing by in a volume of dust and flying dirt, on sleek, foam-spattered horses.

The thrill of the cow-girl race was over!

And this "thrill" is the distinctive feature of the Western fair—the fair of the cow-country. It is printed in large red letters on posters that emblazon the stage stations, the neighboring towns, and the bunk-houses on remote ranches. And yet the cow-girl race at the larger fairs, interesting and exciting as it may seem to the Eastern tourist, is, perhaps, to the homesteader and his family, who have journeyed far in a canvas-topped Studebaker for their annual holiday of recreation and relaxation, a thrill in a mild form, as compared to the more dangerous events to follow.

As a rule, however, there is a sprinkling of excitement from the beginning to the end of these cow-country fairs. It is demanded by their patrons—that is what they pay their "two bits" for. I said as much to my companion, an old cattle man, as we sat in the grand stand at Cheyenne, watching the preparations for the "Hitching and Driving of Wild Horses."

"Yes, I guess you're right," he answered slowly. "The boys come to see somthin' but a punkin and shock o' wheat. Leastways, that's the way I feel about it, 'n' I rec'on most folks feel the same. You-alls don't work the biggest part of

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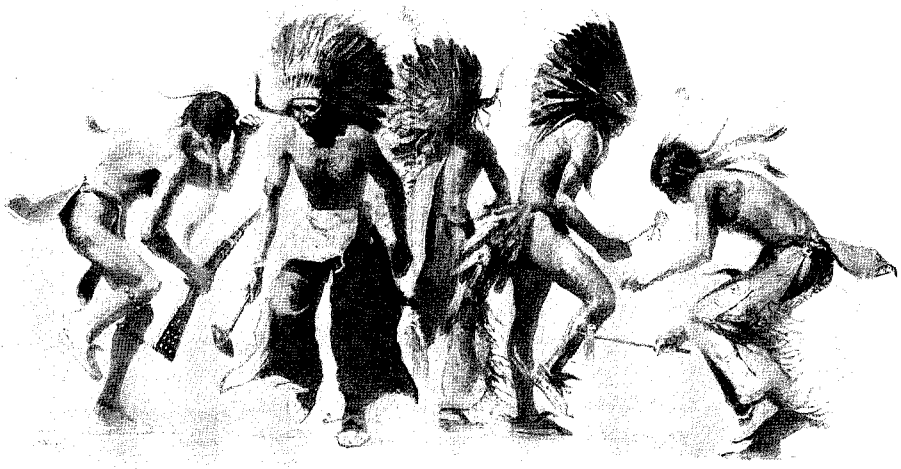
the year for the opportunity of comin' here to find out who's got the best reaper or binder to sell for the money! If you're a granger you come to forget what sech 'n article of toil looks like. There's got to be ginger in the events. You can see good riders fan a bronc' at home in your own corral an' when you pay this here feller at the gate you expect to get in return an exhibition of buckin' above the ordinary article."



An Indian dance is always an interesting sight . . . dancing by us to the accompaniment of the weird, wild chant of the old men.—Page 459.

As these people of the cow-country—or what is now left of the cow-country—differ from their Eastern cousins, so the character of their fairs differs from those held in the rural districts of New England and the middle West. They are like no other in the United States, in atmosphere, in color, and in the character of their attractions.

Whether attending Colonel Cody's show, the Hundred and One, the old Mulhall or any of the "Wild West" productions of the lesser note, the unfortunate Easterner who has never seen the sage-brush country or a cow-puncher, save in the lime-light, feels undoubtedly a brand of thrill not experienced at any other entertainment in the East. At such a show, under canvas or at Madison Square Garden, there are events which cannot, with safety to the public, be staged the way they can be handled in the West. The management of a "ring show," in hunting horses for pitching, for example, must select bronchos whose style of bucking is adapted to a small arena. This problem does not have to be confronted at the open-air affairs in the land of sage and mesquite. The genuine "outlaw" (a range horse that can never be "gentled") is here entered in the bucking contests—an animal that, not infrequently, fights to injure his rider in any and all ways that it is possible for his wicked nature to conceive.

Whether the fair be held at a small town, such as Craig, Colorado, where the races and other contests are held in the main street, or whether it be a more pretentious affair along the same lines, such as the "Round-up" at Pendleton, Oregon (now in its third year), the character of the entertainment is practically the same, varying only in the size of the production and the reputation of its riders and outlaws. Other fairs in the season just passed have come to the fore, notably the one at Salt Lake City, a four-day carnival, where twenty thousand dollars in cash prizes were distributed. Pendleton also was much improved.

Aside from their *events*, the small shows, north and south, have a charm all their own. They are less tiresome to mind and

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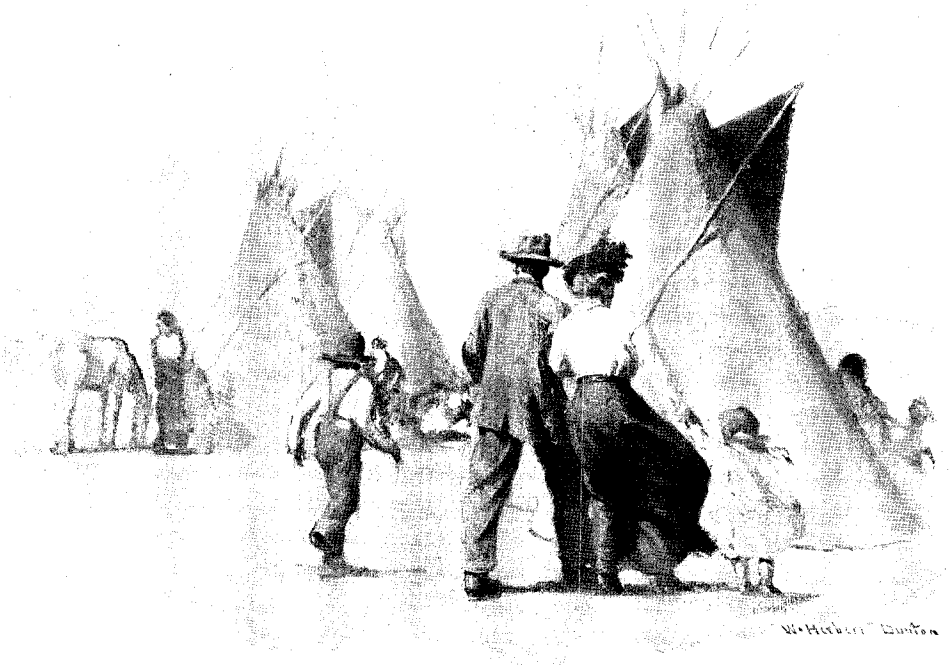
body than the larger productions of national reputation. Were you to drop from the train on one of these occasions you would, unless you were too Eastern, too new to the country, feel immediately at home. Everybody seems to know everybody else; the faces of all, young and old, radiate happiness and good cheer. The holiday spirit of the occasion permeates the entire gathering. And because these are small affairs it does not necessarily mean that their events are of inferior standard in comparison with those offered at Cheyenne or Pendleton.

"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne is the largest Wild West show in the world. It is held annually, generally the latter part of August, and continues for four days. These few days leave with the visitor a lasting impression of riotous, brilliant color; a ceaseless changing film of cow-punchers, Indians, cavalry, mountain batteries, and streets smothered in bunting and jammed with an excited and hilarious throng. To this great show come people from all sections of the country. On the outskirts of the city whole families are camped beside canvas-topped wagons, mud-covered and begrimed from travel. Signs hanging from the rear of automobiles, gray from the dust, tell how their owners motored from Iowa, Nebraska, or Montana.

The idea of an annual "Frontier Days" celebration was originated by T. W. Angier and was carried out by the late Colonel E. A. Slack, who, appreciating that the *frontier* West was passing, agitated it so persistently that the interest of the old-timers was aroused, and finally arrangements were made for the first celebration. This show was a one-day affair and was presented before an audience composed almost wholly of local people, but it proved an instant success, the cow-punchers from neighboring ranches entering with their customary enthusiasm and spirit into the roping and riding contests. This was fifteen years ago. From a small one-day entertainment "Frontier Days" has become a four-day Wild West fair of tremendous magnitude.



A few people pause where the Indians are encamped.—Page 459.

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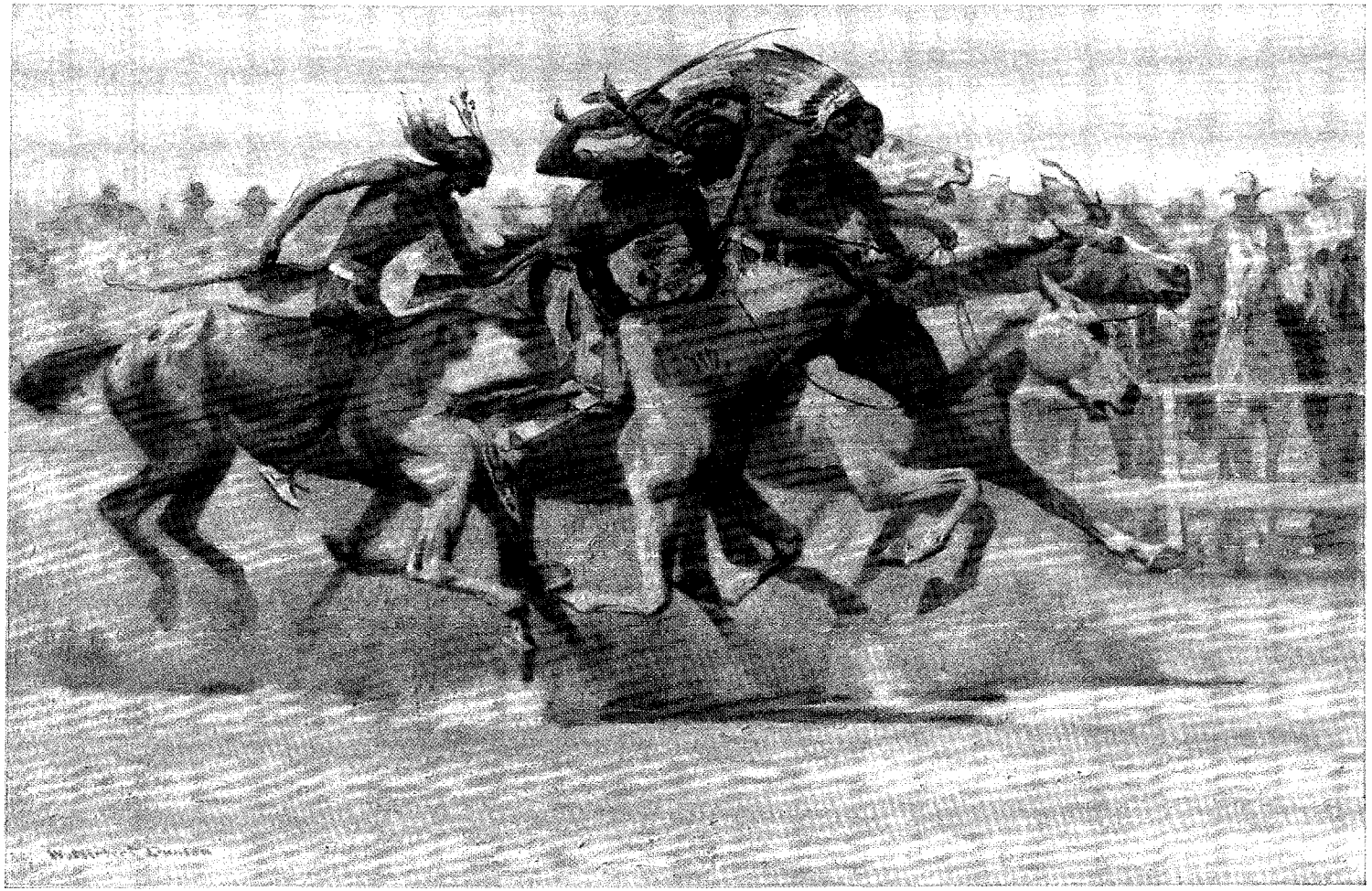

Painted by W. Herbert Dunton.

In the Indian race it is not the speed of the horses that counts; it is the spectacle of these little, scrawny, off-colored ponies and their bronzed, picturesque riders, sweeping, well bunched, into the stretch.—Page 460.

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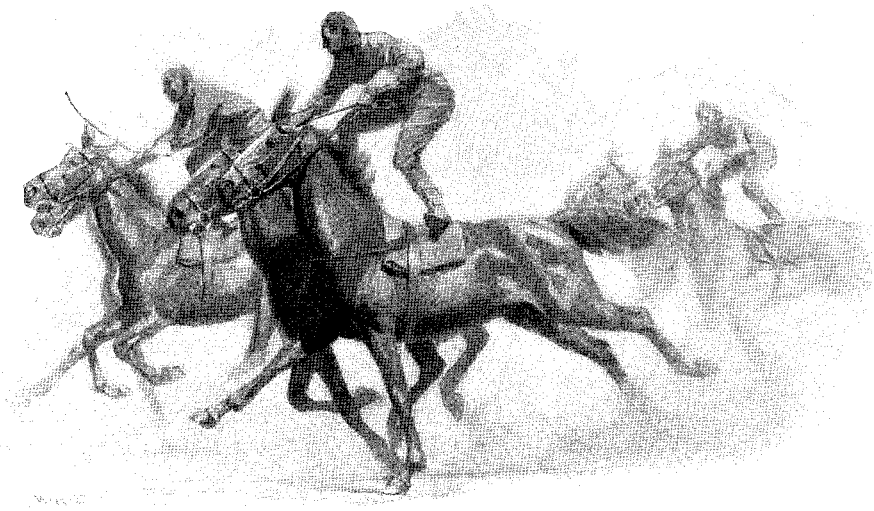
The buildings are smothered in bunting. You are wedged in a crowd as immovable as a sardine in a tin box, and yet through this throng gay cowboys thread their way on wiry, alert cow-ponies. Women and children pass on sleek little horses, and Sioux Indians from North Dakota, resplendent in beaded buckskin finery, trot through a side street on ewe-necked, scrawny mustangs. There are colored troopers from Fort D. A. Russell, spick and span in new uniforms and shining equipments. A squad of infantry swings into town. A couple of bands play martial music and ragtime, and between selections you catch the measured "tum, tum, tum!" of an Indian drum.



The Roman races by the men of the Ninth Cavalry are a fine sight.—Page 460.

An Indian dance is always an interesting sight. Here, nearer his environment, in the land where he once roamed and hunted and fought, the savage and his primitive costumes appeal still more strongly to one's imagination. As we watch those slender, lithe bucks, their backs shining like burnished bronze in the glare of the sun, their ankle bells jingling, dancing by us to the accompaniment of the weird, wild chant of the old men and the pound of the drum, our minds travel back to the scenes that Parkman and Catlin have given us.

You spend the whole forenoon in the heart of the racket and jostle; pausing where a group of cattle men crowd before a window in which is displayed a wonderful stock saddle, dazzlingly new and all ablaze with silver trappings. This is the prize saddle, the reward for the "twister" who wins that fickle title, "Champion Broncho Buster of the World."

People in the street are running. A blast of cavalry trumpets at once drowns the hubbub, and presently a military band, shrilling out a popular air, comes into view. "It's a parade!" Swinging around the corner, rifles aslant and blazing like blue fire in the sunlight, march Uncle Sam's regulars. The colored troopers on their fine big bays, the Indians, the mountain batteries, the cow-punchers and girls, all go to make it a stirring spectacle. It is noon when this is over, and you eat a hasty lunch and then ride to the track.

Out here, for a brief time, the crowd is not so great. A few people pause where the Indians are encamped. Family groups are eating their lunch in the shade of the grand stand, or, seated in a zinc automobile, are having their pictures taken in a tintype booth. The crowd from town, pouring from the cars, automobiles, and hacks, is beginning to file through the gates. As the band in the grand stand starts off with a rollicking waltz, you scurry for a seat.

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The music ceases and a voice bellowing through a megaphone in the judges' stand announces that "Captain Jack Hardy" will give an exhibition of fancy shooting.

Following this comes the "Ladies' Cow-pony Race," and when this has been run the "Stetson Hat Race" is on. Then the "Ladies' Relay Race," the "Branding Contest," the "Round-up Wagon Race," the "Attack on the Emigrant Train," the "Bull Dogging and Riding of Steers," and the "Squaw Race."

My companion, an old Texan, was an acquaintance of the gate-keeper, and I had a concession badge, so we lounged over the fence close to the track and watched event after event through a film of dust.

The day was fine. Regiments of clouds passed across the cobalt sky. A gentle breeze, so slight that the flag on the judges' stand scarcely moved, swept across the sage-brush from the west. We watched the Cow-pony Race with scant interest, for the horses that won were not cow-ponies. The Indian race was better, but their dance was nothing exceptional. It was not so much the fact that it was no better than you will get at any ring show which made it disappointing, as it was the spectacle of an old Sioux buck pounding solemnly on a bass drum, the ordinary band instrument of a civilized race. Even at Cheyenne I was getting a tinge of the show business. The old northern-plains Indian, when he prepared for battle, stripped himself and pony of all unnecessary clothing and trappings. Why, during a sham battle or a race, could not a head-stall and stock saddle (the style of which came in long after the Wounded Knee fight), have been dispensed with?

I had not journeyed to Cheyenne to see punchers in red shirts or to watch race-horses get the prize-money in a cow-pony race.

The only laugh I recall while at Cheyenne was caused by the announcement that "Mrs. Silk Underwear" had won the squaw race. But what the big shows lack in humor, they make up in interest and thrill. In the Indian race it is not the speed of the horses that counts; it is the spectacle of these little, scrawny, off-colored ponies and their bronzed, picturesque riders, sweeping, well bunched, into the stretch; the distinct character of man and mount; the wonderful horsemanship—that colorful primitive picture as a whole—that gives one a thrill. The same can be said of the Indian dance. It may be, in itself, commonplace to some of us who have seen the "Eagle" and other fine dances on the reservations, but any of these as a *picture* is a wonderful thing in color and motion. It is the play of the light on the dark, shiny bodies, and the swaying bonnets and dance bustles.

The audience is appreciative. To a few of them who have witnessed the roping and tying contests of a few years back, this "Roping Contest" at Cheyenne is a tame exhibition. Time was when a man "roped" and "tied" down alone. There was great rivalry among the crack ropers and tie-men of those days. But the days of "busting" have practically gone. Wyoming, as well as most of the other cattle States, has prohibited it. Without question, the modern way is more humane. The old way, the haste with which the steer was roped and tied in the race against time, necessitated rough handling, and legs were not unfrequently broken. To-day, at Cheyenne, two men work together. One ropes the animal and one or both men leap to the ground and tie a ribbon about the creature's neck. The time is taken when the steer is released.

Occasionally one sees old-timers in these contests still. The men who enter for the races and riding contests at the small fairs are, to a man, *local* punchers, but if you journey from one large fair to another you will find among the participants many familiar faces. Various cowboys who have long since given up their original vocation of "punching" now find a more lucrative calling in working for the prize-money at these gatherings in the autumn.

The Roman races by the men of the Ninth Cavalry from Fort D. A. Russell are a fine sight. The sham battle opens with a ripping crackle of machine-guns. One catches the desultory pop-pop from the distant skirmish line. It grows to a continuous sputter like fire-crackers exploding, as it creeps nearer, followed by the main body of the enemy, and the fight is on.

It is all very interesting and absorbing, but the finest spectacle of this event is the grand *finale* of the engagement, the charge of the colored troopers. This spectacular

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This spectacular dash is an inspiring picture . . . thundering down the field on a dead run in lines as straight as arrows.

dash is an inspiring picture—none finer at the whole fair than these black horsemen with sabres drawn and mounted on big, handsome bays, thundering down the field on a dead run in lines as straight as arrows. The enemy is routed, the battle is over, and the ambulances carry off the dead.

The crack exhibition by the military, however, is the music drill. Every move, every motion of their bodies as these men

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bend and sway to the time of the band, denotes the discipline of Uncle Sam's famous regulars. The applause from the grand stand had been as nothing in comparison with the clapping and cheering at the conclusion of this exhibition. The people jumped to their feet and yelled themselves hoarse.

The manœuvres of the cavalry and infantry arouse patriotism, but admiration for a man's nerve and appreciation of daredevil riding prompt the applause for a good broncho ride. This is dangerous business. Only a small percentage of the cow-punchers are genuine "bronc' twisters." These few men at one time made a business of riding from ranch to ranch and breaking colts at five dollars per head. Nowadays the best of them go after the prize-money, belts, or saddles at fairs. The "Champion Broncho Buster of the World," the title bestowed upon the fortunate contestant at Cheyenne, is held, as a rule, but a brief period by one man. He no sooner acquires the honor than the following year he faces a score of opponents eager to wrest it from him. If he is exceptionally good, he may hold it against all contestants for three or four years, but rarely longer.

Several men are injured, some to the extent of barring them forever from such contests; a lesser number are killed outright. Not a few in time lose their "nerve," and a man's faith in himself is half the battle. Age, undoubtedly, plays a prominent part in this game. A few years makes a great change in a rider.

As we lounged over the rail at the Cheyenne track, watching a group of lads saddling an unusually "onery" bronc', I discussed these things with the old Texan. Our conversation ceased abruptly as the broncho on the track plunged into the air, taking with him a couple of men who clung tenaciously to his hackamore. The saddle shot from his back, and the blanket sailed away through the dust. Almost at once the men had him in hand. He was "eared," his wind was shut off, his hackamore was held in a vice-like grip while the blind was again adjusted. The blanket was for the second time placed stealthily and gently upon his back, and then the saddle. This is slow business, demanding patience. As the cinch was drawn tight he bolted into the air, bawling and striking. But instantly he was overpowered by the strength of numbers and stood stiff-legged, body quivering, his tail drawn tight between his hind legs, while a lad in white angora leggins and gray jersey adjusted his *mecate* (hair rope) and swung lightly into the saddle.

There was no applause. A hush, broken only by a few friends calling advice and good luck to the rider, had fallen over the crowd. Coolly he settled himself firmly, then doffed his hat and held it aloft in his hand.

"Let 'im buck!" he cried.

The handlers released the horse and jumped aside, one tearing off the blind in the same motion. Instantly the animal plunged into the air, grunting and bawling. His eyes were living coals of fire. I saw the red in his distended nostrils. With tense, stiff legs aslant, his feet smote the earth. Suddenly there came a crash, and a shower of slivers sprinkled the people scurrying away from the fence. A musician leaped to the track, a moving-picture man fell over the fence, and a newspaper photographer with a press graflex did a quick running high jump. Every one was on his feet, breathless—but it was nothing. The bronc' had simply pitched through the fence, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he had "swapped ends" and was back on the track again.

Again and again he leaped high, squealing in rage, twisting and turning, his muscles moving beneath his burnished ebony skin. The people yelled their delight. Heavy boot-soles pounded the grand-stand floor. Hats flew high, for, as the horse went writhing and leaping down the course, leaving a trailing dust cloud behind him, we saw the "twister" sitting his saddle, apparently with the ease of a sailor treading the pitching deck of a vessel in a storm.

Two girl bronc' riders, a feminine element in striking contrast to the husky punchers, are more likely to be longer remembered. To the Eastern visitor these young ladies seem strangely out of place among the participants of this rough sport. Their riding, to him, is nothing short of wonderful. To some of us it is disappointing to note that they ride with "hobbled" stirrups. Stirrups are "hob-

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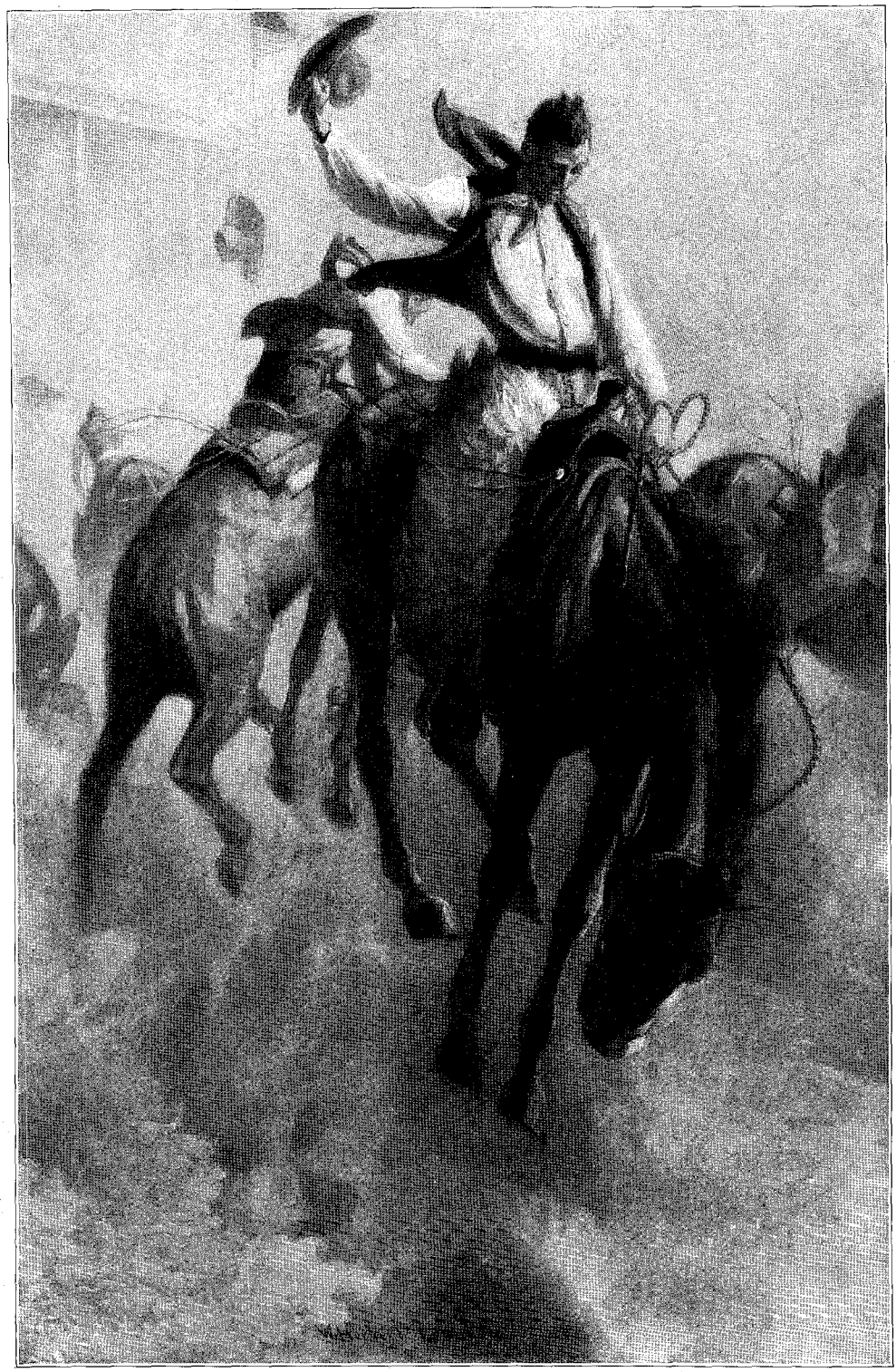

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

Phantom shapes of men and animals were shooting from the dust in every direction as though hurled by an explosion.—Page 465.

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bled" by passing a thong from one, beneath the horse's belly, to the opposite and tying securely. We have known girls in different sections of the cow-country who could ride bronchos and ride them "slick" (without hobbles), and we resent this trick played upon us here.

These young ladies seem strangely out of place among the participants of this rough sport.—Page 462.

We were allowed but a moment's respite, for the day was ending. The sun has sunk low in the west. Long slanting shadows have crept across the track. The closing event, like the boy's last piece of pie, is the best. For genuine excitement and thrill the Wild Horse Race is the last word.

I had scarcely recovered from the excitement of the bucking contests before my attention was attracted by puncher yells, and down the track came about a dozen or fifteen horses followed by as many mounted cowboys, ropes swinging above their heads. As they tore by with a roar, their ropes fell, snaring the animals that plunged and bucked. A great dust cloud arose and through this dust came the yaps and yells of men and the grunts and bawling of horses. It seemed a maelstrom of horses, men, and flying ropes.

The vapor of dust to some extent clearing, I saw men sprawled upon the ground, tripped by a taut rope with a bucking pony on the live end. Scattered riders were chasing around the track after speedier horses than those they rode. Finally some semblance of order was restored. All the horses had been roped. These animals were to be saddled and ridden. Each rider was allowed one assistant and, as soon as the horse was roped, he was "hackamored" and blindfolded. That

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is as far as a rider may proceed until every contestant has accomplished the same. He may lay his saddle close by his horse while his partner "ears" the unruly animal, but he is not allowed to lift it an inch from the ground till the judge gives the word from the stand. The sharp eyes of the judge caught a rider in the act of sneaking his saddle off the ground. His voice boomed through the megaphone: "Put that saddle down! Next offence and you're barred."

The judge scanned again and again the groups of men and horses—it was a moment of suspense. Then suddenly his voice bellowed across the track. "All aboard!" Instantly saddles were thrown upon the horses, and their riders cinched and mounted as rapidly as possible. A dust cloud arose again in greater volume. Bawling, protesting bronchos were loping or pitching up the track, down the track, and across the track. In short, phantom shapes of men and animals were shooting from the dust in every direction as though hurled by an explosion. There was a crash, and a litter of splinters where a horse and rider went through the fence.

The first rider to get his horse around the track (in the right direction) and under the tape wins the race. But, strictly speaking, this is no race. That phase of it, at least to the spectators, is unimportant. Who cares who wins! The *thrill* is the thing—the actual winning of the race is a matter of luck. Strange to say, out of this jamboree of man and beast, this tangle of flying legs and hoofs, every man emerged unscathed.

After the events at the track have been brought to a close rest and quiet are by no means at hand—unless you take the next train out of town. The streets are packed with a hilarious throng of townspeople and visitors—cowboys, Indians, merchants, soldiers, women, and children, —everybody who can walk or ride is in the streets armed with "wife-beaters," rattlers, and horns. The streets blaze with light from illuminated signs and decorations. The saloons from which issue cowboy songs, range yells, and sounds of revelry are crammed with changing humanity. One sees many men of rough exterior and unpolished speech, but rowdyism is conspicuous by its absence.

I took the train out in the morning. It was not early, but the town seemed strangely stilled. "Frontier Days" was over and Cheyenne was sleeping—worn out, exhausted.

NIGHT AND DAY

By C. A. Price

WELCOME is night, for then you come to me,
And hand in hand we walk old ways again;
Your voice is in my ear, your face is plain
And full of joy as it was wont to be.
No thought of parting or of any pain
Affrays our simple talk; but quietly
We pace the garden round, we watch the sea,
The moon-birth or the sunset's purple stain.

But far more precious day, for then I know
It is no dream that made and keeps you mine
Nor any longing born of a sick heart;
No surer truth the sun itself can show,—
There is no need of any mystic sign,—
O child beloved! while I am, thou art!

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THE SINGING TEACHER

By Francis Rogers

ROSSINI is often quoted as saying that the three requisites for success as a singer are voice, voice, and voice. With equal truth, no more and no less, the three requisites for success as a teacher of singing are ear, ear, and ear. Just as no one can sing without a voice, so no one can teach singing without an ear. A great singer must have a fine voice; a great singing teacher must have a keen ear.

Up to the time of Manuel Garcia (1805–1906) the teaching of singing was based, without apology, on empiricism. Tosi and Mancini, two of the most famous masters of the early eighteenth century, left behind them treatises on the training of voices. In these they defined briefly certain general principles, on the observance of which good singing must always depend; they said a great deal about the necessity for acquiring good musicianship; but on vocal method, in the modern sense of the phrase, they were comparatively silent. Evidently, they took for granted many things in matter of technique that nowadays are subjects for exhaustive study, and have left us too much in the dark as to the secret of their efficiency as teachers. From what they do not say, rather than from what they do say, we may pretty safely infer that, in the development of voices, they considered their ears their surest guides. Nor did their successors, so far as we can judge, devise any more effective means to their ends. As the phonograph is only a recent invention, we cannot know for sure how contemporary singers compare in merit with those of other days, but, judging from tradition and written records, as well as from the extremely florid and difficult vocal music of Handel and his contemporaries and of Bellini and Rossini and theirs, we may assume confidently that the old singing masters used to achieve results in their pupils that are unknown in our own day.

About the middle of the last century, Manuel Garcia, a retired singer, invented the laryngoscope. This invention was hailed at once as certain to revolutionize the teaching of singing, or, at least, greatly to simplify it, for now, for the first time, we should be able to scrutinize with our eyes the mechanism of the human voice in action. What hitherto we had inferred only, we now should establish by direct investigation. The eye, even if it could not altogether replace the ear, was to become its highly important coadjutor. What the eye showed us would enable us to control consciously the vocal machinery. The art of *bel canto* was to be revived. The empiricism of the past, so hard to describe and so uncertain in its results, was, for the first time, to be replaced by purely scientific methods. The vocal millennium was at hand!

Curiously enough, Garcia himself was one of the first to discover that, after all, the laryngoscope could never teach anybody how to sing. His biographer, M. S. McKinley, says: "As far as Garcia was concerned, the laryngoscope ceased to be of any special use as soon as his first investigations were concluded. By his examination of the glottis he had the satisfaction of proving that all his theories with regard to the emission of the voice were absolutely correct. Beyond that he did not see that anything further was to be gained except to satisfy the curiosity of those who might be interested in seeing for themselves the form and changes which the inside of the larynx assumed during singing and speaking."

But the so-called "scientific" school of teaching had been born and still lives, its professors basing their methods of teaching on physiology rather than on psychology and æsthetics. I have not the space here to enter at length upon the fallacies and futilities of "scientific" voice-training. The weakness of the whole system has been exposed with thoroughness by Clara Kathleen Rogers, in "My Voice and I," and David Taylor, in "The Psychology of Singing," books that should be read and pondered by every teacher and every singer.

The attempt to bring voices to a state of technical perfection by treating them as musical machines of known construction, like the piano or the flute, must always be

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largely fruitless. The technique of these instruments is developed by direct and definite treatment; the human voice, on the other hand, by reason of its essential characteristics, can be trained by indirect and inferential methods only. For instance, the teacher of piano can establish how best to finger a passage of piano music, how to hold the hand and the wrist, how to manage the pedals. He can describe the means that will achieve a desired end. Not so with the voice teacher. Early in his experience he discovers that technical rules are only too often entirely inadequate and that the language of metaphor is much more fruitful than long discourses on physiology and the revelations of the laryngoscope. What he has read and what he can see are not nearly so useful as what he hears. Qualities of voice, though due to physiological causes, are often describable only in figurative language. The phrases, "to sing in the mask," "to sing on the breath," "to whiten," or "to cover" the voice are familiar to every singer and are of suggestive value in teaching, but they mean nothing to the mere scientist or the layman.

That the application of "scientific" theories has worked great harm is in no way more clearly shown than in the theory of registers, so dear to many professors of voice. The production of tone at different degrees of pitch necessitates alterations in the vocal mechanism, but to instruct a pupil, as is so often done, that there are just so many registers in the voice, each of which has a definite beginning and a definite ending, and that to pass from one register to another we must consciously readjust the vocal processes, is positively dangerous—it is to invite the disaster that befell the centiped when they asked him to describe the technique of his locomotion. As a matter of fact, every note in the voice has not only a register, or adjustment of resonances, of its own, but also a different register for every variety of sound it is capable of. But nature will make these innumerable adjustments for us, if we will only permit it to do so, just as it enables the little child to imitate successfully and spontaneously the sound made by the pussy-cat.

Lombardi, the great contemporary Italian master of singing, likens the voice and its registers to a snake climbing a trellis, the notes of the scale being the rungs of the trellis. The snake ascends the trellis, one rung at a time, with a minimum of muscular effort but always firmly poised, reaches the top, and descends on the other side just as unfalteringly and smoothly as it ascended. So a singer, with a strong elastic pair of lungs, can, if there is no muscular interference in his throat or head, sing his scale just as easily and securely as the snake climbs the trellis. The passage from one register to another will be effected smoothly if he will allow the voice, like the snake, to move freely and without stiffness of any sort.

It is not easy for us self-conscious Americans to believe this unself-consciousness altogether possible or even desirable. We do not sing spontaneously, as do the Italians. "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art" issue but rarely from American throats. But even American children are usually born with the impulse to sing, and, if we adults would take the trouble to encourage and develop this impulse, we should certainly make a better showing than we do in the world of song.

A good voice and the wish to use it form the embryo of a singer, but until they come under the influence of a good teacher healthy development cannot begin. First of all, there is the breath. Every human being breathes continuously from birth till death, but singing demands a control of the breath much greater than that needed for the ordinary doings of life. The singer is a professional breather, for voice is only breath converted into sound-waves, and the lungs are the motor that drives the singing machine. The teacher must, therefore, first of all, show his pupil how to make the best possible use of his lungs.

We have little or no conscious control over the larynx and the vocal cords, which constitute the vibrator of the vocal instrument, and any attempt to adjust them voluntarily can only result in harmful muscular interference. The resonator, which consists of all the hard inner surfaces of the head to which the breath can penetrate, cannot be altered in shape or size. All we can do is to try to utilize every portion of it. To do away with all muscular interference with the vocal processes is, then, the chief business of the

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teacher of voice, and it is in this that his ear is of prime importance, for it is by means of his ear only that he is able to detect the defects of tone due to muscular interference.

Ear, ear, ear. In judging of the merit of a singer the public relies solely upon its ear. Technique interests it but little, while a beautiful tone pleases it immensely. The best technique in the world cannot make an ugly voice beautiful, but it can improve the quality of any voice, and often seems even to transform mediocrity into excellence. The acme of vocal technique is merely freedom from all muscular interference. Keats, better than any one else, has described beautiful singing—"Singing of summer in full-throated ease." The teacher must strive by every means in his power to show his pupil how to attain this "full-throated ease."

The ideal teacher has an ear trained to judge tone unerringly, and will never accept as perfect a tone that fails to equal his ideal tone for the particular voice he is training. Certain deviations from this ideal he will attribute to defective breath-control; certain others to stiffening of the muscles at the base of the tongue; and others to improper use of the resonating cavities in the head. To correct these deviations he can sometimes prescribe physiological remedies, which he can describe objectively; more often he must speak in terms of his own sensation, or in metaphor, hoping thus to suggest to the pupil the means to overcome his difficulties.

From the very first the teacher's aim must be to train the pupil to hear in his own voice the blemishes that he, the teacher, hears, for only so can the pupil learn to discriminate between the good and the bad in his own voice. The pupil must form early the habit of being his own conscientious and unflinching critic. His voice is so intimate a part of him that its development must depend, in the long run, on his ability to listen to himself objectively. To arrive at such capacity for dispassionate self-criticism is a long journey, not to be taken without a competent guide, because, owing to the peculiarly personal character of his instrument, the voice, the singer never really arrives at the point where he hears himself just as others hear him. For his own sake, therefore, he must learn never to resent honest and disinterested criticism, and he must never forget that his own ear must become finally the supreme judge in all matters of tone. Inasmuch as nobody can tell him, except in general terms, how to make beautiful tones, he must learn through experiment what physical sensations accompany their emission and reproduce voluntarily the condition of "full-throated ease" that alone renders them possible.

The intelligent student does not go far in his art before discovering that the physical is the lesser part as compared with the psychological. The voice is the audible expression of the soul, varying continually in response to the moods and emotions within. For this reason many of the student's technical difficulties, though apparently physical, are in reality due to psychological causes and not to be remedied by merely physical expedients. In such cases the perspicacious and sympathetic teacher, who can detect through the voice the condition of the mind behind it, can be of inestimable service to the pupil in ways that permit of no possible scientific explanation.

Vannuccini, the famous Italian *maestro di canto*, always spoke scornfully of the teachers that had dared to publish written methods of singing, saying that in more than fifty years' experience he had found no two voices that could be trained in exactly the same way. In no branch of art is theory of less value than in singing. As no two characters are precisely alike, so is it with two voices. Every voice is unique and requires a particular training. To develop in a pupil a capacious, elastic pair of lungs, and to remove all muscular stiffness that interferes with the free functioning of his vibrator and resonator—this is, in a nutshell, all that the teacher can do for the physical cultivation of the pupil's voice. But on the psychological side his scope has no limits, and no books or hard-and-fast theories can avail him in his task. Experience, patience, enthusiasm, sympathetic insight, and imagination, much more than scientific knowledge, are the qualities he needs in order to enable the pupil to express eloquently through the medium of his voice the mind and the soul within.

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SIR JOHN CHANDOS AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART—A. D. 1369

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

A TALE I tell, so that the time be passed,
Out of the host whose purport is the same,
How Youth is overbold, and Eld at last
Is master of the game.

The Earl of Pembroke, he that had to wife
Our King his daughter, with a goodly train
Sent to the Prince to make strong war and strife
In keeping Aquitaine,

In Poitou came, whereof it did befall
One whose high deeds no tongue can well express,
Good Sir John Chandos, was the seneschal.
Three score and five I guess

He was, and aged thus in arms and care
And the long travail of time past, in truth
Still in the forefront of the spears he bare
His harness like a youth.

A simple banneret was good Sir John,
Yet of a princely mien he did not fail,
His locks, snow-white and silken, thick upon
His gorgerette of mail,

His one eye like a lyoun's for its glance,
Or a blue glede beneath his browës hoar.
Long was he, hardy, lean as is a lance,
And shouldered like a door.

Now ill advisers to the Earl did say,
"Ride not with Chandos, for whate'er befall,
He for his fame will have the bruit alway,
And you get none at all."

"Pardieu, who would not hold you well excused,
Desiring honour for yourself?" And so
When Chandos rode in Anjou, he refused,
And said he could not go.

Sir John returned with spoil, and as he fared
Of Louis de Sancerre the rumour flew,
Marshal of France, that he had spears prepared
To harry in Poitou.

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To fight Sancerre would Pembroke with him ride?
Nay! So the second asking made it plain
That the young Earl refused him out of pride,
Presumption and disdain.

So fell Sir John in thought a while, and then
Said, though his eye bespoke an inward blaze,
"So be it in God's name!" and let his men
Depart their several ways,

And went to Poitiers home; whereof did hear
The Earl, and straightway, confident to win,
Rode forth in Loudonois with many a spear
English and Poitevin.

Now Sancerre thought he saw within his reach
Revenge for all these journeys in Anjou.
Quoth he, "The Earl is young, 'twere well to teach
His Grace a thing or two."

So Pembroke's meinie homeward drew, a rout
Of prisoners and richesse, and he lay
In Purnon at high noon, and all about
Was pillage and great prey.

And stamping in the sun the horses all
Drank at the well-side in the village street,
When lo! a shouting and a trumpet call,
A noise of many feet,

And burst among them ere they well arose
Sancerre his fellowship, mid yells and screams,
And slew and spared not those who ran, or those
Who fought with sticks and beams.

Many lay dead ere ye have space to think,
The remnant closed them with their arms and mail
In a small Templars' lodging, lacking drink,
And stored with no vitaille.

Thereto the French assailed, and there befell
A siege right fierce and terrible. 'Tis true
Never was feeble fortress kept so well
Or holden with so few.

Swift to the walls they scaling ladders set,
And while with stones their bascinets were burst,
Swarmed up like ants, and each man strove to get
The honour to be first.

But met them fiercely at the other end
The Poitevin and English knights and squires
With spears and swords, who garred them to descend
Too fast for their desires.

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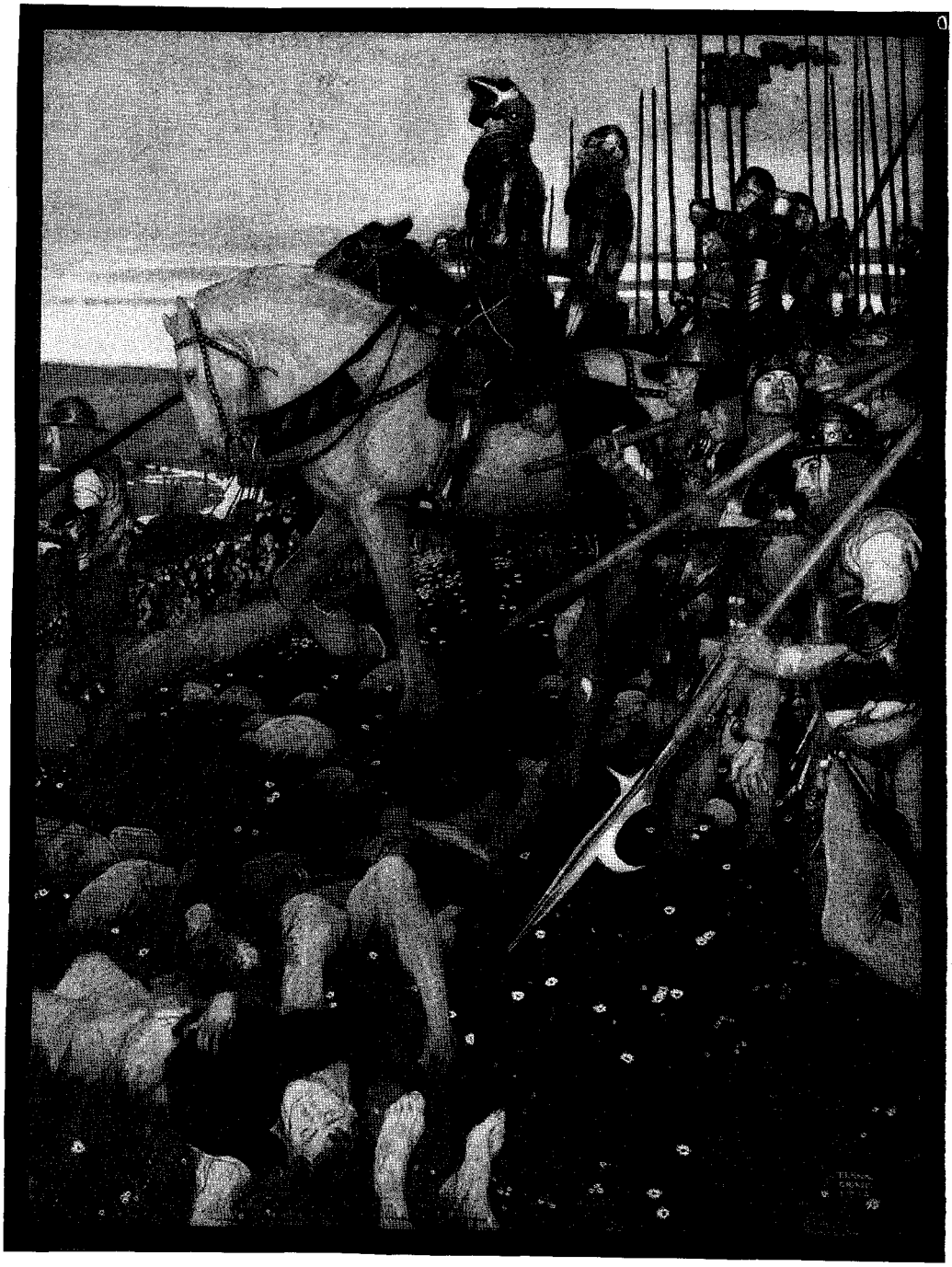

. . . and straightway, confident to win,
Rode forth in Loudonois with many a spear
English and Poitevin.

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Then on the gate they tried a ram or two,
But the mail let them not to die like sheep.
From meurtrières like hail the arrows flew
To feather mortal deep.

Thus they endured until black night it was.
Then the young Earl, who met his evil hap
Like a right noble man, and bare him as
A leopard in a trap,

Said to an esquire, who took great delight
To venture forth, for honour on him laid,
"Make haste to Sir John Chandos through the night,
And pray him of his aid."

Now on the morn, the English manned the wall
Like men who thought but to endure the worst.
The French assailed like wolves, and they were all
A-hungered and a-thirst.

So the Earl chose another squire, and said
"Break out upon my courser, take this ring,
And tell Sir John that we are all but dead,
If he no help will bring."

Now the first esquire happening upon
A wrong road in the dark, it came to pass
That he but did his errand while Sir John
Was kneeling down at mass.

In sooth he was not fain, but looking grim
Said, "We could scarcely hear with all our pain
This mass in time to come," and so from him
He turned away again.

Then after mass his servants asked Sir John
Would he to dinner? and he answered "Yea,
Sith it is ready," so his knights anon
Brought on a silver tray

Fair water for his hands, and 'fore them all,
Servants and knights and lords in their degrees,
Hot-foot the second esquire came in hall
And fell upon his knees.

But to his message Chandos answered grim
"To come in season time doth not afford."
And they in hall sate silent, watching him
A-musing at the board.

All at the second course he roused; "Ye saw
Sirs, how the Earl hath sent to me his ring.
He is of great lynage, and son-in-law
Unto our lord the King."

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"Come, let us ride." And rising from his seat,
All followed to the doorway in a rout.
Ay, there were many there that sat at meat
Could not forbear to shout.

And knights and squires came running everywhere
With surcoats gay and pennoncels of pride,
The spears fell in, the trumpets rang, "Ho there,
Chandos will forth and ride!"

Forth sprang the coursers, foamed and champing sore.
So fair a company ye could not find,
Red-piled,* the argent banner flew before,
The highway smoked behind.

Now came a scout to Sancerre, full of fears,
"Sir, it hath happened as we might have weened.
Cometh John Chandos with two hundred spears,
And rideth like the fiend."

"God's name! cannot that oldë stot keep still?
Hell blind his other eye, and keep him so!"
But they were wearied, so against their will
They thought it best to go.

So Pembroke knew when Sancerre brake array
Chandos was near, and riding forth with joy
Within a league he met him in the way
Intent on stern employ.

And shamefaced there amid his companie
Spake the young Earl, though manfully and true,
"Alas, Sir John, well have you holpen me
That did not so to you."

"Ah, lord," said Chandos, "with such words as these
You take my heart, there is no more to say.
Ill it betokeneth for our enemies.
Please God, with our array,

"And please your Grace, full often shall we ride
To forays, bushments, and adventures fair,
And shall discomfit many more beside
Sir Louis de Sancerre."

* The arms of Chandos, "Argent, à pile gules."

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WORSE THAN MARRIED

By Henry and Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. P. OTTENDORFF

MISS WILBUR sat up and wrung the water out of her hair. Most of us have looked about a dinner-table and wondered which of the party would make the pleasantest companion on a desert island; Juliana had done it often enough, but now the comic touch was lacking. Far out, hung on some unknown reef, the prow of the vessel stuck up black and tall, almost as if she were still pursuing a triumphant course landward, though a list to starboard betrayed her desperate condition, and a second glance showed that the waves were breaking over her stern. The heavy swell was all that was left of the storm. The sun had just risen in a cloudless sky, above a dark-blue sea. It was perhaps that bright horizontal ray which had waked Miss Wilbur. It had not disturbed her rescuer, who, more provident, had hidden his face in his arm.

It seems hardly possible for a young lady to be dragged from her berth in the dead of night, hauled to the deck, and literally dumped into a small boat, to be tossed out of the boat and dragged to shore—all by a man whose face and name were equally unknown. But the more she looked at the back of that damp head, and the line of those shoulders, the less familiar did they appear. This was hardly surprising, for since she and her maid had taken the steamer at Trinidad, she had made so little effort at *rapprochement* with her fellow passengers that she could hardly call any of them to mind—a great German from a banking house in Caracas; a sunburnt native botanist bound for the Smithsonian; a little Englishman from the Argentine; these were the only three figures she could remember. Who was this man? A sailor? A commercial traveller? Of what standing and what nationality?

She coughed presently: "I wish you'd wake up," she said, "and let me thank you for saving my life."

The first result of this remark was that the man grunted and buried his nose deeper in the sand. Then he rolled over, stood up, and comprehensively hitching up what remained of his trousers, he looked carefully round the horizon, then at the wall of palm-trees behind them, and last of all at Miss Wilbur, without the smallest change of expression.

"Did I save you?" he asked.

"Yes, don't you remember? You caught me up in the dark——"

"I had a notion it was Mrs. Morale's son." Again his eyes sought the horizon, and he turned to move away, but she arrested him with a question.

"Do you think we shall be rescued?" she said.

He stopped, eyed her, and again turned away. His silence annoyed her. "Why don't you answer my question?"

"Because I thought it just about worthy of some one who wakes up a tired man to thank him for saving her life. Do I think we'll be rescued? That depends on whether we are in the track of vessels; and I know neither the track of vessels nor where we are. It depends on whether any of the other boats lived through the night. But I'll tell you one thing. It looks to me as if they needn't trouble to come at all, if they don't come soon. I'm going to hunt up breakfast."

He disappeared into the forest of palms, leaving her alone. She would have liked to call him back and ask him what he thought of the probabilities of snakes on the island. Tact, however, that civilized substitute for terror, restrained her. She thought him very peculiar. "I wonder if he's a little crazy," she thought. "I wonder if something hit him on the head."

He was gone a long time, and when he returned carried a bunch of bananas and three cocoanuts. He stopped short on seeing her. "Do you mean to say," he cried, "that you haven't been drying your

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clothes? What do you suppose I stayed away so long for? But no matter. Have your breakfast first."

She refrained from expressing, at once, a profound distaste for cocoanuts, but when he cut one and handed it to her, the smell overcame her resolutions. "Oh!" she said, drawing back, "I can't bear them."

"You will order something else on the menu?"

The tone was not agreeable, and Miss Wilbur eyed the speaker. No wonder she was at a loss, for hitherto her measure of men had been the people they knew, the clothes they wore, and, more especially, their friendliness to herself. In the present case, none of these were much help, and she decided to resort to the simpler means of the direct question. Besides, it had always been Juliana's custom to converse during her meals and, peculiar though this one appeared, she saw no reason for making it an exception.

"Doesn't it seem strange," she began, "that I don't even know your name?"

"Nathaniel or Spens?"

"Oh! Spens, of course," she answered, quite as if they had met in a ballroom. "And don't you think," she went on, "that it would be nice if we knew a little more about each other than just our names?"

"A little more?" he exclaimed. "My idea was we were getting near the too much point."

"But I meant our past selves, our everyday selves—our *real* selves."

"So did I. I hope we sha'n't get any realler. This is real enough to suit me." He continued under his breath to ring the changes on this idea to his own intense satisfaction.

Miss Wilbur gave up and began again. "I think it would be interesting to tell each other a little of our lives—who we are, and where we came from. For instance—I'm willing to begin—I am a New Yorker. My mother died when I was sixteen, and I have been at the head of my father's house ever since—he has retired from business. We are quite free, and we travel a great deal. I came down here on a yacht. You may ask why I left it—well, a little difficulty arose—a situation. The owner, one of my best and oldest friends—" She paused. As she talked, questions had floated through her mind. "Does he take in the sort of person I am at home? Does he realize how his toil is lightened by the contrast of my presence in the benighted spot? Does he know what a privilege it is to be cast away with me?" He was saying to himself: "If only I can get home before the first, I'll increase that quarterly dividend."

She took up her narrative. "The owner, as I say, was one of my best and oldest friends; and yet, you know——"

"And yet you quarrelled like one o'clock."

"Oh, no," said Miss Wilbur. "We did not quarrel. It would have been better if we had."

"Just sulked, you mean?"

This was more than she could bear. "He wanted to marry me," she said firmly.

"Not really!" he exclaimed, and then, studying her more carefully, he added: "But of course—very naturally. I am sure to some types of men you would be excessively desirable."

This was the nearest approach to a compliment that she had had since the ship struck, and she gulped at it eagerly.

"Desirable is not quite the word," she answered. "But perhaps I should rather have you think of me as desirable than not at all," and she smiled fascinatingly.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" he exclaimed. "Did I say I was thinking of you? But there, I mean—I mean—" But it was unnecessary to complete the sentence, for Miss Wilbur rose, with what dignity a tattered dressing-gown allowed, and moved away. He followed her and explained with the utmost civility where there was another beach, how she should spread out her clothes to the sun, and added gravely, holding up one finger: "And remember to keep in the shade yourself."

"Oh, the sun never affects me," said Juliana.

This answer plainly tried him, but with some self-control he merely repeated his injunction in exactly the same words.

Miss Wilbur's costume was not elaborate. It comprised, all told, a night-gown, a pink quilted dressing-gown, a pair of men's sneakers, and a bit of Cartier jewelry about her throat. She wished that dressing-gown had been more becoming. Just before she sailed she had sent her maid out to buy something warm, and the pink atrocity had been the result. She had thought it did not

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matter then, but, now that she might have to spend the rest of her life in it, she wished she had taken the trouble to choose it herself.

Even if she had been completely alone on this Caribbean island, she was too much a child of civilization to remove all her clothes at once. The process took time. As she sat under the trees and waited, she considered her position.

Feelings of dislike for, and dependence upon, her rescuer grew together in her mind. She did not say, even to herself, that she was afraid of him, very much in the same way in which she had once been afraid of her schoolmistress—afraid of his criticism and his contempt, but she expressed the same idea by saying "he was not very nice to her." That he "was rather rude"! She thought how differently any of the men she had left on the yacht at Trinidad would have behaved—Alfred, for instance. It would have been rather fun to have been cast away with Alfred. He would have been tender and solicitous. Poor Alfred! She began to think it had been an absurd scruple that had made her leave the party. It had seemed as if she could not cruise another day on the yacht of a man she had refused so decidedly to marry. After such a scene, too! Miss Wilbur frowned and shook her head at the recollection. As a matter of fact, she liked scenes.

She had so far used the freedom of her life in eliminating from her consciousness those who did not contribute to her self-esteem. Sometimes she created admiration where it had not existed. Sometimes, when this seemed impossible, she simply withdrew. The latter method was obviously out of the question on this little dot of an island.

But the other? One of the unquestioned facts in Miss Wilbur's life was her own extreme charm; and this thought brought another to her mind. The picture of the traditional male—the beast of prey! In spite of the American girl's strange mingling of inexperience and sophistication, she is not entirely without the instinct of self-preservation. She remembered his long Yankee jaw with relief.

When she returned she found he had erected four poles with cross-beams and was attempting to thatch it with banana-leaves, to the accompaniment of a low sibilant whistle.

"What's that?" she asked. He completed the phrase diminuendo before answering.

"This," he said, "is where you are going to sleep, and, if it doesn't fall in on you in the night, I'll build another for myself tomorrow. Look out where you step. I'm drying two vestas on that rock. If they light, we'll have a fire, and perhaps some day something to eat. Suppose you go and find some wood?"

She hesitated. "Do you think there are snakes on this island?" she hazarded; and oh, with what enthusiasm such a suggestion of femininity would have been received on the yacht!

"Think not," said her companion; "but I'd look out for scorpions and centipeds and things like that, you know."

The suggestion did not increase her enthusiasm for her task. She hung about a few minutes longer, and then collected a few twigs along the beach, raising them carefully between her thumb and forefinger. They did not make an imposing pile, as she felt when her rescuer came to inspect it, looking first at it and then at her, with his hands in his pockets.

"I hope you won't overdo?" he said.

Juliana colored. "Did you expect me to carry great logs?" she asked. "Women can't do that sort of thing."

He moved away without answering, and presently had collected enough wood for many fires.

"I'd like to see you lay a fire," he said.

She threw some of the small sticks together, then the larger ones, as she had seen the housemaid do at home. Then, embarrassed at his silent observation, she drew back.

"Of course I can't do it, if you watch me," she exclaimed.

"You can't do it anyhow, because you don't know the principle. The first thing a fire needs is air. It's done like this." He tore down and re-erected her structure.

If Miss Wilbur had followed her impulse, she would have kicked it down as he finished, but she managed a fine aloofness instead. He did not appear to notice her chin in the air.

"Yes," he observed, as he rose from his knees, "it's a handy thing to know—how to

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lay a fire, and, as you say, one is naturally grateful to the fellow who teaches one. I'm going to look for food. Keep a look-out for ships."

He had hardly gone when he came bounding back again, waving two small fish by the tails. "Got 'em," he shouted. "Dug out some ponds this morning, but never thought it would work, but here they are. Now we'll light the fire."

His excitement was contagious. She sprang up, held the skirt of her dressing-gown to shield the match, blew the flame, almost blew it out. Finally, with the help of both matches the fire was lit.

"I'm so hungry," she said. "Do you think they'll taste good?"

He did not answer. She could not but be impressed by the deftness with which he split and boned the fish, and the invention he displayed in evolving cooking utensils out of shells and sticks.

"You know," he said suddenly, "this fire must never go out. This will be your job. Sort of vestal-virgin idea."

The charge made her nervous. The responsibility was serious. During one of his absences she began to think the flame was dying down. She put in a stick. It blazed too quickly. A crash followed and one of the fish disappeared into the fire.

After a time she managed to drag it out, black and sandy. She dreaded his return. How could she make clear to him that it had not been her fault? She decided on a comic manner. Holding it up by the tail, she smiled at him. "Doesn't that look delicious?" she asked gayly.

His brow darkened. "All right, if you like them that way," he returned.

"Don't you think the other is large enough for two?"

His answer was to remove the other from the fire and to eat it himself.

Miss Wilbur watched him to the end, and then she could contain herself no longer. She had been extremely hungry.

"Upon my word," she said, "I've known a good many selfish men, but I never before saw one who would not have taken the bread out of his mouth to give to a hungry woman."

Her rescuer looked at her unshaken. "You don't think that was just?" he inquired.

"I am not talking of justice, but of chivalry," replied Miss Wilbur passionately. "Of consideration for the weak. You are physically stronger than I——"

"And I intend to remain so."

"At my expense?"

"If you fell ill, I should be sorry. If I fell ill, you would die." He turned away sharply, but half-way up to the beach thought better of it and returned.

"See here," he said, "I'm an irritable man and a tired man. This whole thing isn't going to be easy for either of us. And what do we find, the first crack out of the box? That you are not only incompetent, but that you want to be social and pleasant over it. Great Scott! what folly! Well, if it's any satisfaction to you, I know I'm not behaving well either. But you don't seem aware of even that much, or of anything, indeed"—he smiled faintly—"except your own good looks."

He left her to meditate.

Battle, murder, and sudden death are not as great a shock to some people as their own failure to please. Miss Wilbur, being incapable of looking within for the cause of this phenomenon, looked at her companion. Evidently he *was* a peculiar, nervous sort of creature, and, after all, had he been so successful? He hardly came up to the desert-island standard, set by the father of the Swiss Family Robinson. She reviewed him with a critical eye. He was a nice-looking young man of the clean-shaven type. He lacked the great air, she told herself, which was not surprising, since eighteen months before there had been nothing whatever to distinguish him from any of the other shrewd young men produced in such numbers by the State of Connecticut. But chance had waved her wand, and it had fallen to his lot to head a congenial band of patriots who, controlling a group of trolleys, had parted with them at a barefaced price to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. Since this *coup* he had rather rested on his laurels, spending most of his time with a classmate in New York, where he had acquired a tailor and had succeeded in getting himself elected to the directorate of The General Fruit Company—an organization which, as every Italian vender knows, deals in such miscellaneous commodities as bananas, hides, coffee, rubber, sugar, coppermines, and narrow-gauge railroads along the Caribbean shores, with an argosy for

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transportation to Spokane, New Orleans, Baltimore, Boston, Bristol, or Bordeaux.

For some reason his mastery of the desert island was not complete. His race's traditional handiness seemed to be slightly in abeyance; perhaps because luck was against him, perhaps on account of a too pervasive feminine presence. But for whatever reason, things did not improve. Nothing came ashore from the wreck—not even when, after a small gale, it turned over and disappeared. The banana shelter leaked in the rain, and as Miss Wilbur sat steaming in the sunshine which immediately succeeded she felt inclined to attribute all her discomforts to Spens. He seemed to have no faculty whatever for evolving things out of nothing, which, she had always understood, was the great occupation of desert-island life. Their food continued to be bananas and cocoanuts, varied by an occasional fish; and, instead of being apologetic for such meagre fare, he seemed to think she ought to be grateful.

She was too much a child of civilization to remove all her clothes at once. As she sat under the trees and waited, she considered her position.—Page 477.

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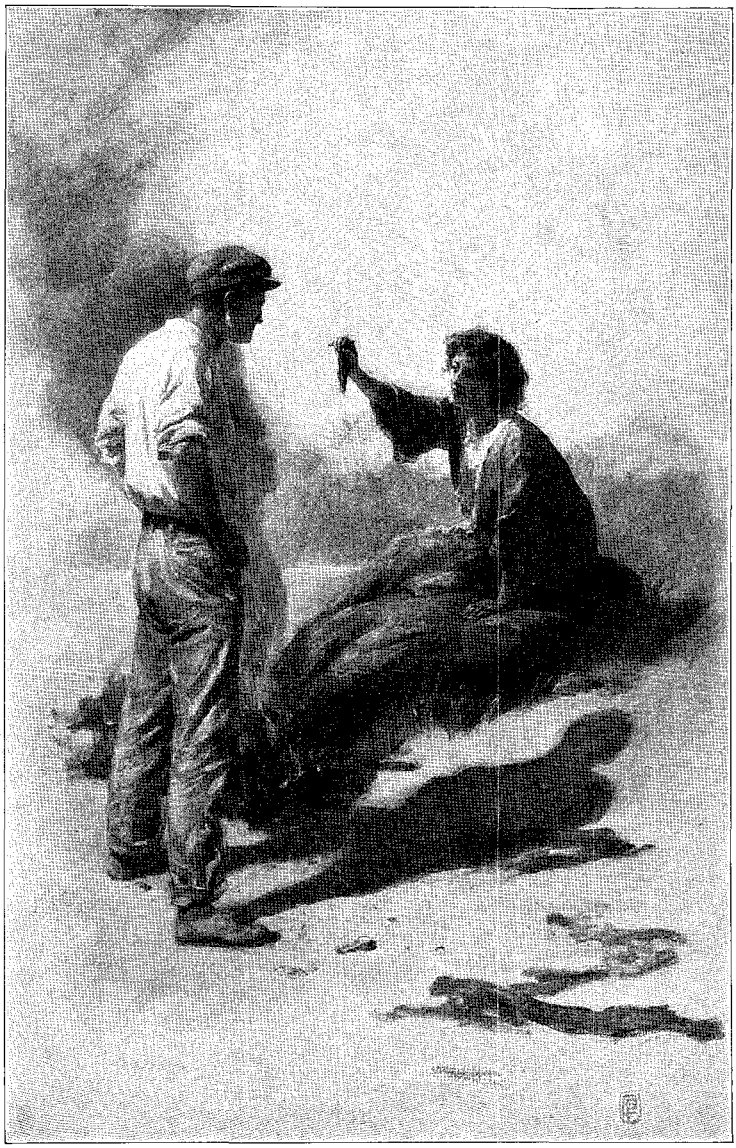
Now Miss Wilbur could have been grateful, if he had not roused her antagonism by his continual adverse criticism of herself. She wished to show him that she could be critical, too; and so she sniffed at his fish, and took no interest in his roofing arrangements, and treated him, in short, exactly as the providing male should not be treated. Man cannot stoop to ask for praise, but he can eternally sulk if he does not get it. The domestic atmosphere of the island was anything but cordial.

After all, she used to say to herself, why should she labor under any profound sense of obligation? Even when he appeared to be considering her comfort she saw an ulterior motive. He came, for instance, one day, civilly enough, and pointed out a little row of white stones marking off a portion of the island.



One of the fish disappeared into the fire . . . she managed to drag it out. Holding it up by the tail: "Doesn't that look delicious?" she asked gayly.—Page 478.

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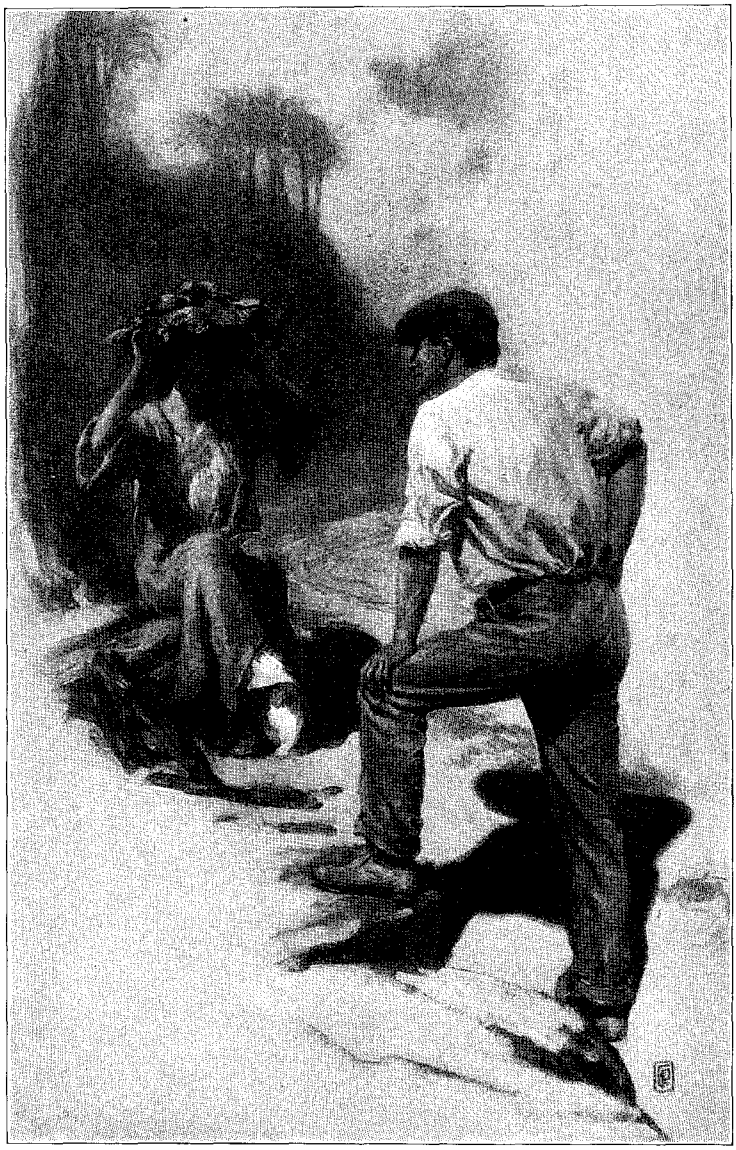
"The beach beyond this line is ceded to you," he observed gravely. "No fooling. I'm in earnest. Of course I understand that you like to be alone sometimes. Here you'll never be disturbed. When I annoy you past bearing, you can come here." For a moment she was touched by his kindness, the next he had added: "And would you mind allowing me a similar privilege on the other side of the island?"

His tone was a trifle more nipping than he intended, but no suavity could have concealed his meaning. His plan had been designed not to please her, but to protect himself. No one before had ever plotted to relieve himself of Miss Wilbur's company. Subterfuges had always had an opposite intention. She had been clamored for and quarrelled over. She withdrew immediately to the indicated asylum.



"I must put it on at once," she said. "It fits you exactly," he observed with pleasure.—Page 482.

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"I'm not accustomed to such people," she said to herself. "He makes me feel different—horrid. I can't be myself." It was not the first time she had talked to herself, and she wondered if her mind were beginning to give way under the strain of the situation. "I'd like to box his ears until they rang. Until they rang!" she repeated, and felt like a criminal. Who would have supposed she had such instincts!

She had scarcely reached the beach, and seen the vessel now looming large and near.—Page 484.

For the tenth time that day she caught together the sleeve of the detested dressing-gown. How shocked Alfred and her father would be to think a man lived who could treat her so! but the thought of their horror soothed her less as it became more and more unlikely that they would ever know anything about it.

She stayed behind her stones until he called her to luncheon. They ate in silence. Toward the end she said gently:

"Would you mind not whistling quite so loud?"

"Certainly not, if the sound annoys you."

"Oh, it isn't the sound so much, only"—and she smiled angelically—"it always seems to me a little flat."

She had a great success. Spens colored.

"Well," he said, "I don't pretend to be a musician, but it has always been agreed that I had an excellent ear."

"In Green Springs, Connecticut?"

He did not answer, but moved gloomily away. Two or three times she heard him start an air and cut it short. A smile flickered across her face. So sweet to her was it to be the aggressor that she did not return behind the white stones, but remained, like a cat at a rat-hole, waiting beside the fire to which Spens would have to return eventually.

She had resolved that it must be kindly yet firmly made clear to him that he was not behaving like a gentleman, and if, as seemed possible, he did not understand all that that word implied, she felt quite competent to explain it to him.

Perhaps the idea that his conduct was not quite up even to his own standards had already occurred to him, for when he returned he carried a peace-offering.

He stood before her, holding something toward her. "I notice," he said, "that you go about in the sun bareheaded. You oughtn't to do that, and so I have made you this," and she saw that the green mass in his hands was leaves carefully fashioned into the shape of a hat.

It may perhaps be forgiven to Miss Wilbur that her heart sank. Nevertheless, she took the offering, expressing her gratitude with a little too much volubility. "I must put it on at once," she said. Green had never become her, but she placed it firmly on her head.

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Spens studied it critically. "It fits you exactly," he observed with pleasure. "You see I could only guess at the size. Isn't it fortunate that I guessed so exactly right!"

She saw that he was immensely gratified and, trying to enter into the spirit of the thing, she said:

"What a pity I can't see the effect!"

"You can." He drew his watch from his pocket, and opened the back of the case. "It doesn't keep time any longer," he said, "but it can still serve as a looking-glass," and he held it up.

Now any one who has ever looked at himself in the back of a watch-case knows that it does not make a becoming mirror; it enlarges the tip of the nose, and decreases the size of the eyes. Juliana had not so far had any vision of herself. Now, for the first time, in this unfavorable reflection, she took in her flattened hair, her tattered dressing-gown, and, above all, the flapping, intoxicated head-gear which she had just received. She snatched it from her head with a gesture quicker than thought.

"I believe you enjoy making me ridiculous," she said passionately.

"Nothing could be more ridiculous than to say that," he answered. "I wanted to save your health, but if you prefer sunstroke to an unbecoming hat—not that I thought it unbecoming——"

"It was hideous."

"I can only say that I don't think so."

Miss Wilbur slowly crushed the offending object and dropped it into the fire. Ridiculous or not, there would never be any question about that again.

"Of course," she observed after a pause, "I don't expect you to understand how I feel about this—how I feel about anything—how any lady feels about anything."

"Is it particularly ladylike not to wish to wear an unbecoming hat?"

This of course was war, and Miss Wilbur took it up with spirit. "Unhappily, it is ladylike," she answered, "to have been so sheltered from hardships that when rudeness and stupidity are added——"

"Come, come," said Spens, "we each feel we have too good a case to spoil by losing our tempers. Sit down, and let us discuss it calmly. You first. I promise not to interrupt. You object to my being rude and stupid. So far so good, but develop your idea."

The tone steadied Juliana. "I don't complain of the hardships," she began. "I don't speak of the lack of shelter and food. These are not your fault, although," she could not resist adding, "some people might have managed a little better, I fancy. What I complain of is your total lack of appreciation of what this situation means to me. I haven't knocked about the world like a man. I've never been away from home without my maid. I've never before been without everything that love and money could get me, and instead of pitying me for this you do everything in your power to make it harder. Instead of being considerate you are not even civil. No one could think you civil—no one that I know, at least. You do everything you can to make me feel that my presence, instead of being a help and a pleasure, is an unmitigated bother."

There was a pause. "Well," said Spens, "since we are being so candid, have you been a help? Have you even done your own share? Certainly not. I don't speak of the things you can't help—your burning of the fish——"

"The fish! I don't see how you have the effrontery to mention the fish."

"Nor of your upsetting our first supply of rain-water. Constitutional clumsiness is something no one can help, I suppose. But it does irritate me that you seem to find it all so confoundedly fascinating in you. You seemed to think it was cunning to burn the fish, and playful to upset the water. In other words, though I don't mind carrying a dead weight, I'm hanged if I'll regard it as a beauteous burden."

Miss Wilbur rose to her feet. "The trouble with you is," she said, "that you haven't the faintest idea how a gentleman behaves."

"Well, I'm learning all right how a lady behaves," he retorted.

After this it was impossible to give any consistent account of their conversation. They both spoke at once, phrases such as these emerging from the confusion: "—you talk about ladies and gentlemen." "Thank Heaven, I know something of men and women"; "—civilized life and the people I know"; "—never been tested before." "Do you think you've survived the test so well?"

The last sentence was Miss Wilbur's,

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and under cover of it she retreated to her own domains. Spens, left in possession of the field, presently withdrew to the other side of the island.

Here for two or three days he had had a secret from Juliana. He had invented, constructed, and was in process of perfecting himself in a game with shells and cocoanuts which bore a family resemblance to both quoits and hop-scotch. He turned to it now to soothe and distract him. It was a delightful game, and exactly suited his purpose, requiring as it did skill, concentration, and agility. He had just accomplished a particularly difficult feat which left him in the attitude of the Flying Mercury, when his eye fell upon a smutch of smoke on the horizon, beneath which the funnel of a vessel was already apparent.

Spens's methods of showing joy were all his own. He threw the tattered remnants of his cap in the air, and when it came down he jumped on it again and again.

His next impulse was to run and call Juliana, but he did not follow it. Instead he piled wood on the fire until it was a veritable column of flame, and then with folded arms he took his stand on the beach.

Within a few minutes he became convinced that the vessel, a steamer of moderate size, had sighted his signal. They were going to be rescued. Very soon he and Juliana would be sailing back to civilization. He would be fitted out by the ship's officers, and Juliana would be very self-conscious about appearing in the stewardess's clothes. They would figure in the papers—a rising young capitalist, and a society girl. Her father would be on the pier. There would be explanations. He himself would be a child in their hands. A vision of engraved cards, a faint smell of orange-blossoms, floated through his mind. His resolve was taken. He sprang up, ran through the palms, and penetrated without knocking to where Miss Wilbur was sitting, with her back against a tree. She glanced up at him with the utmost detestation.

"I thought that here, at least—" she began, but he paid no attention.

"Juliana," he exclaimed in his excitement, "there is a vessel on the other side of the island. She'll be here in twenty minutes, and you are going home in her. Now, don't make any mistake. *You* are going home. I stay here. No, don't say anything. I've thought it over, and this is the only way. We can't both go home. Think of landing, think of the papers, think of introducing me to that distinguished bunch—the people you know. No, no, you've been here all alone, and you're an extraordinarily clever, capable girl, and have managed to make yourself wonderfully comfortable, considering. No, don't protest. I'm not taking any risk. Here's a vessel at the end of ten days. Another may be here to-morrow. Anyhow, be sure it's what I prefer. A cocoanut and liberty. Good-by. Better be getting down to the beach to wave."

Miss Wilbur hesitated. "At least," she said, "let me know when you do get home."

"I'll telephone from Green Springs. Now run along," and taking her by the shoulders, he turned her toward the path.

She had, however, scarcely reached the beach, and seen the vessel now looming large and near, when she heard a hoarse whisper: "I've forgotten my tobacco." A face and arm gleamed out from the bush. He snatched the pouch, and this time was finally gone.

The keel of the ship's boat grated on the sand, and a flustered young officer sprang out. Juliana was inclined to make a moment of it, but it was getting dark, and the captain, what with carrying the mails and being well out of his course, was cross enough as it was.

"One of you men go up there and stamp out that fire," he said. "No use in bringing any one else in here."

An expression of terror crossed Miss Wilbur's face, and a cry burst from her: "Oh, he'll be so angry." The officer caught only the terror, and, setting it down to natural hysteria, pushed off without more ado.

Night fell, and the stars came out with the startling rapidity of the tropics. There was no wind, but puffs of salt air lifted the fronds of the palms.

Suddenly over the water was borne the sharp jangle of an engine-room bell, and the beat of a vessel's propellers.

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THE GIFT OF GOD

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

Blessed with a joy that only she
Of all alive shall ever know,
She wears a proud humility
For what it was that willed it so,—
That her degree should be so great
Among the favored of the Lord
That she may scarcely bear the weight
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,
Or featured for the shining ones,
And like to none that she has known
Of other women's other sons,—
The firm fruition of her need,
He shines anointed; and he blurs
Her vision, till it seems indeed
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much
Of what is best, and hardly dares
To think of him as one to touch
With aches, indignities, and cares;
She sees him rather at the goal,
Still shining; and her dream foretells
The proper shining of a soul
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town
Would find him far from flags and shouts,
And leave him only the renown
Of many smiles and many doubts;
Perchance the crude and common tongue
Would havoc strangely with his worth;
But she, with innocence unstung,
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth
Would shine, if love could make him great,
When caught and tortured for the truth
Would only writhe and hesitate;
While she, arranging for his days
What centuries could not fulfil,
Transmutes him with her faith and praise,
And has him shining where she will.

She crowns him with her gratefulness,
And says again that life is good;
And should the gift of God be less
In him than in her motherhood,
His fame, though vague, will not be small,
As upward through her dream he fares,
Half clouded with a crimson fall
Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

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GREEK FEASTS

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the most characteristic things about Constantinople is that while it has become Turkish it has not ceased to be Greek. The same is true of Thrace, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, which contain a large Turkish population, but which still form a part of the Greek world to which they always belonged. The two races have indisputably influenced each other, as their languages and certain of their customs prove. A good deal of Greek blood now flows, too, in Turkish veins. Nevertheless there has been remarkably little assimilation, after five hundred years, of one element by the other. They coexist, each perfectly distinct and each claiming with perfect reason the land as his own.

This is perhaps one cause why religious festivals are so common among the Greeks of Turkey. It is as a religious community that they have remained separate since the conquest. Through their religious observances they live what is left them of a national life and assert their claim to the great tradition of their race. The fact doubtless has something to do with the persistence of observances that elsewhere tend to disappear. At all events those observances are extremely interesting. They have a local color, for one thing, of a kind that has become rare in Europe and that scarcely ever existed in America. Then they are reckoned by the Julian calendar, now thirteen days behind our own, and that puts them into a certain perspective. Their true perspective, however, reaches much farther back. Nor is it merely that they compose a body of tradition from which we of the West have diverged or separated. Our religious customs and beliefs did not spring out of our own soil. We transplanted them in full flower from Rome, and she in turn had already borrowed largely from Greece and the East. But in the Levant such beliefs and customs represent a native growth, whose roots run far deeper than Christianity.

In the Eastern as in the Western Church the essence of the religious year is that cycle of observances that begins with Advent and culminates at Easter. It is rather curious that Protestantism should have disturbed the symbolism of this drama by transposing its climax. Christmas with the Greeks is not the greater feast. One of their names for it, in fact, is Little Easter. It is preceded, however, by a fast of forty days nearly as strict as Lent. The day itself is purely a religious festival. A midnight mass, or rather an early mass, is celebrated at one or two o'clock on Christmas morning, after which the fast is broken and people make each other good wishes. They do not exchange presents or follow the usage of the Christmas tree, that invention of Northern barbarism, except in places that have been largely influenced by the West.

The real holiday of the season is New Year's Day. This is called *Aï Vassíli*, or Saint Basil, whose name-day it is. There is an old ballad relating to this venerable bishop of Cappadocia—too long, I regret, to translate here—which men and boys go about singing on Saint Basil's eve. The musicians are rewarded with money, theoretically for the poor of the community. If it happens to stick in the pockets of the performers, they doubtless regard themselves as representative of the brotherhood for whose benefit they sing. This custom is imitated by small boys, who go among the coffee-houses after dark begging. They make themselves known by lanterns that are oftenest wicker bird-cages lined with colored paper. I have also seen ships and castles of quite elaborate design. These curious lanterns are used as well on Christmas and Epiphany eves—which, like New Year's, are cele-

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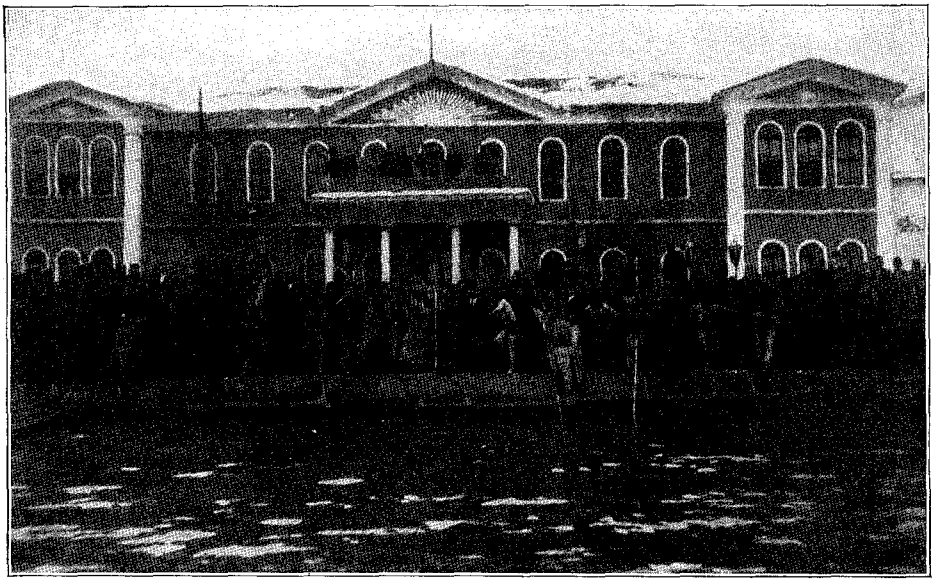
brated in cosmopolitan Constantinople twice over. Christmas, indeed, is celebrated three times, since the Armenians keep it at Epiphany, while the Turks, the Persians, and the Hebrews each have a New Year of their own. The principal feature of Saint Basil's eve is the *vassilópita*, a kind of flat round cake or sweet bread something like the Tuscan *schiacciata*. At midnight the head of the house cuts the *pita* into as many pieces as there are members of the family. A true *pita* should contain a coin, and whoever gets it is sure to have luck during the new year. The next day people pay visits, exchange presents, tip servants, and make merry as they will. They also go, at a more convenient hour than on Christmas morning, to church, where the ancient liturgy of Saint Basil is read.



The blessing of the waters at Arnaoutkyöi.

Epiphany, or the old English Twelfth Night, has retained in the East a significance that it has lost in the West. The day is supposed to commemorate the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. Hence it is the day of the blessing of waters, whether of springs, wells, reservoirs, rivers, or the sea. Holy water plays a particular rôle in the Greek Church—although the Roman custom of moistening the fingers with it before making the sign of the cross on entering a church is not followed. On the first of every month except January a ceremony called the Little Blessing takes place in the churches, when water is blessed; and this ceremony may be repeated by request in private houses. In January the Little Blessing takes place on Epiphany eve, the fifth. But on Epiphany itself, as early in the morning as local custom may dictate, takes place the Great Blessing. It is performed in the middle of the church, on a dais decorated with garlands of bay, and the important feature of the long ceremony is the dipping of a cross into a silver basin of water. The water is carefully kept in bottles throughout the next year and used as occasion may require. It is sometimes administered, for instance, to those who are not thought fit to take the full communion. The outdoor ceremony which follows this one is extremely picturesque. In Constantinople it may be seen in any of the numerous Greek waterside communities —by those who care to get up early enough of a January morning. One of the best places is Arnaoutkyöi, a large Greek village on the European shore of the Bosphorus, where the ceremony is obligingly postponed till ten or eleven o'clock. At the conclusion of the service in the church

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a procession, headed by clergy in gala vestments and accompanied by candles, incense, banners, and lanterns on staves of the sort one sees in Italy, marches to the waterside. There it is added to by shivering mortals in bathing trunks. They behave in a highly unecclesiastical manner in their anxiety to get the most advantageous post on the quay. The banners and lanterns make a screen of color on either side of the priests, incense rises, choristers chant, a bishop in brocade and cloth-of-gold with a domed gilt mitre holds up a small cross; he makes the holy sign with it, and tosses it into the Bosphorus. There is a terrific splash as the rivals for its recovery dive after it. In days gone by there used to be fights no less terrific in the water over the precious object. The last time I saw the ceremony, however, there was nothing of the kind. The cross was even made of wood, so that there was no trouble in finding it. The first man who reached it piously put it to his lips and allowed the fellow nearest him to do the same. Then the half-dozen of them paddled back to shore and hurried off to get warm. The finder of the cross is a lucky man in this world and the world to come. He goes from house to house with the holy emblem he has rescued from the deep, and people give him tips. In this way he collects enough to restore his circulation and to pass a convivial Epiphany. The cross is his to keep, but he must provide a new one for the coming year.

They are not so much the order of the day as the progress of a traditional camel.—Page 490.

The blessing of the waters is firmly believed by many good people to have one effect not claimed by mother church. It is supposed, that is, to exorcise for another year certain redoubtable beings known as *kallikántzari*. The name, according to one of the latest authorities on the subject,* means the "good centaurs." Goodness, however, is not their distinguishing trait. They are quarrelsome, mischievous, and destructive monsters, half man, half beast, who haunt the twelve nights of the Christmas season. One of the most efficacious means of scaring them

*J. C. Lawson: "Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion."

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Another picturesque feature . . . is the dancing by Macedonians.—Page 490.

off is by firebrands, and I have wondered if the colored lanterns to which I have alluded might owe their origin to the same idea. Many pious sailors will not venture to sea during the twelve days, for fear of these creatures. The unfurling of the sails is one of the ceremonies of Epiphany in some seaside communities. Similarly, no one—of a certain class—would dream of marrying during the twelve days, while a child so unfortunate as to be born then is regarded as likely to become a *kallikántzaros* himself. Here a teaching of the church perhaps mingles with the popular belief. But that belief is far older than the church, going back to Dionysus and the fauns, satyrs, and sileni who accompanied him. In many parts of the Greek world it is still the custom for men and boys to masquerade in furs during the twelve days. If no trace of the custom seems to survive in Constantinople it may be because the early fathers of the church thundered there against this continuance of the antique Dionysiac revels, which became the Brumalia and Saturnalia of the Romans.

I should not say that no trace survives, because carnival is of course a lineal descendant of those ancient winter celebrations. As it exists in Constantinople, however, carnival is for the most part but a pale copy of an Italian original, imported perhaps by the Venetians and Genoese. It affords none the less pleasure to those who participate in it and curiosity of various colors to the members of the ruling race. I remember one night in Pera overhearing two venerable fezes with regard to a troop of maskers that ran noisily by. "What is this play?" inquired one old gentleman, who evidently had never seen it before and who as evidently looked upon it with disapproval. "Eh," replied the other, the initiated and the more indulgent old gentleman; "they pass the time!" The time they pass is divided differently than with us of the West. The second Sunday before Lent is called *Apokreá*, and is the day of farewell to meat. Which, for the religious, it actually is, although the gayeties of carnival are then at their height. The ensuing Sunday is called Cheese Sunday, because that amount of indulgence is permitted during the week that precedes it. After Cheese Sunday,

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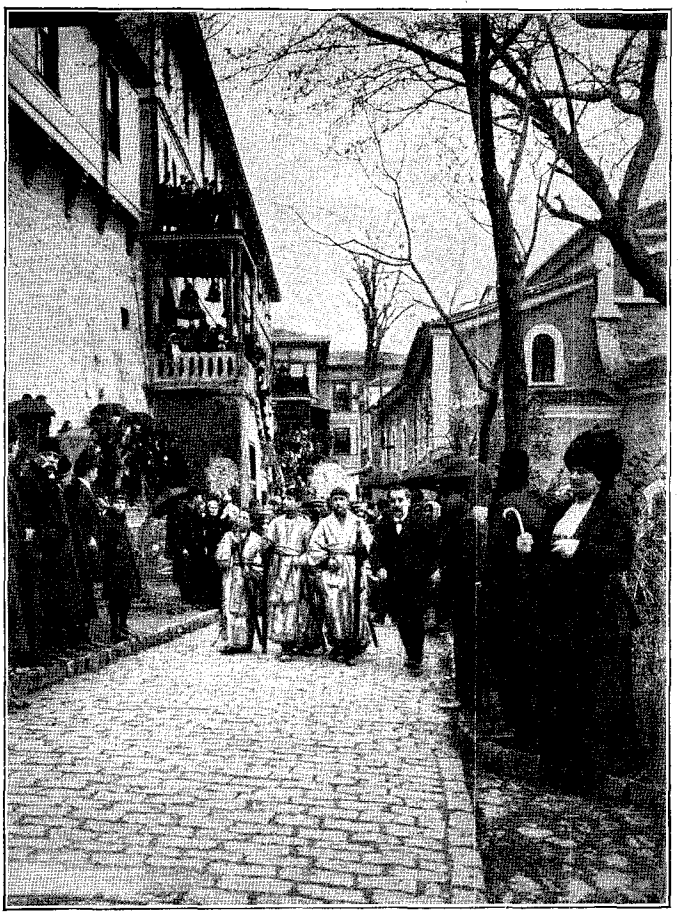
however, no man should touch cheese, milk, butter, oil, eggs, or even fish—though an exception is made in favor of caviare, out of which a delicious Lenten savory is made. Lent begins not on the Wednesday but on Ash Wednesday to promenade on the ordinarily deserted quay of the Zattere. But no masks are seen on the Zattere on Ash Wednesday, whereas masks are the order of the day at Tatavla on Clean Mon-



The procession at the Phanar.

the Monday, which is called Clean Monday. In fact the first week of Lent is called Clean week. Houses are then swept and garnished and the fast is stricter than at any time save Holy week. The very pious eat nothing at all during the first three days of Lent.

Clean Monday, nevertheless, is a great holiday. In Constantinople it is also called Tatavla Day, because every one goes out to Tatavla, a quarter bordering on open country between Shishli and Hasskyöi. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Venice, where every one goes on day. They are not so much the order of the day, however, as the progress of a traditional camel, each of whose legs is a man. It carries a load of charcoal and garlic, which are powerful talismans against evil, and it is led about by a picturesquely dressed camel-driver whose face is daubed with blue. This simple form of masquerading, a common one at Tatavla, descends directly from the pagan Dionysia. Another picturesque feature of the day is the dancing by Macedonians—Greeks or Christian Albanians. Masquerading with these exiles consists in tying

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a handkerchief about their heads in guise of a fillet and in putting on the black or white *fustanella*—with its accompanying accoutrements—of their native hills. They form rings in the middle of the crowd, which is kept back by one of their number called the Shepherd. Like the Christmas mummers of the Greek islands, he wears skins and has a big bronze sheep or camel bell fastened to some part of him. He also carries a staff to which is attached a bunch of garlic for good luck. He often wears a mask as well, or is otherwise disguised, and his clowneries give great amusement. In the meantime his companions join hands and dance around the ring to the tune of a pipe or a violin. The first two hold the ends of a handkerchief instead of joining hands, which enables the leader to go through more complicated evolutions. Sometimes he is preceded by one or two sword dancers, who know how to make the most of their hanging sleeves and plaited skirts. Some of these romantic young gentlemen are singularly handsome, which does not prepare one to learn that they are butchers' boys.

The Greeks keep no *mi-carême*, as the Latins do. Their longer and severer fast continues unbroken till Easter morning—unless Annunciation Day happens to fall in Lent. Then they are allowed the indulgence of fish. Holy week is with them the Great Week. Services take place in the churches every night except Wednesday, and commemorate the events of Jerusalem in a more dramatic way than even the Roman Church. The symbolic washing of the disciples' feet, however, which takes place in Jerusalem on Holy Thursday, is not performed in Constantinople except by the Armenians. On Good, or Great, Friday a cenotaph is erected in the nave of each church, on which is laid an embroidery or some other representation of the crucifixion. Sculpture is not permitted in the Greek Church, although on this one occasion a statue has sometimes been seen. The faithful flock during the day to the cenotaph, where they kiss the embroidery and make some small donation. Each one receives from the acolyte in charge a jonquil or a hyacinth. This charming custom is perhaps a relic of the Eleusinian Mysteries, which Easter superseded and with whose symbolism, celebrating as they did the myth of Demeter and Persephone, it has so much in common. Spring flowers, at all events, play a part at Easter quite different from our merely decorative use of them. Flower-stands are almost as common at church doors as candle-stands. For people also make the round of the icons in the churches, lighting votive tapers here and there. The true use of the tapers, however, is after dark. Then a procession figuring the entombment of Christ issues from the church with the image of the cenotaph and makes the circuit of the court or, in purely Greek communities, of the surrounding streets, accompanied by a crowd of lighted candles. The image is finally taken to the holy table, where it remains for forty days.

An even more striking ceremony takes place on Saturday night. About midnight people begin to gather in the churches, which are aromatic with the flowering bay strewn on the floor. Every one carries a candle but none are lighted—not even before the icons. The service begins with antiphonal chanting. The ancient Byzantine music sounds stranger than ever in the dim light, sung by the black-robed priests with black veils over their tall black hats. Finally the celebrant, in a purple cope of mourning, withdraws behind the *iconostâsion*, the screen that in a Greek church divides the holy table from the chancel. As the chant proceeds candles are lighted in certain chandeliers. Then the door of the sanctuary is thrown open, revealing a blaze of light and color within. The celebrant comes out in magnificent vestments, holding a lighted candle and saying, "Come to the light." Those nearest him reach out their own tapers to take the sacred fire, and from them it is propagated in an incredibly short time through the entire church. In the meantime the priests march in procession out of doors, headed by a banner emblematic of the resurrection. And there, surrounded by the flickering lights of the congregation, the celebrant chants the triumphant resurrection hymn. At this point tradition demands that the populace should express their own sentiments by a volley of pistol shots. But since the reactionary uprising of 1909, when soldiers took advantage of the Greek

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Easter to make such tragic use of their own arms, an attempt has been made in Constantinople to suppress this detail. I have been told that each shot is aimed at Judas. The unfaithful apostle, at all events, used to be burned in effigy on Good Friday at Therapia, a village of the upper Bosphorus. And I have heard of other customs of a similar bearing.

The most interesting place to see the ceremonies of Easter is the patriarchal church at Phanar—or Fener, as the Turks call it—on the Golden Horn. This is the Vatican of Constantinople. It has enjoyed that honor a comparatively short time, as years are counted in this part of the world. Saint Sophia was, of course, the original cathedral of the city. After its appropriation by the Turks the patriarchate moved five times, finally being established here in 1601. It naturally can no longer rank in splendor with its Roman rival. In historic interest, however, the Phanar yields nothing to the Vatican. The more democratic organization of the Eastern Church never claimed for the Bishop of Constantinople the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. But the former acquired and has always kept an obvious precedence among the prelates of the East by his residence in a city which has not ceased during sixteen hundred years to be the capital of an empire. Throughout that entire time an unbroken succession of Patriarchs have followed each other upon the episcopal throne of Saint John Chrysostom. Joachim III, the present incumbent of the patriarchate, is the two hundred and fifty-fourth of his line. The coming of the Turks did not disturb this succession. When Mohammed II took the city in 1453 one of his earliest acts was to confirm the rights of the patriarchate. The Patriarch even took on a new dignity as the recognized head of a people that no longer had any temporal leader. The schism of the churches definitively separated the sees of Rome and Constantinople, while later schisms, not doctrinal but political, have made the churches of Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Roumania, Russia, and Servia independent of the Phanar in various degrees. But the Patriarch is still primate of a great Greek world, and there attaches to his person all the interest of a long and important history.

The ceremonies of Easter morning at the Phanar are not for every one to see, by reason of the smallness of the church. One must have a friend at court in order to obtain a ticket of admission. Even then one may miss, as I once did through ignorance and perhaps through a lack of that persistence which should be the portion of the true tourist, certain characteristic scenes of the day. Thus I failed to witness the robing of the Patriarch by the prelates of his court. Neither did I get a photograph of them all marching in procession to the church, though I had moved heaven and earth—*i. e.*, a bishop and an ambassador—for permission to do so. Nevertheless I had an excellent view of the ceremony of the second resurrection, as the Easter morning vespers are called. The procession entered the church led by small boys in white-and-gold who carried a tall cross, two gilt *exeptérigha* on staves, symbolic of the six-winged cherubim, and lighted candles. After them came choristers singing. The men wore a species of fez entirely covered by its spread-out tassel. One carried an immense yellow candle in front of the officiating clergy, who marched two and two in rich brocaded chasubles. Their long beards gave them a dignity which is sometimes lacking to their Western brothers, while the tall black *kalymáfhion*, brimmed slightly at the top with a true Greek sense of outline, is certainly a more imposing head-dress than the biretta. The Patriarch came next, preceded and followed by a pair of acolytes carrying two and three lighted candles tied together with white rosettes. These candles symbolize the two natures of Christ and the Trinity; with them his Holiness is supposed to dispense his blessing. He wore magnificent vestments of white satin embroidered with blue and green and gold. A large diamond cross and other glittering objects hung about his neck. In his hand he carried a crosier of silver and gold, and on his head he wore a domed crown-like mitre. It was surmounted by a cross of gold, around it were ornaments of enamel and seed pearls, and in the gold circlet of its base were set immense sapphires and other precious stones. The Patriarch was followed by members of the Russian embassy, of the Greek, Montenegrin, Roumanian, and Servian legations,

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and by the lay dignitaries of his own entourage, whose uniforms and decorations added what they could to the splendor of the occasion. These personages took their places in the body of the nave—standing, as is always the custom in the Greek Church—while the clergy went behind the screen of the sanctuary. The Patriarch, after swinging a silver censer through the church, took his place at the right of the chancel on a high canopied throne of carved wood inlaid with ivory. He made a wonderful picture there with his fine profile and long white beard and gorgeous vestments. On a lower and smaller throne at his right sat the Grand Logothete. The Grand Logothete happens at present to be a preternaturally small man, and time has greatly diminished his dignities. The glitter of his decorations, however, and the antiquity of his office make him what compensation they can. His office is an inheritance of Byzantine times, when he was a minister of state. Now he is the official representative of the Patriarch at the Sublime Porte and accompanies him to the palace when his Holiness has audience of the Sultan.

No rite, I suppose, surpasses that of the Greek Church in splendor. The carved and gilded iconostasis, the icons set about with gold, the multitude of candles, precious lamps, and chandeliers, the rich vestments, the clouds of incense, make an overpowering appeal to the senses. To the Western eye, however, there is too much gilt and blaze for perfect taste, there are too many objects in proportion to the space they fill. And certainly to the Western ear the Byzantine chant, however interesting on acount of its descent from the antique Greek modes, lacks the charm of the Gregorian or of the beautiful Russian choral. At a point of the service the Gospels were read by different voices in a number of different languages. I recognized Latin and Slavic among them. Finally the Patriarch withdrew in the same state as he entered. On his way to his own apartments he paused on an open gallery and made an address to the crowd in the court that had been unable to get into the church. Then he held in the great saloon of his palace a levee of those who had been in the church, and each of them was presented with gayly decorated Easter eggs and with a cake called a *tsurêk*. These dainties are the universal evidence of the Greek Easter—these and the salutation "Christ is risen," to which answer is made by lips the least sanctimonious, "In truth, he is risen." Holy Thursday is the traditional day for dyeing eggs. On Holy Saturday the Patriarch sends an ornamental basket of eggs and *tsurêk* to the Sultan. *Tsurêk*, or *chörek* as it is more legitimately called in Turkish, is like the Easter cake of northern Italy. It is a sort of big brioche made in three strands braided together.

Easter Monday is in some ways a greater feast than Easter itself. In Constantinople the Christian population is so large that when the Greeks and Armenians stop work their fellow citizens find it easy to follow suit. The Phanar is a favorite place of resort throughout the Easter holidays, an open space between the patriarchate and the Golden Horn being turned into a large and lively fair. The traditional place for the celebration of the day, however, is in the open spaces of the Taxim, on the heights of Pera. The old travellers all have a chapter about the festivities which used to take place there, and remnants of them may still be seen. The Armenians gather chiefly in a disused cemetery of their cult, where the tomb of a certain Saint Kevork is honored at this season and where peasants from Asia Minor may sometimes be seen dancing among the graves. A larger and noisier congregation assembles at the upper edge of the parade-ground across the street. Not a little color is given to it by Greeks from the region of Trebizond, who sometimes are not Greeks at all, but Laz, and who often wear the hood of that mysterious people knotted around their heads. They have a strange dance which they continue hour after hour to the tune of a little violin hanging from the player's hand. They hold each other's fingers in the air, and as they dance they keep up a quivering in their thighs, which they vary by crouching to their heels and throwing out first one leg and then the other with a shout. An even more positive touch of color is given to the scene by the Kourds—or Kürts, as they pronounce their own name. They set up a tent, in front of which a space is partially enclosed by screens of

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the same material. I remember seeing one such canvas that was lined with a vivid yellow pattern on a red ground. There swarthy Kourds in gayly embroidered jackets or waistcoats gather to smoke, to drink tea, and to dance in their own more sedate way, while gypsies pipe unto them and pound a big drum. I once asked one of the dancers how it was that he, being no Christian, made merry at Easter time. "Eh," he answered, "there is no work. Also, since the constitution we are all one, and if one nation rejoices, the others rejoice with it. Now all that remains," he went on, "is that there should be no rich and no poor, and that we should all have money together." Interesting as I found this socialistic opinion in the mouth of a Kourdish *hamal*, I could not help remembering how it had been put into execution in 1896, when the Kourds massacred the Armenian *hamals* and wrested from the survivors the profitable guild of the street porters. It was then that the Easter glory departed from the Taxim. But the place had already been overtaken by the growing city, while increasing facilities of communication now daily enlarge the radius of the holiday-maker.

One assembly of Easter week which still is to be seen in something of its pristine glory is the fair of Baloukli. This takes place on the Friday and lasts through Sunday. The scene of it is the monastery of Baloukli, outside the land walls of Stamboul. It is rather curious that the Turkish name of so ancient a place should have superseded even among the Greeks its original appellation. The Byzantine emperors had a villa there and several of them built churches in the vicinity. The name Baloukli, however, which might be translated as the Fishy Place, comes from the legend every one knows of the Greek monk who was frying fish when news was brought him that the Turks had taken the city. He refused to believe it, saying he would do so if his fish jumped out of the frying-pan—not into the fire, but into the spring beside him. Which they promptly did. Since when the life-giving spring, as it is called, has been populated by fish that look as if they were half-fried. The thing on Baloukli Day is to make a pilgrimage to the pool of these miraculous fish, to drink of the water in which they swim, to wash one's hands and face and hair in it, and to take some of it away in a bottle. The spring is at one end of a dark chapel half underground, into which the crowd squeezes in batches. After receiving the benefits of the holy water you kiss the icons in the chapel. A priest in an embroidered stole, who holds a small cross in his hand, will then make the holy sign with it upon your person and offer you the cross and his hand as well to kiss, in return for which you drop a coin into the slot of a big box beside him. Candles are also to be had for burning at the various icons. The greater number of these, however, are in the monastery church hard by. And so many candles burn before them that attendants go about every few minutes, blow out the candles, and throw them into a box, to make room for new candles. There are also priests to whom you tell your name, which they add to a long list, and in return for the coin you leave behind you they pray for blessing upon the name. All this is interesting to watch, by reason of the great variety of the pilgrims and the unconscious lingering of paganism in their faith; and while there is a hard commercial side to it all, you must remember that a hospital and other charitable institutions largely profit thereby.

There are also interesting things to watch outside the monastery gate. Temporary coffee-houses and eating-places are established there in abundance, and the hum of festivity that arises from them may be heard afar among the cypresses of the surrounding Turkish cemetery. I must add that spirituous liquors are dispensed with some freedom; for the Greek does not share the hesitation of his Turkish brother in such matters, and he considers it well-nigh a Christian duty to imbibe at Easter. To imbibe too much at that season, as at New Year's and one or two other great feasts, is by no means held to impair a man's reputation for sobriety. It is surprising, however, how soberly the pleasures of the day are in general taken. As you sit at a table absorbing your own modest refreshment you are even struck by a certain stolidity in those about you. Perhaps it is partly due to the fact that the crowd is not

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purely Greek. Armenians are there, Bulgarians, Albanians, Turks too. Then many of the pilgrims are peasants come in ox-carts from outlying villages and dazzled a little by this urban press. They listen in pure delight to the music that pours from a hundred instruments. The crowning glory of such an occasion is to have a musician sit at the table with you, preferably a hand-organ man or a gypsy with his pipe. Gypsy women go about telling fortunes. "You are going to have great calamities," utters one darkly when you refuse to hear your fate. "Is that the way to get a piaster out of me?" you ask. "But afterward you will become very rich," she condescends to add. Other gypsies carry miniature marionette shows on their backs in glass cases. Wandering musicians tempt you to employ their arts. Venders of unimaginable sweets pick their way among the tables. Beggars exhibit horrible deformities and make artful speeches. "May you enjoy your youth!" is one. "May *you* know no bitternesses!" exclaims another with meaning emphasis. "May God forgive your dead," utters a third. "The world I hear but the world I do not see," cries a blind man melodramatically. "Little eyes I have none." Diminutives are much in favor among this gentry. And every two minutes some one comes with a platter or with a brass casket sealed with a big red seal and says, "Your assistance," adding "for the church," or "for the school," or "for the hospital," if you seem to fail to take in what is expected of you. Your assistance need not be very heavy, however, and you feel that you owe something in return for the pleasures of the occasion.

Joachim III, ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.

Beyond the circle of eating-places stretches an open field which is the scene of the more active enjoyment of the day. There the boat-swings beloved of Constantinople children are installed, together with merry-go-rounds, weights which one sends to the top of a pole by means of a hammer blow, and many another world-wide device for parting the holiday-maker and his money. One novel variant is an inclined wire, down which boys slide hanging from a pulley. Dancing is the favorite recreation of the men. When they happen to be Bulgars of Macedonia they join hands and circle about one of their number who plays the bagpipe. Every few steps the leader stops and, steadied by the man who holds the other end of his handkerchief, indulges in posturings expressive of supreme enjoyment. The *paschaliatico* of the Greeks is less curious but more graceful. After watching the other dances, picturesque as they are, one seems to come back with it to the old Greek sense of measure. And it is danced with a lightsomeness which is less evident with other races. The men put their hands on each other's shoulders and circle in a sort of barn-dance step to the strains of a *lanterna*. Of which more anon.

The feast of Our Lady of the Fishes is one of the greatest popular festivals in Constantinople. By no means, however, is it the only one of its kind. The cult of holy wells forms a chapter by itself in the observances of the Greek Church. This cult has an exceptional interest for those who have been touched by the classic influence, as offering one of the most visible points at which Christianity turned to its own use the customs of paganism. A holy well, an *ayâsma* as the Greeks call it, is nothing more or less than the sacred fount of antiquity. Did not Horace celebrate such a one in his ode to the *Fons Bandusiæ?* As a matter of fact a belief in naiads still persists among Greek peasants. And you can pay a lady no greater compliment than to tell her that she looks, or even that she cooks, like a nereid. For under that comprehensive name the

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nymphs are now known. But as guardians of sacred founts they, like some of the greater divinities, have been baptized with Christian names. There is an infinity of such springs in and about Constantinople. Comparatively few of them are so well housed as the *ayâsma* of Baloukli. Some of them are scarcely to be recognized from any profane rill in the open country, while others are in Turkish hands and accessible only on the day of the saint to which they are dedicated. On that day, and in the case of an *ayâsma* of some repute on the days before and after—unless the nearest Sunday determine otherwise—is celebrated the *paniyîri* of the patron of the spring. *Paniyîri*, or *panayîr*, has the same origin as our word panegyric. For the reading of the saint's panegyric is one of the religious exercises of the day. Which, like the early Christian agape and the contemporary Italian *festa*, is another survival of an older faith. But religious exercises are not the essential part of a *paniyîri* to most of those who take part in one. Nor need a *paniyîri* necessarily take place at a holy well. The number of them that do take place is quite fabulous. Still, as the joy of life was discovered in Greece, who shall blame the Greeks of to-day for finding so many occasions to manifest it? And it is natural that these occasions should oftenest arise during the clement half of the year, when the greater feasts of the church are done.

One of the earliest "panegyrics" of the season is that of *Aï Sarânda*, which is held on the 9th/22d of March. *Aï Sarânda* means Saint Forty to many good people, although others designate thereby the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste—now the Turkish city of Sivas. There is a spring dedicated to these worthies on the outskirts of Pera, between the place called The Stones and the palace of Dolma Baghcheh. I find it difficult to share the popular belief that the forty martyrs of Sivas ever had anything to do with this site. It is true that the pious Empress Pulcheria dug them up in the fifth century and transported them with great pomp to the church she built for them on the farther side of the Golden Horn. It is also true that their church was demolished shortly before the Turkish conquest, and its marbles used in fortifying the Golden Gate. But why should a Turkish tomb on the hillside above the *ayâsma* be venerated by the Greeks as the last resting-place of "Saint Forty"? Has it anything to do with the fact that the forty martyrs are commemorated at the vernal equinox, which happens to be the New Year of the Persians and which the Turks also observe?

Being ignorant of all these matters, my attention was drawn quite by accident to the tomb in question, by some women who were tying rags to the grille of a window. The act is common enough in the Levant, among Christians and Mohammedans alike. It signifies a wish on the part of the person who ties the rag, which should be torn from his own clothing. More specifically it is sometimes supposed to bind to the bar any malady with which he may happen to be afflicted. Near this grille was a doorway through which I saw people coming and going. I therefore decided to investigate. Having paid ten *paras* for that privilege to a little old Turk with a long white beard, I found myself in a typical Turkish *türbeh*. In the centre stood a ridged and turbaned catafalque, while Arabic inscriptions adorned the walls. I asked the *hoja* in attendance who might be buried there. He told me that the Greeks consider the tomb to be that of Saint Forty, while the Turks honor there the memory of a certain holy Ahmet. I would willingly have known more about this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of a saint; but others pressed behind me and the *hoja* asked if I were not going to circulate. He also indicated the left side of the catafalque as the place for me to begin. I accordingly walked somewhat leisurely around the room. When I came back to the *hoja* he surprised me not a little by throwing a huge string of wooden beads over my head, obliging me to step clear of them. He then directed me to circulate twice more. Which I did with more intelligence, he muttering some manner of invocation the while. The third time I was considerably delayed by a Greek lady with two little boys who carried toy balloons. The little boys and their balloon strings got tangled in the string of the big wooden beads, and one of the balloons broke away to the ceiling, occasioning fearful sounds of lamentation in the holy

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The Phanar is a favorite place of resort throughout the Easter holidays.—Page 493.

place. The *hoja* kept his temper admirably, however. He was not too put out to inform me that I owed him a piaster for the service he had rendered me. I begged his pardon for troubling to remind me, saying that I was a stranger. He politely answered that one must always learn a first time, adding that a piaster would not make me poor nor him rich. I reserved my opinion on the latter point when I saw how many of them he took in. At the foot of the catafalque a Turkish boy was selling tapers. I bought one, as it were an Athenian sacrificing to the unknown god, lighted it, and stuck it into the basin of sand set for the purpose. That done I considered myself free to admire the more profane part of the *panayír*.

Part of it covered the adjoining slopes, where peaceably inclined spectators, including Turkish women not a few, might also contemplate the blossoming peach-trees that added their color to the occasion and the farther panorama of Bosphorus and Marmora. But the crux of the proceedings was in a small hollow below the tomb. I must confess that I shrank from joining the press of the faithful about the grotto of the sacred fount. I contented myself with hovering on their outskirts. A black group of priestly cylinders marked the densest part of the crowd, and near them a sheaf of candles burned strangely in the clear spring sunlight. A big refreshment tent was pitched not too far away to receive the overflow of devotion, reaching out canvas arms to make further space for tables and chairs. The faded green common to Turkish tents was lined with dark red, appliquéd to which were panels of white flower-pots and flowers. I wondered if the tent man wittingly repeated this note of the day. For flowers were everywhere in evidence. Lilacs, tulips, hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and narcissi were on sale under big green canvas umbrellas at the edge of the hollow, while every other pilgrim who came away from the *ayásma* carried a bottle of the holy water in one hand and a spring flower in the other.

Interesting as is the *panayír* of the forty martyrs, it does not rank with the later and greater spring festival of Saint

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The Kourds . . . set up a tent, in front of which a space is partially enclosed. —Page 493.

George. This also has Turkish affiliations, at least in Constantinople and Macedonia. Both races count Saint George's Day, April 23/May 6, the official beginning of summer—of the good time, as modern Greek pleasantly puts it. The Turks, however, dedicate the day to one Hidr Elyess. But it is not too difficult to relate this somewhat vague personage to our more familiar friend Elijah, who in his character of Saint Elias shares with Saint George the mantle of Apollo. Nor is the heavenly charioteer the only one of the Olympians whose cult survives to-day among their faithful people. The Hebrew prophet would doubtless have been much astonished to learn that he was to be the heir of a Greek god. He owes it partly to the similarity of his name to the Greek word for sun and partly to the chariot of fire that carried him out of the world. As for "the infamous George of Cappadocia," as Gibbon denominates the patron saint of our ancestral island, his part in the heritage of Apollo is due to his dragon, cousin-german to the python of the Far Darter. The sanctuaries of these two Christian legatees of Olympus have replaced those of Apollo on all hilltops, while their name-days are those when men feasted of old the return and the midsummer splendor of the sun.

The place among places to celebrate Saint George's Day is Prinkipo. That delicious island deserves a book to itself. Indeed, I believe several have been written about it. One of them is by a political luminary of our own firmament who flamed for a moment across the Byzantine horizon and whose counterfeit presentment, in a bronze happily less enduring than might be, hails the motormen of Astor Place, New York. Sunset Cox's work bears the ingratiating title of "The Pleasures of Prinkipo; or, The Diversions of a Diplomat"—if that is the order of the alternatives. The pleasures of Prinkipo are many as its red and white sage roses; but none of them are more characteristic than to climb the Sacred Way through olive and cypress and pine to the little monastery crowning the higher hill of the island and to take part in the ceremonies of rejoicing over the return

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of the sun. This is a *paniyíri* much frequented by the people of the Marmora, who come in their fishing-boats from distant villages of the marble sea. Their costumes become annually more corrupt, I am pained to state; but there are still visible among them ladies in print, sometimes even in rich velvet, trousers of a fulness, wearing no hat but a painted muslin handkerchief over the hair and adorned with dowries in the form of strung gold coins. They do not all come to make merry. Among them are not a few ill or deformed, who hope a miracle from good Saint George. You may see them lying pale and full of faith on the strewn bay of the little church. They are allowed to pass the night there, in order to absorb the virtue of the holy place. I have even known of a sick child's clothes being left in the church a year in hope of saving its life.

But these are only incidents in the general tide of merrymaking. Eating and drinking, music and dance, go on without interruption for three days and three nights. The music is made in many ways, of which the least popular is certainly not the way of the *lanterna*. The *lanterna* is a kind of hand-organ, a hand-piano rather, of Italian origin but with an accent and an interspersing of bells peculiar to Constantinople. It should attract the eye as well as the ear, usually by means of the portrait of some beauteous being set about with a garland of artificial flowers. And it is engineered by two young gentlemen in fezes of an extremely dark red, in short black jackets or in bouffant shirt-sleeves of some magnificent print, with a waistcoat more double-breasted than you ever saw and preferably worn unbuttoned; also in red or white girdles, in trousers that flare toward the bottom like a sailor's, and in shoes or slippers that should have no counter. Otherwise the rules demand that the counter be turned under the wearer's heel. Thus accoutred he bears his *lanterna* on his back from patron to patron and from one *panayír* to another. His companion carries a camp-stool, whereon to rest his instrument while turning the handle hour in and hour out. I happen, myself, to be not a little subject to the spell of music. I have trembled before Fitzner, Kneisel, and Sevcik quartets and I have touched infinity under the subtlest bows and batons of my time. Yet I must confess that I am able to listen

Fringes of colored paper are strung from house to house. —Page 500.

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to a *lanterna* without displeasure. On one occasion I listened to many of them, accompanied by pipes, drums, gramophones, and wandering violins, for the whole of a May night on Saint George's hilltop in Prinkipo. What is more, I understood in myself how the Dionysiac frenzy was fed by the cymbals of the mænads, and I resented all the inhibitions of a New England origin that kept me from joining the dancers. Some of them were the Laz porters of the island, whose exhausting measure was more appropriate to such an orgy than to Easter Monday. Others were women, for once. But they kept demurely to themselves, apparently untouched by any corybantic fury. The same could not be said of their men, whose dancing was not always decent. They were bareheaded, or wore a handkerchief twisted about their hair like a fillet, and among them were faces that might have looked out of an Attic frieze. It gave one the strangest sense of the continuity of things. In the lower darkness a few faint lights were scattered. One wondered how, to them, must seem the glare and clangor of this island hilltop, ordinarily so silent and deserted. The music went up to the quiet stars, the revellers danced unwearying, a half-eaten moon slowly lighted the dark sea, a spring air moved among the pines, and then a grayness came into the east, near the Bithynian Olympus, and at last the god of hilltops rode into a cloud-barred sky.

The second feast of Apollo takes place at midsummer, namely on Saint Elias's Day (July 20/August 2). Arnaoutkyöi is where it may be most profitably admired. Arnaoutkyöi, Albanian Village, is the Turkish name of a thriving suburb which the Greeks call Great Current, from the race of the Bosphorus past its long point. It perhaps requires a fanatical eye to discover anything Apollonic in that lively settlement. No one will gainsay, however, that the joy of life is visible and audible enough in Arnaoutkyöi during the first three days of August. There also is a sacred way, leading out of an odoriferous ravine to a high place and a grove whither all men gather in the heat of the day to partake of the water of a holy well. But waters less sanctified begin to flow more freely as night draws on, along the cool quay and in the purlieus thereof. Fringes of colored paper are strung from house to house, flags hang out of windows or across the street, wine-shops are splendid with banners, rugs, and garlands of bay, and you may be sure that the sound of the *lanterna* is not unheard in the land. The perfection of festivity is to attach one of these inspiriting instruments to your person for the night. The thing may be done for a dollar or two. You then take a table at a café and order with your refreshments a candle, which you light and cause to stand with a little of its own grease. In the meantime perhaps you buy as many numbers as your means will allow out of a bag offered you by a young gentleman with a watermelon under his arm, hoping to find among them the mystic number that will make the melon your own. But you never do. When your candle has burned out—or even before, if you be so prodigal—you move on with your *lanterna* to another café. And so wears the short summer night away.

To the sorrow of those who employ Greek labor, but to the joy of him who dabbles in Greek folklore, *paniyíria* increase in frequency as summer draws to a close. The picturesque village of Candilli, opposite Arnaoutkyöi—and any church dedicated to the *Metamorphosis*—is the scene of an interesting one on Transfiguration Day (August 6/19). No good Greek eats grapes till after the Transfiguration. At the mass of that morning baskets of grapes are blessed by the priests and afterward passed around the church. I know not whether some remnant of a bacchic rite be in this solemnity. It so happens that the delicious *chaoush* grapes of Constantinople, which have spoiled me for all others that I know, ripen about that time. But as the blessing of the waters drives away the *kallikántzari*, so the blessing of the grapes puts an end to the evil influence of the *thrymais*. The *thrymais* are probably descended from the dryads of old. Only they now haunt the water, instead of the trees, and their influence is baleful during the first days of August. Clothes washed then are sure to rot, while the fate of him so bold as to bathe during those days is to break out into sores.

The next great feast is that of the Assumption, which is preceded by a fort-

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night's fast. Those who would see its panegyric celebrated with due circumstance should row on the 28th of August to Yenikeuy and admire the plane-shaded avenue of that fashionable village, decorated in honor of the occasion and musical with mastic glasses and other instruments of sound. A greater *panayír*, however, takes place a month later in the pleasant meadows of Gyök Sou, known to Europe as the Sweet Waters of Asia. Two feasts indeed, the Nativity of the Virgin and the Exaltation of the Cross (September 8/21 and 14/27), then combine to make a week of rejoicing. There is nothing to be seen at Gyök Sou that may not be seen at other fêtes of the same kind. I do recollect, though, a dance of Anatolian peasants in a ring, who held each other first by the little finger, then by the hand, then by the elbow, and lastly by the shoulder. And the amphoræ of the local pottery works in which people carry away their holy water give the rites of the *ayásma* a classic air. But this *panayír* has an ampler setting than the others, in its green river valley dotted with great trees. And it enjoys an added importance because it is to all practical purposes the last of the season. No one can count on being able to make merry out of doors on Saint Demetrius' Day (October 26/November 8). Saint Demetrius is as interesting a personality as Saint George. He also is an heir of divinity, for on him, curiously enough, have devolved the responsibilities of the goddess Demeter. He is the patron of husbandmen, who discharge laborers and lease fields on his day. Among working people his is a favorite season for matrimony. I know not how it is that some sailors will not go to sea after *Aï thimítri*, until the waters have been blessed at Epiphany. Perhaps it is that he marks for Greeks and Turks alike the beginning of winter, being known to the latter as Kassim. This division of the seasons is clearly connected with the Pelasgian myth of Demeter. The feast of her successor I have never found particularly interesting, at least as it is celebrated at Kourou Cheshmeh. I always remember it, however, for an altar festooned about with a battered sculpture of rams' heads grapes, and indistinguishable garlands. Very likely no sacrifice to Demeter was ever laid on that old marble, as it pleases me to imagine. But it stands half buried in the earth near the mosque of the village, a curiously vivid symbol of the contrasts and survivals that are so much of the interest of Constantinople.

These *paniyíria* are only a few of an inexhaustible list, for every church and spring has its own. I have not even mentioned certain famous ones that are not easily visited. Of this category, though less famous than the fairs of Darija, Pyrgos, or Silivri, is the feast of the *Panayía Mavromolítissa*. This madonna in the church of Arnaoutkyöi is a black icon reputed to have been found in the fields at the mouth of the Black Sea. Every year on the 5th of September she is carried back in a cortège of fishing-boats—weeping, it is said—by priests and well-wishers who hold a picnic *panayír* in the vicinity of the Cyanean Rocks. I have not spoken, either, of Ascension Day, which it is proper to celebrate by taking your first sea bath. Or of Saint John's Day, known by its bonfires and divinations. The Greeks often burn in the fires of Saint John one or two effigies which are said to represent Judas, though Herod and Salome should rather perish on that occasion. Then there is May Day, when young men and maidens get up early in the morning, as they do in Italy, and go out into the fields to sing, to dance, to drink milk, to pick flowers, and to make wreaths which the swain hangs up on the door-post of the lady of his heart. And equally characteristic, in a different way, are the days when men eat and drink in honor of their dead. No one, I suppose, tries any longer to prove that the modern Greek is one with his classic ancestor. Yet he remains curiously faithful to the customs of ancient Greece. Whereby he affords us an interesting glimpse into the processes of evolution. In him the antique and the modern world come together and we see for ourselves, more clearly than on the alien soil of the West, how strangely habit is rooted in the heart of man, and how the forms of Christianity are those of the paganism that preceded it.

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"Carrambos! Thees messaage, it is expect!"—Page 510.

SPARKS OF THE WIRELESS

By Walter S. Hiatt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. A. SHAFER

THE youths of the world are running away to sea again.

But yesterday the sea had lost its romance, had become a place of prosaic travelling from an icy port to a hot one, with the tying up at the coal-blackened dock the most fanciful adventure of the voyage. The pirates, alas, had gone to work. There was naught left of the wondrous days of old but the yarns found in the pages of "The Pilot," "Peter Simple," "Treasure Island." The American lad had quit the sea these thirty years. It had hardly kept a place in his dreams; and the word was being passed that the white lad the world around was forgetting the sea.

Lo! a tiny dot, a dash or two, cuts through the air, over the sea, and all is changed—once more as it should be. To the sea was thus reclaimed enchanted,

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wandering fancy, and to-day thousands of American, English, German, French, and Italian youths are again treading the heaving deck on the high sea.

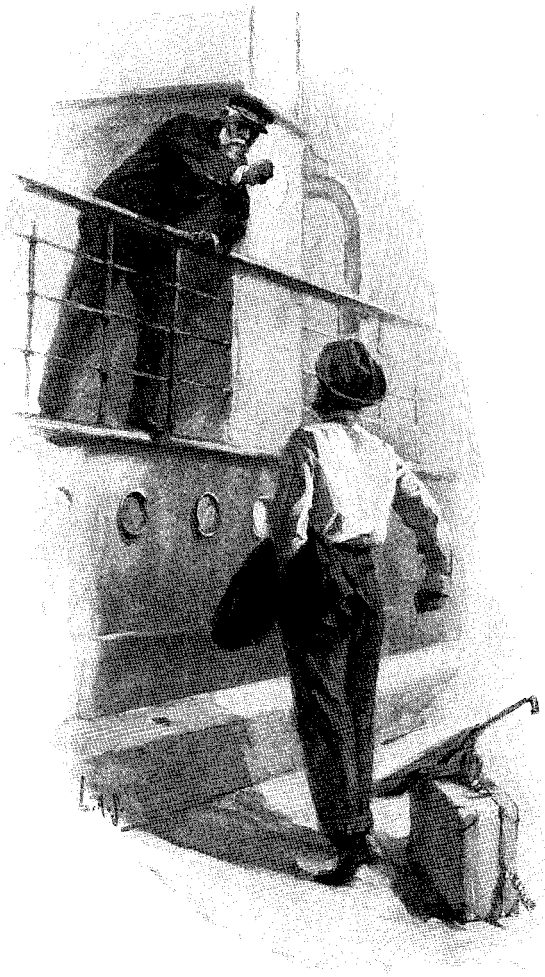
The new lad aboard ship is Sparks. He may be nineteen and lay claim to one and twenty; he may have hoped to begin life as an Indian-fighter.

But Wireless has made of him a spanking ship's operator, one who dreams of ether waves and transmitters, condensers, transformers, and anchor spark gaps; an operator who can, if need there be, speak a language for any tongue, play a tune on his antenna that will ride out the most terrible of gales, bring succor to the weakest ship, snatch its prey from the wildest sea.

Sparks is not tied down in restive captivity to one port or ship. His power is only short of divine. He may leap over the sea and the mountains, where he listeth. If there are no messages to send for captain or passenger, if the steady brightness of the stars blooming above and the regular roar of the waves broken under the bow make the watch to drag, he may call up a friend hundreds of miles to leeward, ask the latest news from home, make plans to meet at port six months hence and have a jolly lark ashore, when confidences can be exchanged without every gossiper afloat and every amateur on land listening in.

A fellow doesn't mind telling the whole world about the persecutions of the skipper and the bad bunking and worse food on board—but there *are* some things to be kept sacred. Girls? Of course not!

If perchance Sparks is ploughing Pacific waters, say on a tramp bound around the Horn, laden deep with grain and no port to make in the ten thousand miles this side of Dunkirk, he may break the monotony of marmalade and toast, scowling skipper and raging waves, by calling up the station on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile, and ask after Robinson Crusoe's goats, his vine-clad fort, his boats, and all the rest so plainly set down on printed page.



"You lack manners, sir," shouted Cameron when he got to the dock.—Page 505.

Truly what a wonderful life leads Sparks and truly what a wonderful fellow he is!

A right bold sea-dog is Sparks and he leads the captain a sad life. Is it Sparks or is it the captain who commands the ship?

"Why, sir, I'm growing old before my time, what with reports and owner's complaints, cargo that shifts, logs that read awry," grumbled one Old Man. "And

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now I have *this* to look after. A fellow comes aboard my ship and by the swagger of him I'm but an air wave."

It is when skippers are in such frame of mind that poor Sparks learns why so many other boys quit going to sea in the good old days.

Because a fellow happens to be in a hurry, to forget that the skipper is a high and mighty person, and asks him offhand, "I say, captain, do you want to send out any dope to-night?" that is no reason to set you to pacing the deck in a disgraceful rope ring for an hour, with an added quarter each time you touch a ventilator or the rail. I should say not!

Then, there are times when no self-respecting fellow can hold his tongue. Take the case of Cameron. *He* showed the Old Man of the *Iroquois* how to respect a Wireless operator. Cameron is known from Point Barrow to the ice barriers of the Antarctic as a competent operator. The night he left that old tub in Seattle, she had taken on a whole deck-load of sheep. Sheep were even stowed about the Wireless cabin. There was a holy stench, let me tell you. Cameron wasn't to blame.

So he up and tells the Old Man that them sheep has *got* to come from around his cabin. Did not his contract call for a first-class berth? Well, the *Iroquois* was just about to cast off her lines, ready for sea. "The tide is making, sir," the first was bellowing from the fo'c's'le head when Cameron went to the bridge.

"If you're not suited aboard *my* ship, Mr. Cameron," says the Old Man, "why, you can take your things and go ashore and confound you!" But he was that put out, he went to Cameron's cabin and

Gayly kicked up his heels, tossed poor Sparks to earth, and bent his way homeward.—Page 507.

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helped him get his things ashore. He afterward bragged he threw Cameron, "his umbrella, his valise, coats, pants, and collars, all in a heap, right over the side upon the dock." Anyway, it was not what you would call a friendly parting.

"You lack manners, sir," shouted Cameron when he got to the dock. Those were his very words. My! how mad they made that skipper!

It must be that skippers are jealous. When they are about to wreck their ships, it is always the Wireless men that save them. Then the passengers and the newspapers tell how Sparks acted like a hero. That's the way it is.

Take the eighty passengers of the *Camino*. They know how to appreciate fellows like Cameron. After clearing from Portland, ten miles off Astoria she ran into a stiff southerly gale which was soon banging away at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and God help the vessel in its path! Waves piled up, swept the battened decks, wrecked and carried away the winches and all the tackle forward. The passengers gathered in the saloon, praying and weeping, while the storm raged. The steady plunging forward of the ship, lifting her heels out of water, kept the screw spinning in vacant air so viciously it finally broke short off and dropped to the bottom.

Then the despised Sparks was told to call for help, to send out the S.O.S. of distress. With the ship drifting and the waves breaking over broadside, when it was worth your life to go on deck, Sparks repaired his disabled antenna; he braved each bolt of lightning, apt to dart down his wires to the head-phones and strike him senseless at the key.

Finally, forth into the air sputtered the call that brought the *Watson*. The *Camino* was towed into San Francisco harbor, with every soul safe on board. You bet those passengers were glad. They voted Sparks the ablest seaman of the lot and his antenna wires, stretched from masthead to masthead, the handsomest part of the ship.

It's in such times as this that Sparks loves to go to sea. Even the Old Man is then his friend. Though the brave captain may be broken-hearted at the thought of losing his commission for not having done more than human could do, he is sure to speak a good word for Sparks at the company offices.

What letters they are that these mothers get! How their hearts tremble at the reading!—Page 508.

The running away of Sparks to sea, however, is not done to-day as formerly. If bred on this side of the water, he cannot jump over the back-yard fence and make for the nearest ship. He must quiet the fever in his veins, still the quick heart-beat that brings the sparkle to the eye and the bloom to the cheek, until he has passed certain school examinations. But such a school!

The uninitiated peeping in would mistake the scholars for apprentice divers, arrayed as they are with helmet-like headpieces. A glimpse reveals the yearning of these youth to become operators. The generators and dynamos, booming and cracking as they feed the wires with the

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electric currents that pass into the ether as pebbles in a pool, would alone capture the youthful imagination.

Then, there are other bewildering pieces of apparatus—telegraph-keys, switches, tuners, automatic message-stampers, circuit diagrams—on the walls maps of the world splashed with red dots of wireless stations, charts to show the position of all ships at sea.

Since the passage of laws by nations requiring two operators aboard passenger-ships, to take watch and watch about, a dozen schools have been established to train operators. These schools are in Germany, in France, in England. In the United States there are no less than half a dozen. Some of these schools are maintained by the commercial companies supplying ships with equipment and men. The United States Navy maintains one at Brooklyn, another at San Francisco, and in both government licenses are granted to any amateur or professional operator, after a rigid examination.

Wireless is a veritable disease with the American student. Some of them, long before entering these schools, work at all sorts of jobs, whitewashing neighbors' fences, carrying coals, running errands, to get money to build their own amateur stations. In cities, where landlords are captious and refuse to let antenna wires mingle with clothes-lines on the roofs, the boys not infrequently use brass bedsteads in the attics as antennæ.

So going to a wireless school is dearer than play to them. Mother may have intended Sparks for a minister, father for a drug clerk, and uncle for a grocery man; but no bond can bind such a heart's desire. It is students of such fervor that are sought to enlist in the navy or sign contracts with the commercial companies.

At the school there is constant practice in distress signalling. The ship in distress is by rule entirely in charge of the situation and must not be interfered with, not spoken to unless in reply to messages. Thus, the Sparks in distress sends out: "S.O.S., K.P.N.," the last three letters being his ship letter. He collects his answers, selects the ship nearest, tells others to stand by and others to proceed. This team work is exacting, sometimes exciting to distraction.

One day a new Sparks related this awful tale of woe: "We have sunk by the head. All on board lost."

"Send us a letter about it, then," answered a facetious operator.

After two or three months at the school, attending lectures on electromagnetism, wireless engineering, learning the Continental code, the repair of equipment under difficulties, Sparks goes up for his license. The examination is in deadly earnest, too. He must know as much about Wireless as captains and pilots of ship navigation. A not unimportant requirement of the license is secrecy in respect to all messages. Once the license is granted, if he elects the merchant-ship trade, he signs on with a commercial company at a beginner's salary of thirty dollars a month and all found.

Then it's ho! and away for the wide ports of romance. He goes as assistant to a chief Sparks, to be sure, but he goes. He explores all the mysteries of the ship, of the seas, and the islands and lands bordering thereupon. The sea becomes his home, with the land as an excuse for stopping now and again. He learns how to walk with a tremendous roll, to speak lightly of mountain waves, to smoke black cigars of Havana, the lighter ones of Sumatra, to drink Madeira wines, to eat green cocoanuts and bananas and yet live; he learns to forget, too, the dusty front of Marseilles, the lonely, dreary weeks around the Cape. War, famine, luxury, shipwreck, are all taken in good part.

There was the investigating Sparks who went ashore to see the sights at Tampico. The "static" of the atmosphere was such that he could not talk with friends at sea, the ship was no place to stop, what with the heat, the mess made by the loading of sugar, the noise of the winches, and the bustle of getting her ready for sea. Going ashore, Sparks met a mate who told him he should ride up-country to visit the grave of a dead patriot and buried hero.

Sparks went to a livery man. Did he have a nice mount? *Did* he? He had the swiftest, the gentlest, the most docile donkey ever bred outside of Spain. So Sparks mounted and plunged inland, until he reached the graveside, hidden by coarse grass, overrun with ants and scorpions and beetles. He reverently began to copy the inscription in his note-book: "QUE SEA SU JUEZ DIOS" (Let God be his judge).

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While Sparks was stooping, better to read the rest, the swiftest, gentlest donkey, possibly being of a different political faith from the patriot, gayly kicked up his heels, tossed poor Sparks to earth, and

traffic-manager's office, whence operators meet and are assigned to ships.

"Hello! Jenkins. So you're the man I've been talking to these three years and never yet set eyes upon. That's a great

You let one such put on your ear-phones, you guide her hand at the sending key.—Page 511.

bent his way homeward. Sparks, failing of finding another mount, reached the city next morning, footsore and worn, to find that his ship had sailed without him. Did he rail at the heartless skipper? Not he. "Let God be his judge," he declared sententiously and set about seeking, without too much concern, a berth on a ship bound for New York, there to report for another ship at the home office.

The spirit of voyages never-ending, of adventures impossible, hovers about the

yarn you told me down in the Caribbean about the Kingston negro who got a shock walking under the antenna with a steel cane. . . ."

"Well! well! well! And this is the sport I landed in the business. I hear you handed it to the Old Man when he asked you to call up the *Don Juan de Austria* and beg the loan of the key to the keelson. What was your answer? I remember now. You told him you were busy frying flying-fish on your antenna for supper, and when you got that little job fin-

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ished, you intended to find out what became of the waste ether dots. I guess he found you weren't so green, at that. . . ."

"Boys! look at the bulletin-board! 'The next operator reported at this office for swearing anywhere within three hundred miles of the port of New York will be severely dealt with. All improper conversation among operators *must* cease.' Listen to this: '*Please* note that the s/s *Kiruna*, call letters S.F.N., of the Rederiaktiebolaget Lulea-Ofoten, has been equipped with wireless apparatus, to be operated by the Société Anonyme Internationale de Telegraphie Sans Fil.' Here's more of the same: 'Please note that the call letter of the s/s *Bahia Castillo* of the Hamburg sud-Amerikanische Dampschiffahrts Gesellschaft is D.B.K.' They hand us stuff like this to remember and then they wonder why fellows get mad and let off steam. . . ."

"When I was at Calcutta, I did a good turn for an old fakir and he took a shine to me. He said he'd let me know when he died. That was three years ago and, will you believe me, this voyage home, a thousand miles at sea, he rung a bell—the astral bell!—right in my cabin, and told me he was dying. He knew the code all right. . . . Well, if you fellows won't believe me . . . It's true. No ghost story at all. . . ."

"Yes, the lad at Fame Point died. They said he had heart trouble. *I* believe it was pure homesickness, that's what I believe. . . ."

"He was always a queer sort. When he got the message of his mother's death, he wrote it right out and started to deliver it to a passenger. He didn't know it was for him, couldn't believe it. You see, his mother had just been planning to have him stop ashore at home with her for a spell around Christmas-time. He had not been home for a year and more. . . ."

While the chatter is running along in this wise, a lad comes tramping in, the fresh mists of the sea still clinging about his face. His ship, the *Santa Rosalia*, has come to port, via Seattle, the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, Bordeaux, and Liverpool. She is going into dry dock for two or three weeks. So he is packed off to take a passenger-ship to Bermuda. "Glory be!" he shouts, in full joy. This is the first time he has had a passenger-ship for a year. He makes for his cabin on the freighter, expresses some French laces and curio to mother and sister, packs up, and goes to his new ship—is off for flirtations on the sly, to answer foolish questions in pretty mouths about Wireless.

A strapping man comes in from the navy-yard. He is almost nineteen, has just passed his license examination, and is yearning for a ship. He can speak French, so he is assigned to the *Themistocles*, sailing on the morrow for Grecian ports, to carry volunteers to the war. He rushes home to pack.

"To the war, mother! Think of the fun I'll have!" What mother thinks is something quite different. But these mothers are brave. She slips, unawares, a little book of prayers among his things, sees that he has plenty of clean clothes, kisses her boy, and makes him promise to be good. "And *do* write me often, son," she begs on the door-step. What letters they are that these mothers get! How their hearts tremble at the reading——

"Well, we got there and put guns on our ship and they made me a naval operator. We had a fight and they run us ashore but I sent a wireless and one of our ships came and chased them away. Another time the Turks got us and put irons on me and I thought they were going to shoot us but they didn't because we got exchanged and now I am back on another ship. So everything is all right. You needn't worry about me though I do wish I had some more clean clothes. . . ."

It's only when you go to war that a fellow takes a chance. Of course. The sea is safe if you are in a safe ship. All the Sparkses afloat write this assurance home to mother from every port. They leave untold the stories of the brawlers who lie in wait at dark corners, in the foul alleyways, who strip men of the ship and throw their bodies into the quiet river. They forget about the collision, the blow amidships some foggy night, when a ship goes to the bottom like a rock.

Take the case of the steamer *Narrung*. Sparks had to leave mother the very day before Christmas. It was the fault of the Old Man, who hurried the longshoremen in loading her. But he got paid back for it. After she left Tilbury dock, bound for the Cape and Australia, she had head

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Sometimes Sparks quits going to sea for another reason yet.—Page 511.

winds in the Channel and worse ones outside. In the Bay of Biscay the green seas began sweeping the ship from stem to stern. Twenty miles off Ushant, all hands thought she would founder, surely.

It was a time to pick your own burying-ground, with a shroud of brine. Her iron decks forward ripped up and crumpled back before the force of those waves like so much tinfoil. Truly an honest man's weather. There was no turning her about in the teeth of that gale. The Old Man told Sparks to send out his S.O.S. It was freezing cold, so cold that he had to hold one hand to steady the other. The ship was pitching so that his wave metres varied every thirty seconds. But he got his auxiliary set working and shoved out that message just the same. The *Bavaria* and the *Negada* answered and this gave the Old Fussy his nerve back. He'd rather drown and go to the bottom than pay salvage. So he began turning that ship about. Before that gale and those waves breaking over, the *Narrung* reeled so the lookout came just short of dropping from the crow's-nest. There was an hour and twenty minutes of this work and she was got about at last. She proceeded to Gravesend harbor.

Sparks had been on duty and without sleep for fifty hours or such matter, but he rolled over the side and went home to spend New Year's with mother—which was almost as good as Christmas, being unexpected. He told mother the captain caught cold, or forgot his watch, or gave some other good reason for putting back. Why worry dear mother?

The iron, never-say-die spirit of the Seven Seas perforce creeps into the blood of Sparks. It is a world of give and take, oftener taking than giving, and one must learn its ways. Thus, when the operators on Sable Island saw the fine ship *Eric* cast ashore by a wild March tempest, one of their number beat through the breakers aboard of her with a small wireless outfit —she having none—to transmit the messages that might yet save her.

He braved the waves breaking over her, worked like a fury, clambered to the masts,

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strung his antenna, and began sending the messages to the *Aberdeen*, the *Bridgwater*, and the *Seal*, which came and stood by, waiting a chance to salvage the ship, or at least save her three thousand nine hundred tons of pretty Argentine maize. A night and a day this Sparks worked, until the pounding broke the *Eric* in twain and he had to make a rare race back to shore.

Upon the straightaway dangers of the sea are often piled the devious ones of man. Sparks may be set aboard a ship to help save her, in time of distress, because, being old and leaky and unseaworthy, with a weak hull or a too heavy engine in her, her owners are ashamed to even ask for insurance. Such vessels are often used in trading, about which no questions should, in all fairness, be asked. It may be to the slave coasts or again in sly filibustering expeditions, when arms are needed by one band of patriots to quell the ardor of another such band. In this latter fall, Sparks is useful in transmitting code messages to a friendly Sparks ashore.

A certain Sparks wears a sparkling diamond as a souvenir of a certain voyage in a certain wooden tub, full of leaks and daylight. She left New York to carry vegetables to the starving city of Brunswick, Ga. The vegetables were done up in coffin-like cases, safely stowed away in the hold from the observation of a Spanish crew that came aboard at the hour of sailing. It was a long voyage down the coast and so confusing that the captain brought up in the islands near Progresso.

Sparks was awakened from the fitful slumber of a seething tropic night and asked to get in touch with the Sparks ashore. This he did. At dawn a swarthy band of little soldiers and politicians swarmed aboard. Some of them came and smoked cigarettes with Sparks and examined "this thing wire." El general bustled into the wireless cabin, while hatches were being broken open below and arms distributed. He wanted a message sent. The fate of a nation hung by it. Sparks could not get his instrument to work.

El general danced up and down. "Carrambos! Thees messaage, it is expect!" Sparks located the trouble. The tiny carbon silicon detector had been broken by the curious visitors. As he started to explain this to el general, he noted that the little brown man wore a huge flat diamond in his cravat. Sparks demanded it. The diamond was carbon too. El general gave up the diamond and Sparks was able to send and receive in good order. "You one great mans! I you have saved!" cried the general. Sparks also saved the diamond. Later he asked the operator on shore when the general would return for his jewelry. "Keep it," was the answer. "His soul is at rest. He will never claim it."

The other Sparkses wink slyly when this yarn is told. Can it be possible that the ancient and honored fibbing habit of Jack Tar is inevitably connected with the sea?

Odd are the tales cast up by the ether sea. A laborer on Swan Island in the Gulf of Mexico, one of the banana chain to the tropics, had his foot crushed in a tramcar accident. A surgical operation was necessary, but surgeon there was none. The Sparks of the island wireless station had an idea. He sent out a distress call, far and wide, which was answered by the Ward Line steamer *Esperanza*, four hundred and twenty miles away.

He explained his case. Could the ship's doctor help! The captain and the ship's doctor held a consultation. It would be a pity for the ship to turn from her course and lose thousands of dollars by the delay. The losing of a man's life would also be a pity. "Let me handle the case by wireless," volunteered the doctor. So he sat himself down in the wireless cabin and sent a call for all details of the case. Then, message by message, he directed the way to deaden the pain, the amputation of the foot, each stroke of the knife, the binding of the arteries to prevent loss of blood, the washing of the wound with antiseptics. When the operation was over, he kept in touch, by wireless relay from ship to ship, with his patient until danger of blood-poisoning was by.

The Crusoe-like life of Sparks ashore in these out-of-the-way corners of the world lacks the changing joys and vicissitudes of Ralph Rover afloat. A daily diet of flaming sunsets and sunrises, of blue seas and resplendent luxuriance of vegetation, has not the compensations of even famine and shipwreck. In the sombre northern stations the life of Sparks is dreary to a detail. Sometimes restlessness gets a strangle-hold.

It was under such urgence that a mes-

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sage of distress was sent out by a Sparks from the station at Estevan Point, British Columbia. To a vessel answering, he stated that his wife and children were down with the fever and that he needed quinine. When the vessel came off shore and sent out a boat, Sparks kept the crew overtime—just talking. As he could not produce the sick family, the wrothy captain reported the matter and Sparks lost his job. But what cared he? A wanderer born, he wandered to the Fiji Island station, then to New Zealand, and finally back to the Pacific coast.

The operator at Katella, Fox Island, Alaska, it is related, rather than face a winter alone, contrived to keep sixty men marooned on the island for a spell. The men were there working for a contemplated railroad when the winter fell too soon, so they could not leave overland. Sparks was glad of their company, so glad that he did not send out a distress message to bring help for them until famine threatened the party. His reluctant S.O.S. brought the old steamer *Portland*.

Then Sparks wrote in his log, "Left alone for the winter," an act which required as much grim courage as that of the captain who seals his log with the loss of his ship as the last entry.

Sparks meets with real adventures now and then, just like those of the fellows on a lively shore, in this wandering about the world: adventures of the heart, adventures that lead somewhere, that are not at once swallowed up in unfathomable air or trackless waste of water. If you are the Sparks of a tramp ship, you visit Oporto, Barcelona, Palermo, Antwerp, Callao, Montreal, Galveston—all the queer names in the geography are down as your ports of call.

Always curious maidens of wondrous beauty come aboard to see the wireless wonder. You let one such put on your ear-phones, you guide her hand at the sending key. How good and sweet she seems, how her presence adorns and purifies that staid, dingy old craft! You are invited ashore to church, to dinner. There are songs at the piano, the air is all sentiment. She seems yet more good and sweet. You tell her so—and there you are!

Such matters fall out even more frequently at sea aboard the passenger-ships. Mothers and giggling daughters come trooping merrily along the boat-deck, or the wider, roomier sun-deck. "Oh! here's the wireless room. Simply wonderful, isn't it? May we come in? Thanks. What a lot of wire you need to send a wireless message! How far are we from land? Two miles straight down—isn't that a good joke! So that line aft really doesn't steady the ship? How curious! Just a fishing-line, and the fish are not biting to-day, because it's Friday."

While they race along in this vein, you note the quiet, brown-eyed one by the door who doesn't ask a single question. She's the kind of a girl that makes your heart jump. When the others leave, you manage to ask her if she really would not like to stay and watch the wireless work. You exchange names, you write each other after the voyage is over. Finally, you decide to give up this wandering over the seas like a sodden derelict. You get a job ashore and settle down and live like other fellows.

Sometimes Sparks quits going to sea for another reason yet. These commonplace happenings at sea, called adventures by landsmen, take a more serious turn at times, have an import altogether uncalculated. A ship grounds in a thick fog on some desolate rock, as in the case of the *Ohio* in Finlayson Channel.

You keep the antenna cracking out your S.O.S. till the deck is awash, till help comes. Then, in the confusion of oaths and cries, of rushing to and fro, of frantic, animal-like struggles for safety, as you are about to take the last boat, you see a helpless mother or a dazed man.

You stay to lend a hand, there is a slight, staggering, pitching motion of a ship in her last agonies; waves leap and dance about you; then a dull, sucking roar. . . .

Later mother and sweetheart come to bury you, so they say—as Eccles of the *Ohio* at Altamonte, or Phillips of the *Titanic* at Godalming—where the water flows and the grass is green; perchance a fountained monument is raised in some Battery Park to your undying fame.

You are then gone—as say mother and sweetheart—free to wander at large, further, in the more mysterious ports of the ether ocean.

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ARTIST AND PUBLIC

By Kenyon Cox

IN the history of art, as in the history of politics and in the history of economics, our modern epoch is marked off from all preceding epochs by one great event, the French Revolution. Fragonard, who survived that revolution to lose himself in a new and strange world, is the last of the old masters; David, some sixteen years his junior, is the first of the moderns. Now, if we look for the most fundamental distinction between our modern art and the art of past times, I believe we shall find it to be this: the art of the past was produced for a public that wanted it and understood it, by artists who understood and sympathized with their public; the art of our time has been, for the most part, produced for a public that did not want it and misunderstood it, by artists who disliked and despised the public for which they worked. When artist and public were united, art was homogeneous and continuous. Since the divorce of artist and public, art has been chaotic and convulsive.

That this divorce between the artist and his public—this dislocation of the right and natural relations between them—has taken place, is certain. The causes of it are many and deep-lying in our modern civilization, and I can point out only a few of the more obvious ones.

The first of these is the emergence of a new public. The art of past ages had been distinctively an aristocratic art, created for kings and princes, for the free citizens of slave-holding republics, for the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy of the church, or for a luxurious and frivolous nobility. As the aim of the Revolution was the destruction of aristocratic privilege, it is not surprising that a revolutionary, like David, should have felt it necessary to destroy the traditions of an art created for the aristocracy. In his own art of painting he succeeded so thoroughly that the painters of the next generation found themselves with no traditions at all. They had not only to work for a public of enriched bourgeois or proletarians who had never cared for art, but they had to create over again the art with which they endeavored to interest this public. How could they succeed? The rift between artist and public had begun, and it has been widening ever since.

If the people had had little to do with the major arts of painting and sculpture, there had yet been, all through the middle ages and the Renaissance, a truly popular art—an art of furniture-making, of wood-carving, of forging, of pottery. Every craftsman was an artist in his degree, and every artist was but a craftsman of a superior sort. Our machine-making, industrial civilization, intent upon material progress and the satisfaction of material wants, has destroyed this popular art; and at the same time that the artist lost his patronage from above he lost his support from below. He has become a superior person, a sort of demi-gentleman, but he has no longer a splendid nobility to employ him or a world of artist-artisans to surround him and understand him.

And to the modern artist, so isolated, with no tradition behind him, no direction from above and no support from below, the art of all times and all countries has become familiar through modern means of communication and modern processes of reproduction. Having no compelling reason for doing one thing rather than another, or for choosing one or another way of doing things, he is shown a thousand things that he may do and a thousand ways of doing them. Not clearly knowing his own mind he hears the clash and reverberation of a thousand other minds, and having no certainties he must listen to countless theories.

Mr. Vedder has spoken of a certain "home-made" character which he considers the greatest defect of his art, the character of an art belonging to no distinctive school and having no definite re-

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lation to the time and country in which it is produced: But it is not Mr. Vedder's art alone that is home-made. It is precisely the characteristic note of our modern art that all of it that is good for anything is home-made or self-made. Each artist has had to create his art as best he could out of his own temperament and his own experience—has sat in his corner like a spider, spinning his web from his own bowels. If the art so created was essentially fine and noble the public has at last found it out, but only after years of neglect has embittered the existence and partially crippled the powers of its creator. And so, to our modern imagination, the neglected and misunderstood genius has become the very type of the great artist, and we have allowed our belief in him to color and distort our vision of the history of art. We have come to look upon the great artists of all times as an unhappy race struggling against the inappreciation of a stupid public, starving in garrets and waiting long for tardy recognition.

The very reverse of this is true. With the exception of Rembrandt, who himself lived in a time of political revolution and of the emergence to power of a burgher class, you will scarce find an unappreciated genius in the whole history of art until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The great masters of the Renaissance, from Giotto to Veronese, were men of their time, sharing and interpreting the ideals of those around them, and were recognized and patronized as such. Rembrandt's greatest contemporary, Rubens, was painter in ordinary to half the courts of Europe, and Velasquez was the friend and companion of his king. Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard painted for the frivolous nobility of the eighteenth century just what that nobility wanted, and even the precursors of the Revolution, sober and honest Chardin, Greuze the sentimental, had no difficulty in making themselves understood, until the revolutionist David became dictator to the art of Europe and swept them into the rubbish heap with the rest.

It is not until the beginning of what is known as the Romantic movement, under the Restoration, that the misunderstood painter of genius definitely appears. Millet, Corot, Rousseau, were trying, with magnificent powers and perfect single-mindedness, to restore the art of painting which the Revolution had destroyed. They were men of the utmost nobility and simplicity of character, as far as possible from the gloomy, fantastic, vain, and egotistical person that we have come to accept as the type of unappreciated genius; they were classically minded and conservative, worshippers of the great art of the past; but they were without a public and they suffered bitter discouragement and long neglect. Upon their experience is founded that legend of the unpopularity of all great artists which has grown to astonishing proportions.

Accepting this legend, and believing that all great artists are misunderstood, the artist has come to cherish a scorn of the public for which he works and to pretend a greater scorn than he feels. He cannot believe himself great *unless* he is misunderstood, and he hugs his unpopularity to himself as a sign of genius and arrives at that sublime affectation which answers praise of his work with an exclamation of dismay: "Is it as bad as that?" He invents new excesses and eccentricities to insure misunderstanding, and proclaims the doctrine that, as anything great must be incomprehensible, so anything incomprehensible must be great. And the public has taken him, at least partially, at his word. He may or may not be great, but he is certainly incomprehensible and probably a little mad. Until he succeeds the public looks upon the artist as a more or less harmless lunatic. When he succeeds it is willing to exalt him into a kind of god, and to worship his eccentricities as a part of his divinity. So we arrive at a belief in the insanity of genius. What would Raphael have thought of such a notion, or that consummate man of the world, Titian? What would the serene and mighty Veronese have thought of it, or the cool, clear-seeing Velasquez? How his Excellency the Ambassador of his Most Catholic Majesty, glorious Peter Paul Rubens, would have laughed!

It is this lack of sympathy and understanding between the artist and his public —this fatal isolation of the artist—that is the cause of nearly all the shortcomings of modern art; of the weakness of what

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is known as official or academic art no less than of the extravagance of the art of opposition. The artist, being no longer a craftsman, working to order, but a kind of poet, expressing in loneliness his personal emotions, has lost his natural means of support. Governments, feeling a responsibility for the cultivation of art which was quite unnecessary in the days when art was spontaneously produced in answer to a natural demand, have tried to put an artificial support in its place. That the artist may show his wares and make himself known, they have created exhibitions; that he may be encouraged they have instituted medals and prizes; that he may not starve they have made government purchases. And these well-meant efforts have resulted in the creation of pictures which have no other purpose than to hang in exhibitions, to win medals, and to be purchased by the government and hung in those more permanent exhibitions which we call museums. For this purpose it is not necessary that a picture should have great beauty or great sincerity. It *is* necessary that it should be large in order to attract attention, and sufficiently well drawn and executed to seem to deserve recognition. And so was evolved the salon-picture, a thing created for no man's pleasure, not even the artist's; a thing which is neither the decoration of a public building nor the possible ornament of a private house; a thing, which, after it has served its temporary purpose, is rolled up and stored in a loft, or placed in a gallery where its essential emptiness becomes more and more evident as time goes on. Such government-encouraged art had at least the merit of a well-sustained and fairly high level of accomplishment in the more obvious elements of painting. But as exhibitions became larger and larger and the competition engendered by them grew fiercer it became increasingly difficult to attract attention by mere academic merit. So the painters began to search for sensationalism of subject, and the typical salon-picture, no longer decorously pompous, began to deal in blood and horror and sensuality. It was Regnault who began this sensation hunt, but it has been carried much farther since his day than he can have dreamed of, and the modern salon-picture is not only tiresome but detestable.

The salon-picture, in its merits and its faults, is peculiarly French, but the modern exhibition has sins to answer for in other countries than France. In England it has been responsible for a great deal of sentimentality and anecdotage which has served to attract the attention of a public that could not be roused to interest in mere painting. Everywhere, even in this country where exhibitions are relatively small and ill-attended, it has caused a certain stridency and blatancy, a keying up to exhibition pitch, a neglect of finer qualities for the sake of immediate effectiveness.

Under our modern conditions the exhibition has become a necessity and it would be impossible for our artists to live or to attain a reputation without it. The giving of medals and prizes and the purchase of works of art by the State may be of more doubtful utility, though such efforts at the encouragement of art probably do more good than harm. But there is one form of government patronage that is almost wholly beneficial, and that the only form of it which we have in this country—the awarding of commissions for the decoration of public buildings. The painter of mural decorations is in the old historical position, in sound and natural relations to the public. He is doing something which is wanted and, if he continues to receive commissions, he may fairly assume that he is doing it in a way that is satisfactory. With the decorative or monumental sculptor he is almost alone among modern artists in being relieved of the necessity of producing something in the isolation of his studio and waiting to see if any one will care for it; of trying, against the grain, to produce something that he thinks may appeal to the public because it does not appeal to himself; or of attempting to bamboozle the public into buying what neither he nor the public really cares for. If he does his best he may feel that he is as fairly earning his livelihood as his fellow workmen the blacksmith and the stonecutter, and is as little dependent as they upon either charity or humbug. The best that government has done for art in France is the commissioning of the great decorative

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paintings of Baudry and Puvis. In this country, also, governments, national, State, or municipal, are patronizing art in the best possible way, and in making buildings splendid for the people are affording opportunity for the creation of a truly popular art.

Without any artificial aid from the government the illustrator has a wide popular support and works for the public in a normal way; and, therefore, illustration has been one of the healthiest and most vigorous forms of modern art. The portrait-painter, too, is producing something he knows to be wanted, and, though his art has had to fight against the competition of the photograph, and has been partially vulgarized by the struggle of the exhibitions, it has yet remained, upon the whole, comprehensible and human; so that much of the soundest art of the past century has gone into portraiture. It is the painters of pictures, landscape or genre, who have most suffered from the misunderstanding between artist and public. Without guidance some of them have hewed a path to deserved success. Others have wandered into strange byways and no-thoroughfares.

The nineteenth century is strewn with the wrecks of such misunderstood and misunderstanding artists, but it was about the sixties when their searching for a way began to lead them in certain clearly marked directions. There are three paths, in especial, which have been followed since then by adventurous spirits: the paths of æstheticism, of scientific naturalism, and of pure self-expression; the paths of Whistler, of Monet, and of Cézanne.

Whistler was an artist of refined and delicate talent with great weaknesses both in temperament and training; being also a very clever man and a brilliant controversialist he proceeded to erect a theory which should prove his weaknesses to be so many virtues, and he nearly succeeded in convincing the world of its validity. Finding the representation of nature very difficult, he decided that art should not concern itself with representation but only with the creation of "arrangements" and "symphonies." Having no interest in the subject of pictures, he proclaimed that pictures should have no subjects and that any interest in the subject is vulgar. As he was a cosmopolitan, with no local ties, he maintained that art had never been national; and as he was out of sympathy with his time he taught that "art happens" and that "there never was an artistic period." According to the Whistlerian gospel the artist not only has now no point of contact with the public, but he should not have and never has had any. He has never been a man among other men, but has been a dreamer "who sat at home with the women" and made pretty patterns of line and color because they pleased him. And the only business of the public is to accept "in silence" what he chooses to give them.

This kind of rootless art he practised. Some of the patterns he produced are delightful, but they are without imagination, without passion, without joy in the material and visible world—the dainty diversions of a dilletante. One is glad that so gracefully slender an art should exist, but if it has seemed great art to us it is because our age is so poor in anything better—to rank its creator with the abounding masters of the past is an absurdity.

In their efforts to escape from the dead-alive art of the salon-picture, Monet and the Impressionists took an entirely different course. The gallery painter's perfunctory treatment of subject bored them, and they abandoned subject almost as entirely as Whistler had done. The sound, if tame, drawing and the mediocre painting of what they called official art revolted them as it revolted Whistler; but while he nearly suppressed representation they could see in art nothing but representation. They wanted to make that representation truer, and they tried to work a revolution in art by the scientific analysis of light and the invention of a new method of laying on paint. Instead of joining in Whistler's search for pure pattern they fixed their attention on facts alone, or rather on one aspect of the facts, and in their occupation with light and the manner of representing it they abandoned form almost as completely as they had abandoned significance and beauty.

So it happened that Monet could devote some twenty canvases to the study of the effects of light, at different hours of the day, upon two straw-stacks in his farmyard. It was admirable practice, no

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doubt, and neither scientific analysis nor the study of technical methods is to be despised; but the interest of the public, after all, is in what an artist does, not in how he learns to do it. The twenty canvases together formed a sort of demonstration of the possibilities of different kinds of lighting. Any one of them, taken singly, is but a portrait of two straw-stacks, and the world will not permanently or deeply care about those straw-stacks. The study of light is, in itself, no more an exercise of the artistic faculties than the study of anatomy or the study of perspective; and while Impressionism has put a keener edge upon some of the tools of the artist it has inevitably failed to produce a school of art.

After Impressionism, what? We have no name for it but Post-Impressionism. Such men as Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, recognized the sterility of Impressionism and of a narrow æstheticism, while they shared the hatred of the æsthetes and the Impressionists for the current art of the salons. No more than the æsthetes or the Impressionists were they conscious of any social or universal ideals that demanded expression. The æsthetes had a doctrine; the Impressionists had a method and a technic. The Post-Impressionists had nothing, and were driven to the attempt at pure self-expression—to the exaltation of the great god Whim. They had no training, they recognized no traditions, they spoke to no public. Each was to express, as he thought best, whatever he happened to feel or to think, and to invent, as he went along, the language in which he should express it. I think some of these men had the elements of genius in them, and might have done good work; but their task was a heart-breaking and a hopeless one. An art cannot be improvised, and an artist must have some other guide than unregulated emotion. The path they entered upon had been immemorially marked "no passing": for many of them the end of it was suicide or the madhouse.

But whatever the aberrations of these, the true Post-Impressionists—whatever the ugliness, the eccentricity, or the moral dinginess into which they were betrayed—I believe them to have been in the main, honest, if unbalanced and ill-regulated minds. Whatever their errors they paid the price of them in poverty, in neglect, in death. With those who pretend to be their descendants, to-day, the case is different; they are not paying for their eccentricity or their madness, they are making it pay.

The enormous engine of modern publicity has been discovered by these men. They have learned to advertise, and they have found that morbidity, eccentricity, indecency, extremes of every kind and of any degree, are capital advertisement. If one cannot create a sound and living art one can at least make something odd enough to be talked about; if one cannot achieve enduring fame one may make sure of a flaming notoriety. And, as a money-maker, present notoriety is worth more than future fame, for the speculative dealer is at hand. His interest is in "quick returns" and he has no wish to wait until you are famous—or dead—before he can sell anything you do. His process is to buy anything he thinks he can "boom," to "boom" it as furiously as possible, and to sell it before the "boom" collapses. Then he will exploit something else, and there's the rub. Once you have entered this mad race for notoriety there is no drawing out of it. The same sensation will not attract attention a second time; you must be novel at any cost. You must exaggerate your exaggerations and out-Herod Herod, for others have learned how easy the game is to play, and are at your heels. It is no longer a matter of misunderstanding and being misunderstood by the public; it is a matter of deliberately flouting and outraging the public—of assuming incomprehensibility and antagonism to popular feeling as signs of greatness. And so is founded what Frederic Harrison has called the "Shock-your-grandmother school."

It is with profound regret that one must name as the founder of this school an artist of real power who has produced much admirable work—Auguste Rodin. At the age of thirty-seven he attained a sudden and resounding notoriety, and from that time he has been the most talked-of artist in Europe. He was a consummate modeller, a magnificent workman, but he had always grave faults and striking mannerisms. These faults and

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mannerisms he has latterly pushed to greater and greater extremes while neglecting his great gift, each work being more chaotic and fragmentary in composition, more hideous in type, more affected and emptier in execution, until he has produced marvels of mushiness and incoherence hitherto undreamed of, and has set up as public monuments fantastically mutilated figures with broken legs or heads knocked off. Now, in his old age, he is producing shoals of drawings the most extraordinary of which few are permitted to see. Some selected specimens of them hang in a long row in the Metropolitan Museum, and I assure you, upon my word as a life-long student of drawing, they are quite as ugly and as silly as they look. There is not a touch in them that has any truth to nature, not a line that has real beauty or expressiveness. They represent the human figure with the structure of a jellyfish and the movement of a Dutch doll; the human face with an expression I prefer not to characterize. If they be not the symptoms of mental decay they can be nothing but the means of a gigantic mystification.

With Henri Matisse we have not to deplore the deliquescence of a great talent, for we have no reason to suppose he ever had any. It is true that his admirers will assure you he could once draw and paint as everybody does; what he could *not* do was to paint enough better than everybody does to make his mark in the world; and he was a quite undistinguished person until he found a way to produce some effect upon his grandmother the public by shocking her into attention. His method is to choose the ugliest models to be found; to put them into the most grotesque and indecent postures imaginable; to draw them in the manner of a savage or a depraved child, or a worse manner if that be possible; to surround his figures with blue outlines half an inch wide; and to paint them in crude and staring colors, brutally laid on in flat masses. Then, when his grandmother begins to "sit up," she is told with a grave face that this is a reaction from naturalism, a revival of abstract line and color, a subjective art which is not the representation of nature but the expression of the artist's soul. No wonder she gasps and stares!

It seemed, two or three years ago, that the limit of mystification had been reached—that this comedy of errors could not be carried further; but human ingenuity is inexhaustible, and we now have whole schools, Cubists, Futurists, and the like, who joyously vie with each other in the creation of incredible pictures and of irreconcilable and incomprehensible theories. The public is inclined to lump them all together and, so far as their work is concerned, the public is not far wrong; yet in theory Cubism and Futurism are diametrically opposed to each other. It is not easy to get any clear conception of the doctrines of these schools, but, so far as I am able to understand them—and I have taken some pains to do so—they are something like this:

Cubism is static; Futurism is kinetic. Cubism deals with bulk; Futurism deals with motion. The Cubist, by a kind of extension of Mr. Berenson's doctrine of "tactile values," assumes that the only character of objects which is of importance to the artist is their bulk and solidity —what he calls their "volumes." Now the form in which volume is most easily apprehended is the cube; do we not measure by it and speak of the cubic contents of anything? The inference is easy: reduce all objects to forms which can be bounded by planes and defined by straight lines and angles; make their cubic contents measurable to the eye; transform drawing into a burlesque of solid geometry; and you have, at once, attained to the highest art. The Futurist, on the other hand, maintains that we know nothing but that things are in flux. Form, solidity, weight, are illusions. Nothing exists but motion. Everything is changing every moment, and if anything were still we ourselves are changing. It is, therefore, absurd to give fixed boundaries to anything or to admit of any fixed relations in space. If you are trying to record your impression of a face it is certain that by the time you have done one eye the other eye will no longer be where it was—it may be at the other side of the room. You must cut nature into small bits and shuffle them about wildly if you are to reproduce what we really see.

Whatever its extravagance, Cubism remains a form of graphic art. However

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pedantic and ridiculous its transformation of drawing, it yet recognizes the existence of drawing. Therefore, to the Futurist, Cubism is reactionary. What difference does it make, he asks, whether you draw a head round or square? Why draw a head at all? The Futurist denies the fundamental postulates of the art of painting. Painting has always, and by definition, represented upon a surface objects supposed to lie beyond it and to be seen through it. Futurism pretends to place the spectator inside the picture and to represent things around him or behind him as well as those in front of him. Painting has always assumed the single moment of vision, and, though it has sometimes placed more than one picture on the same canvas, it has treated each picture as seen at a specific instant of time. Futurism attempts systematically to combine the past and the future with the present, as if all the pictures in a cinematograph film were to be printed one over the other; to paint no instant but to represent the movement of time. It aims at nothing less than the abrogation of all recognized laws, the total destruction of all that has hitherto passed for art.

Do you recall the story of the man who tried to count a litter of pigs, but gave it up because one little pig ran about so fast that he could not be counted? One finds oneself in somewhat the same predicament when one tries to describe these "new movements" in art. The movement is so rapid and the men shift their ground so quickly that there is no telling where to find them. You have no sooner arrived at some notion of the difference between Cubism and Futurism than you find your Cubist doing things that are both Cubist and Futurist, or neither Cubist nor Futurist, according as you look at them. You find things made up of geometrical figures to give volume, yet with all the parts many times repeated to give motion. You find things that have neither bulk nor motion but look like nothing so much as a box of Chinese tangrams scattered on a table. Finally, you have assemblages of lines that do not draw anything, even cubes or triangles; and we are assured that there is now a newest school of all, called Orphism, which, finding still some vestiges of intelligibility in any assemblage of lines, reduces everything to shapeless blotches. Probably the first of Orphic pictures was that produced by the quite authentic donkey who was induced to smear a canvas by lashing a tail duly dipped in paint. It was given a title as Orphic as the painting, was accepted by a jury anxious to find new forms of talent, and was hung in the *Salon d'Automne.*

In all this welter of preposterous theories there is but one thing constant—one thing on which all these theorists are agreed. It is that all this strange stuff is symbolic, and shadows forth the impressions and emotions of the artist; represents, not nature, but his feeling about nature; is the expression of his mind or, as they prefer to call it, his soul. It may be so. All art is symbolic; images are symbols; words are symbols; all communication is by symbols. But if a symbol is to serve any purpose of communication between one mind and another it must be a symbol accepted and understood by both minds. If an artist is to choose his symbols to suit himself, and to make them mean anything he chooses, who is to say what he means or whether he means anything? If a man were to rise and recite with a solemn voice words like "Ajakan maradak tecor sosthendi," would you know what he meant? If he wished you to believe that these symbols express the feeling of awe caused by the contemplation of the starry heavens, he would have to tell you so *in your own language;* and even then you would only have his word for it. He may have meant them to express that, but do they? The apologists of the new schools are continually telling us that we must give the necessary time and thought to learn the language of these men before we condemn them. Why should we? Why should they not learn the universal language of art? It is they who are trying to say something. When they have learned to speak that language, and have convinced us that they have something to say in it which is worth listening to, then, and not till then, we may consent to such slight modification of it as may fit it more closely to their thought.

If these gentlemen really believe that their capriciously chosen symbols are fit

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vehicles for communication with others, why do they fall back on that old, old symbol, the written word? Why do they introduce, in the very midst of a design in which everything else is dislocated, a name or a word in clear Roman letters? Or why do they give their pictures titles, and, lest you should neglect to look in the catalogue, print the title quite carefully and legibly in the corner of the picture itself? They know that they must set you to hunting for their announced subject or you would not look twice at their puzzles.

Now, there is only one word for this denial of all law, this insurrection against all custom and tradition, this assertion of individual license without discipline and without restraint; and that word is "anarchy." And, as we know, theoretic anarchy, though it may not always lead to actual violence, is a doctrine of destruction. It is so in art, and these artistic anarchists are found proclaiming that the public will never understand or accept their art while anything remains of the art of the past, and demanding that therefore the art of the past shall be destroyed. It is actual, physical destruction of pictures and statues that they call for, and in Italy, that great treasury of the world's art, has been raised the sinister cry: "Burn the museums!" They have not yet taken to the torch, but if they were sincere they would do it; for their doctrine calls for nothing less than the reduction of mankind to a state of primitive savagery that it may begin again at the beginning.

Fortunately, they are not sincere. There may be among them those who honestly believe in that exaltation of the individual and that revolt against all law which is the danger of our age. But, for the most part, if they have broken from the fold and "like sheep have gone astray" they have shown a very sheep-like disposition to follow the bell-wether. They are fond of quoting a saying of Van Gogh's that "one must be either a revolutionist or a plagiary"; but can any one tell these revolutionists apart? Can any one distinguish among them such definite and logically developed personalities as mark even schoolmen and "plagiarists" like Meissonier and Gérôme? If any one of these men stood alone, one might believe his eccentricities to be the mark of an extreme individuality; one cannot believe it when one finds the same eccentricities in twenty of them.

No, it is not for the sake of unhampered personal development that young artists are joining these new schools; it is because they are offered a short cut to a kind of success. As there are no more laws and no more standards, there is nothing to learn. The merest student is at once set upon a level with the most experienced of his instructors, and boys and girls in their teens are hailed as masters. Art is at last made easy, and there are no longer any pupils, for all have become teachers. To borrow Doctor Johnson's phrase, "many men, women, and children" could produce art after this fashion; and they do.

So right are the practitioners of this puerile art in their proclaimed belief that the public will never accept it while anything else exists, that one might be willing to treat it with the silent contempt it deserves were it not for the efforts of certain critics and writers for the press to convince us that it ought to be accepted. Some of these men seem to be intimidated by the blunders of the past. Knowing that contemporary criticism has damned almost every true artist of the nineteenth century, they are determined not to be caught napping; and they join in shouts of applause as each new harlequin steps upon the stage. They forget that it is as dangerous to praise ignorantly as to blame unjustly, and that the railer at genius, though he may seem more malevolent, will scarce appear so ridiculous to posterity as the dupe of the mountebank. Others of them are, no doubt, honest victims of that illusion of progress to which we are all more or less subject—to that ingrained belief that all evolution is upward and that the latest thing must necessarily be the best. They forget that the same process which has relieved man of his tail has deprived the snake of his legs and the kiwi of his wings. They forget that art has never been and cannot be continuously progressive; that it is only the sciences connected with art that are capable of progress; and that the "Henriade" is not a greater poem than the "Divine Comedy" because Voltaire has learned the falsity of

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the Ptolemaic astronomy. Finally, these writers, like other people, desire to seem knowing and clever; and if you appear to admire vastly what no one else understands you pass for a clever man.

I have looked through a good deal of the writings of these "up-to-date" critics in the effort to find something like an intelligible argument or a definite statement of belief. I have found nothing but the continual repetition of the assumption that these new movements, in all their varieties, are "living" and "vital." I can find no grounds stated for this assumption and can suppose only that what is changing with great rapidity is conceived to be alive; yet I know nothing more productive of rapid changes than putrefaction.

Do not be deceived. This is not vital art, it is decadent and corrupt. True art has always been the expression by the artist of the ideals of his time and of the world in which he lived—ideals which were his own because he was a part of that world. A living and healthy art never has existed and never can exist except through the mutual understanding and co-operation of the artist and his public. Art is made for man and has a social function to perform. We have a right to demand that it shall be both human and humane; that it shall show some sympathy in the artist with our thoughts and our feelings; that it shall interpret our ideals to us in that universal language which has grown up in the course of ages. We have a right to reject with pity or with scorn the stammerings of incompetence, the babble of lunacy, or the vaporing of imposture. But mutual understanding implies a duty on the part of the public as well as on the part of the artist, and we must give as well as take. We must be at the pains to learn something of the language of art in which we bid the artist speak. If we would have beauty from him we must sympathize with his aspiration for beauty. Above all, if we would have him interpret for us our ideals we must have ideals worthy of such interpretation. Without this co-operation on our part we may have a better art than we deserve, for noble artists will be born, and they will give us an art noble in its essence, however mutilated and shorn of its effectiveness by our neglect. It is only by being worthy of it that we may hope to have an art we can be proud of—an art lofty in its inspiration, consummate in its achievement, disciplined in its strength.

HER FRIEND, SERGEANT JOHN

By Wolcott LeCléar Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

GRIZZLED and gaunt, Sergeant John Macnamara stood well within the freight-shed where the deep shadows rendered his speckless khaki uniform, with the gray subsistence chevrons on its sleeves, all but invisible to any one glancing in from the withering glare outside.

San Pablo, a typical town of the Mexican border, seemed to have drawn its soiled skirts away from the little corrugated-iron mission church as though in disapproval. For the "tin chapel," as it was irreverently called, squatted in the dust by itself, and a scant six yards from the freight-house. It was upon this tiny church that the eyes of the old sergeant were fixed.

Few spots, in or about the town, ordinarily were less frequented than San Pablo's only house of worship, but now the place was unprecedentedly filled. Ambulances, Dougherty wagons, and saddled horses from the army post, ten miles away, stood under its shed. Around its doors lounged a few languidly interested spectators, Mexican and feminine to a unit. From within came the sound of the post chaplain's voice as it droned through the prayers of the marriage service.

Then the voice ceased, to be replaced

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by the sound of a reed organ, suffering from an impediment in its speech, upon which somebody was playing the Lohengrin wedding march. There was a fluttering stir and a hum of conversation. With a clack and a final wheeze, the organ stopped as the wedding party, consisting of officers and their womenkind, came pouring out into the porch, to hold an impromptu reception there.

The bride's answers to the noisy well-wishing of those who crowded about her seemed absent, and were expressed in monosyllables. Standing, as she was, on a step, her handsome, strong face, tanned by outdoor sports, could be seen above the others. She was frowning, and her eyes wandered here and there in evident search of something which she could not at once discern.

The old sergeant knew that it was he whom her eyes sought. For an instant his face lighted with joy, and involuntarily he came forward, so that he stood framed in the shadowed doorway. Seeing him there, she smiled, as she might have smiled upon her father had he been living, and beckoned.

Sergeant John lifted his campaign hat in response; then, as her husband attracted her attention to some one who spoke to her, drifted back into the freight-shed and out by another door, so passing from her sight. He knew that he could not for long keep from showing the great sadness that he felt, and sadness had no place near her at such a time.

The rails of the main line had begun to click, and a black speck which appeared between them seemed to force them apart where the distance had pinched them together. A minute or two later the train stopped, screaming against its brakes.

It was made up, for the most part, of tank and freight cars, intended to carry water, food, and ammunition to new-made camps along the Mexican border. But next the caboose there was a "tourist" sleeper, loudly vocal with the songs of recruits on the way to join their commands, and to the forward end of the train a private car had been attached. Into this the bridal pair was escorted by their chattering friends, as Sergeant John could hear, but not see.

For, when the train was slowing up, he had swung himself into a freight-car, where he made a couch from some cases of canned corned beef, covered with his blankets and overcoat, and there settled himself for the coming journey.

Never of a gregarious nature, he now was especially anxious to be alone. The scheme of his universe had been torn apart and its elements scattered. He must think it all out, and by himself. No one could help him.

It was the wedding that had brought all this about. For the bride was Miss Alice —*his* Miss Alice.

Captain Leaming, her father and Sergeant Macnamara's first troop commander, had been revered by him above all other men. They had gone up in the service together, these two, each in his own way. Almost of an age, they had become very interdependent, as the years went by; trusted and trusting. The sergeant had known Alice since and before the time when she had been left a tiny, motherless baby. He had loved her as did her own father, and with an additional love, like that of an adoring dog. He had even been known to neglect certain military duties when their performance would have conflicted with what he chose to consider as her welfare. Nothing else on earth could have made him do that.

But now everything had changed. Sergeant John had gone into the "chow" department. The cavalry never had been the same after Captain—then Colonel—Leaming had died. Now Miss Alice was married, and to Captain Lionel Crosslett. That was the thing so hard to bear—to Captain Lionel Crosslett.

Sergeant John wanted to be fair. Very hard indeed he tried to analyze, dispassionately and without prejudice, his reasons for so intensely disliking this man, and to give due weight to his merits.

Captain Crosslett, despite his service, his commission, and the uniform he wore, was and always must remain essentially a civilian. Never would he be able to fathom the hearts of his men. Never could he either feel or inspire that strong affection which may, and frequently does, exist between the officer and his enlisted comrade. He could not even understand it. He was not built that way. That was the worst that could be said.

On the other hand, this man undeniably

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was good-looking. He was no fool; his mind was even brilliant. The sergeant could not but own that in civil life, where he belonged, the man might have been tolerable enough—to civilians. As it was he generally managed to secure the liking of women.

In short, the old non-commissioned officer found that his attempt to formulate adequate cause for his dislike was a failure. He could only feel it; as did the entire enlisted force and many of the officers.

So Sergeant John gave up the attempt, and instead devoted his whole mind to expressing his opinion of a man who would willingly take his bride for her honeymoon to such a camp as the one to which they were bound. Unconsciously he uttered this opinion in time with a monotonous sort of jig, pounded out by a flat wheel, to which the cactus-dotted desert went dancing by. It took him some time, and afforded him much relief, of a sort.

Then, just as he had finished, the train came to a bumping halt. There were shouts and a blast of the whistle. A very young sergeant of infantry, who yet was the ranking non-commissioned officer in charge of the recruits in the rear car, dropped to the ground and hurried forward, yelling questions as he went.

Somebody answered these questions. Old Sergeant John was too far away to hear more than a word or two of the answers. But those words made him buckle on a cartridge-belt that he had laid aside and feel to make sure that the heavy, blued pistol was resting lightly in its holster. Then he hailed the young infantry sergeant, who was returning in an undecided sort of way to the place whence he had come.

"What'll be wrong, Marrtin?" he asked. "Thim Mexikins?"

Sergeant Martin stopped, frowning perplexedly, and glad to have the opportunity of obtaining expert advice. An ordnance sergeant from the car behind came forward to listen.

"The rails is pulled up just beyond our cowketcher," the young man said. "We seen it only jus' in time. The Greasers done it, of course. What'd I better do?"

"Do!" repeated Sergeant John. "Do what yer arf'cers tells ye. What else?"

"But there ain't none," objected the youngster. "He missed the train, I guess. Anyhow, he was lef' behind."

None of the three thought of Captain Lionel Crosslett, there in that private car. No slight was intended; the fact of his bearing a commission never crossed their minds at this time, which seemed likely to become one of stress. Yet all of the three, each in his differing degree, were disciplined men.

The two older non-commissioned officers glanced at each other meaningly, and Sergeant John had turned pale under his tan. They both knew the sort of men who had taken up those rails—offscourings of Sonora, they were outlawed at home and posing as rebels or bandits as expediency dictated. Governments were nothing to them; on either side of the border they would be hanged promptly and deservedly, if caught. It was to suppress the incursions of such bands into the United States that the border camps were maintained.

The three sergeants could see nothing of what went on at the head of the long train. It lay in a cut around a sharp curve. Why didn't it back out of such a bad position and on to the open plain? That is what the old sergeant wanted to know. Then, as though in answer to his unspoken question, a man—one of the train-hands—came running up from the rear.

"All right?" called some one.

"They've lifted the rails behind us, too," the train-hand replied. "I can't see hide nor hair of the rails nor the men what took 'em—they ain't nowhere!"

The young sergeant's jaw dropped. Old Macnamara turned on him sharply.

"Get thim rookies out av thot cyar an' inta loine!" he rasped. "Quick, now! Hear?"

"There ain't a ca'tridge in th' bunch, an'—" Sergeant Martin began.

"Do what ye're towld, an' do ut quick!" roared Sergeant John.

He had not the slightest right to give a command of any sort, but Martin obeyed. Pouring from their car, excited and expectant, the recruits formed. Already the ordnance sergeant was busy—also without authority—in the car he had left, and in a moment two sweating corporals were serving out clips of cartridges and running back for fresh armfuls.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Then Sergeant John saw her—and him. His arm had been thrown around her waist, yet she seemed the protector.—Page 524.

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Toward the head of the train, where lay the "honeymoon special," as Sergeant John had mentally named the private car, men already were hurrying, all armed with the heavy army six-shooter—department men, like the old sergeant himself, and civilian clerks, for the most part, with a heavy sprinkling of train-hands.

At a run which many a younger man might well have envied, Sergeant John started to join them. Even as he did so there came a chorus of shrill, Mexican yells, punctuated by the sound of shots—the sharp crack of high-power rifles, and heavier reports made by the black powder burned in the pistols.

Hearing this, the sergeant ran faster still; then stopped as though he had run against a physical barrier, as he heard his name called from he knew not where. But there was no mistaking the voice. The call came again.

"Sergeant John! Here—over here! Oh, Sergeant Johnnie—come!"

Then Sergeant John saw her—and him. They were standing on the edge of the curved cut in which the train had stopped. Though his arm had been thrown around her waist, yet she seemed the protector—he the protected. Running to the edge of the bank, Sergeant John held out his arms to her, as he had done so many times when she was a child—and not very long before, as he reckoned time.

"Joomp!" he commanded.

A little spirt of dust flew up from the ground, close by her feet, and the rifle-ball which had caused it went singing away into space, as a glanced bullet will. But the eyes of Miss Alice were on her husband, and she paid no heed either to it or the command.

"Help him down!" she demanded. "He's ill—can't you see?"

Then for the first time Sergeant John glanced at the bridegroom. His face was white, and not with a healthy pallor, but with the ghastly white of a fish-belly. He swayed as he stood, and his knees seemed hardly able to support him.

Two more bullets sung by with their high-pitched, hornet-like note. With an effort Captain Crosslett gathered his strength, and swinging his wife over the edge of the bank, dropped her and followed. Still on her feet and balancing herself with her arms, she slid to the bottom, a miniature avalanche of sand following her. Her husband fell into the ditch like a half-empty sack and lay there, a mere huddle of clothes. She bent over him, but he weakly pushed her away.

"Sergeant," he gasped, "take her—quick—and put her in a safe spot, if there is one. I'm all right."

Sergeant John nodded, and without waiting for her consent lifted her in his arms. For the moment there was no safer spot than that upon which they were, but it would not be safe for long, he knew. Running to the car he had left, he placed her in it and vaulted after. Then he laid her in a little alleyway formed by boxes of tinned stuff.

"Will ye stay here, now?" he demanded.

"Send him to me!" she begged. "He's not fit to be out there. And anyway he's not in charge of those recruits—they're infantrymen."

"He's th' only arf'cer we have, darlint," he said, in gentle reproof.

Another bullet whined through one open door and out of the opposite one. Dropping her face on her hands as she lay on the old sergeant's blankets, Alice began to cry softly, but with great, shuddering sobs which racked her strong young body almost as though they would tear it apart. A keen pang of resentment shot through the old man's heart at the thought of Lionel Crosslett having won such love from this woman—when there were so many others in the world.

Then he took himself severely to task. Probably it was her sobs which caused him to do this; he never, even in her childhood days, could resist those. And, after all, she could not be blamed. The man was her husband, wedded not three hours before. He was ill, too, and, in spite of that, trying to do his duty.

"Annyhow, 'twill be no more than a bit av a skirmish," he ventured, with awkward sympathy. She raised her head angrily.

"What do I care whether it's a little battle or a big one!" she cried. "It's war—and men are killed in war! I hate it—*hate* it! I never dreamed until now that I could hate so!"

She dropped her face once more and lay there trembling, though her sobs were

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stilled. At that moment the voice of Sergeant Martin barked out crisp commands.

"Load!"

The breech-blocks snapped and rattled.

"Go to him, Sergeant Johnnie! Go to him! Take care of him and bring him back to me!" she cried. "Bring him back safe to me! I shall die if you don't—I'll

She clasped one of his arms in both her hands. "Go to him, Sergeant Johnnie! Go to him!"

"As skirmishers—on centre squad—forward—double time—*march!*"

The recruits yelled as they sprang forward. Turning very quickly, Sergeant John would have left the car, but his Miss Alice was quicker still. Flinging herself upward, she clasped one of his arms in both her hands.

go and die out there—with him! So promise me—now!"

Sergeant John looked at her in amazement. This was a new Miss Alice. Never had he known her in this guise. Never had he dreamed that any voice could express the agonized, vibrant earnestness that hers had done. But she had com-

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manded. Far might it be from him to begin at this late day to deny due obedience. With clumsy tenderness he tried to unclasp her hands.

"Faith, I'll do me best, honey," he said. Her hands fell away instantly, and he leaped to the ground.

The bullets were coming more thickly now, for already the skirmish-line had reached the top of the bank. Behind them Captain Crosslett scrambled weakly in a vain attempt to overtake the men and gain his place at their head. But he did gain the crest of the bank and passed beyond it.

"Th' capt'in is wake," said Sergeant John, trotting alongside. "Will he take me arrm?"

"Thanks, sergeant—no," panted the officer. "I'm all—right. I'll—be—able to——"

The crashing blast of a volley came from the far side of a little rise, a mere wrinkle in the desert's hot, dry face. The swift, irregular rattle of shots fired at will followed it. The air became resonant with the venomous song of the bullets.

The skirmish-line stopped, hesitated, and stood fast. Mexicans are vile shots as a class, yet three of the recruits dropped, one of them screaming horridly. Despite the efforts of the non-commissioned officers to stop them, their comrades began to fire wildly, though nothing of the enemy, save now and then the pointed crown of a sombrero, could be seen.

They were good boys, those recruits, thought Sergeant John, otherwise they would not stand as they were doing. He hated those men behind the sand-hill with a personal and deadly hatred. Picking up the rifle dropped by one of the wounded he fired at a head which appeared for an instant, and the head vanished, leaving its heavy sombrero to roll down until it settled, nearly half-way to the line of the Americans. This heartened the inexperienced boys, as little things sometimes will. They laughed.

"Now's th' toime, Marrtin!" shouted old Sergeant John. "Give 'em th' bay'nit! Lave our lads git a lick at thim—they'll niver stand th' cowld steel!"

As he turned, in order to speak, his eye fell once more upon Miss Alice's husband, and his promise to her, for the moment forgotten, recurred to his mind.

The man was ill; there could be no doubt as to that. Ghastly though his face had been before, now it was terrible. Dripping with sweat, drawn, and unspeakably haggard, it was the face of one who has been through torments such as men fear in the hereafter. And then, with a sickening sense of pity, Sergeant John recognized the disease. He had seen it once before and only once, for it is not common, fortunately. But having seen it, one does not forget.

For it was fear that he saw—not cowardice—fear. The awful, uncontrollable fear innocently implanted by a mother in the mind of her unborn child, there to remain, probably unsuspected by the child itself, until circumstances bring it forth. So, to the satisfaction of Sergeant John, his old repugnance now had explained itself. At the same time it vanished, for the sergeant saw that the husband of Miss Alice was fighting, with the whole strength of his being, for the manhood which should have been his birthright.

Martin had not ordered the charge so warmly recommended by Sergeant John. The recruits were untried, and he had hesitated until the psychological moment had passed. But, driven by desperation, the Mexican bandits had taken the offensive. With shrill screams of self-encouragement they sprang to their feet and came rushing down the gentle slope. In their surprise the recruits gave back. It was only for a moment, to be sure, before their non-commissioned officers had steadied them again. But for poor Crosslett that moment was too much. Shrieking, he turned and fled.

With devout thanks to the powers that rule such things, Sergeant John realized that none but he had seen this act. He was thinking only of Miss Alice now, and thinking with a swiftness until then unknown even to his quick, Celtic mind.

Well the old sergeant knew what the realization of this terrible weakness would mean to this new-wed wife—a soldier's daughter, born and bred in the service. Better by far her lifelong mourning for a first and perfect love than that this should occur. Yet that realization was reaching her as fast as a fear-crazed man could run.

It was a matter of seconds now. Ser-

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geant John threw the rifle to his shoulder, and almost of their own accord the sights ranged themselves into line with the head of the fleeing man. Then another thought stayed the tightening grip of his trigger-hand.

It was not a new thought, but he had forgotten it—that in civil life this man

He stopped all chance of possibly fatal bleeding by means of an improvised tourniquet made of a bandanna and the cleaning rod. He had finished his task and was rising when he was struck in the back with a blow like one which a club might have made. Sergeant John knew what it was. He had felt bullets before.

So the muzzle dropped a little and the rifle spoke.

still could find his place; that he would give happiness to the woman who loved him; that he might live respected, and at his death be mourned decently by others as well as she. And all of this was, after all, what a woman lived for.

So the muzzle dropped a little and the rifle spoke. The husband of Miss Alice went headlong with a bullet neatly placed through the exact centre of a knee-joint.

The man was senseless when Sergeant John reached him. There was blood on his head, but that did not matter; it had struck on a jagged fragment of "malpai" rock as he fell. It was the bullet wound to which the sergeant gave his attention.

"Lungs," he said thickly to himself. "Still ther's enough o' me left so's I can finish ut. So she'll not foind out—an' most loike he'll not remimber—glory be!"

Drawing his pistol Sergeant John fired a shot into the sand, glanced furtively around to see that he was not observed, and then placing the weapon in Crosslett's hand, closed his fingers around it. He felt no pain, but he was very weary when he had done this. It had proved to be unexpectedly hard work. So he lay down, his head pillowed on his arm. The sound of the sputtering shots grew fainter, and finally ceased as a rocking sea of oblivion seemed to bear him gently and restfully away.

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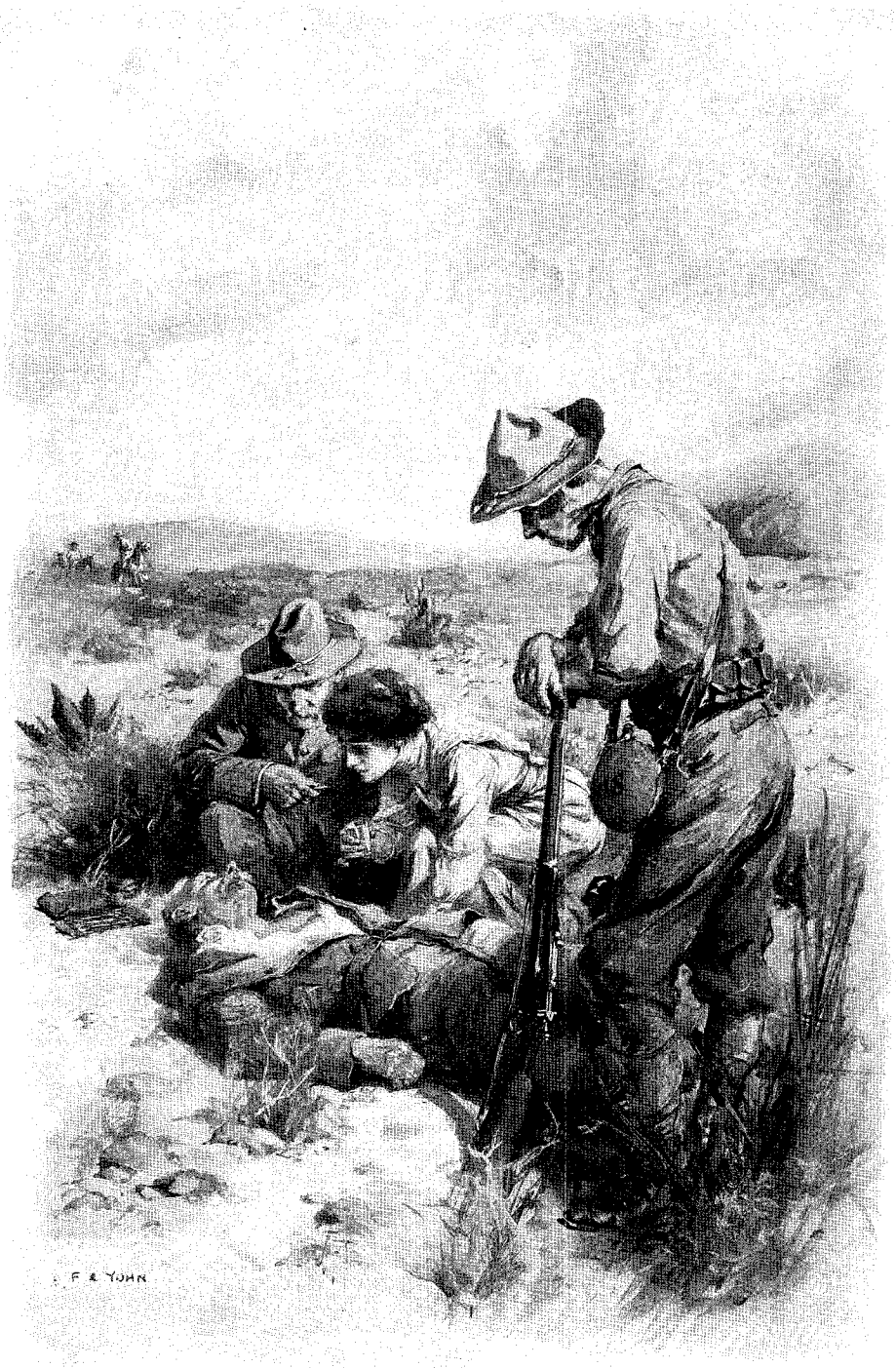

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

It was very hard for him to speak now, his breath was so short.—Page 529.

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Then, how long afterward he had no idea, he felt a sharp prick in his arm, and heard the voice of the old post surgeon.

"He'll probably recognize you, Alice," the doctor was saying. "Don't count on it, though. And, anyway, it'll only be for a minute or two—merely forcing the last rally."

Perfectly well Sergeant John understood what was said. He had heard that sort of thing many times before when standing by the recumbent form of some comrade. And now it was his turn. Well, it was about time, he supposed. But he was glad that he could feel a little new strength flowing through his veins, beginning at that prick in his arm, for he still had his task to finish.

Something warm and wet, coming from above, fell upon his cheek and was quickly wiped away. Opening his eyes, he saw the face of Miss Alice, as she bent over him. He tried to speak, but could not because his lips were so dry. She held a glass to them. He drank and was refreshed.

"Don't stop here, darlint," he begged huskily. "Thim Mexikins——"

"They've gone—all gone," she hastened to reassure him. "Three troops came from the post. But you mustn't talk, Sergeant Johnnie; it'll hurt you."

"Nothin'll hurrt me now. How's th' capt'in?"

She did not answer at once. She could not trust her voice. So the doctor replied in her stead.

"He'll be all right. Have to retire, though, I fear. Stiff leg," he said, and very gruffly, for he was deeply moved.

"And I'm glad—glad that he'll have to leave!" Miss Alice broke forth passionately. "I couldn't stand the army—after this. You saved him for me, Sergeant Johnnie. I can't thank you in words for a thing like that. But——"

Here her treacherous voice became choked and Sergeant John took prompt advantage of the opportunity to speak.

"Did *he* tell ye thot—about me savin' him?" he asked eagerly.

"No. He couldn't. He can't remember anything that happened, just at that time. Nothing until a little while ago, since his head was hurt."

Sergeant John smiled. This was as it should be—as he hoped it might be. Resolutely he gathered his little remaining strength.

"'Twas him—what—thried t' save—me," he gasped. "He tuk me gun—an' —got the man what—shot me."

It was very hard for him to speak now, his breath was so short. But it was worth the effort, he thought, when he saw the look of happy pride in the face of his Miss Alice. So much there was that some of it actually seemed reflected in his own.

"It was like him to do that," she managed to say.

"It was," he agreed. "He's a—brave man. An' now—good-by, Miss Alice—darlint. I'll be goin'——"

He did not finish. A little shudder passed over him, and then, with a lie on his lips and a great joy in his heart, Sergeant John had fared forth into the great unknown.

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LINES UPON READING A GARDEN ANNUAL

By Mildred Howells

Decoration by the Author

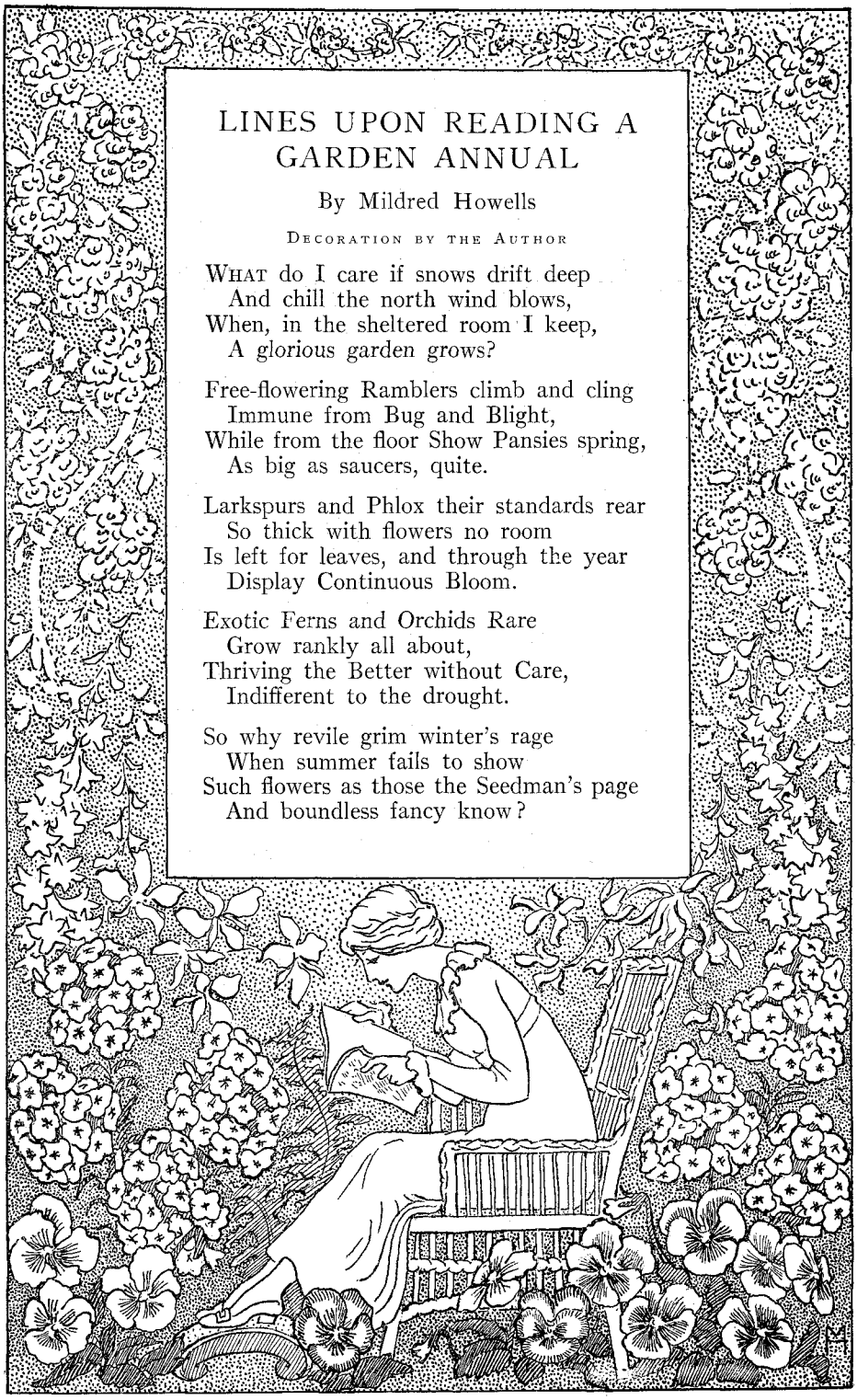
What do I care if snows drift deep
And chill the north wind blows,
When, in the sheltered room I keep,
A glorious garden grows?

Free-flowering Ramblers climb and cling
Immune from Bug and Blight,
While from the floor Show Pansies spring,
As big as saucers, quite.

Larkspurs and Phlox their standards rear
So thick with flowers no room
Is left for leaves, and through the year
Display Continuous Bloom.

Exotic Ferns and Orchids Rare
Grow rankly all about,
Thriving the Better without Care,
Indifferent to the drought.

So why revile grim winter's rage
When summer fails to show
Such flowers as those the Seedman's page
And boundless fancy know?



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THE POINT OF VIEW

"I AM at a loss to understand why people hold Miss Austen's novels at so high a rate," wrote Emerson in 1861, "which seem to me vulgar in tone, sterile in artistic invention, imprisoned in the wretched conventions of English society, without genius, wit, or knowledge of the world. Never was life so pinched and narrow. The one problem in the mind of the writer in both the stories I have read, 'Persuasion' and 'Pride and Prejudice,' is marriageableness." Now, this criticism, although less interested, is as acidulous as that of Charlotte Brontë in her letter to George Lewes: "I had not seen 'Pride and Prejudice' till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate, daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined houses." So the authors of "Solitude" and of "Jane Eyre" on the author of "Northanger Abbey." While the essayist chides Jane for her vulgarity, the novelist berates her for not portraying women with open country and blue hills in their vivid physiognomies. Miss Austen could have written a much better letter exposing the crudities and unrealities of Miss Brontë's fictions—had she ever taken it into her head to do so. We have her novels and the recently published "Life and Letters," by way of evidence on this point. But there is no need of belittling "Jane Eyre"—that makes good speed on the road leading to oblivion with no help of ours. Who can read—or who, at least, re-reads—Brontë to-day? Miss Austen's work is, as Emerson found it, concerned with a restricted order of life; but it is life. The other lady's—but why persist?

The Business of Marriage

Yet one has mixed emotions in re-reading Jane Austen in 1914. I have tried the experiment (so far as "Pride and Prejudice" goes) only last week; and I read the book at a country house in Pennsylvania where I was "resting" in a very literal sense. My amusements—sleeping, eating, drinking tea with the neighbors, sitting before the fire with the terrier and a pipe, a little driving and riding—brought me into something like the simplicity of Jane Austen's own Hampshire. True, there were the newspapers—the telephone. But I myself used neither; I was resting. And I tried to imagine I was living the life of the Bennet-Bingley-Lucas countryside in Hertfordshire, living the simple life, as Mr. Bennet hinted at it in asking: "For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbors, and laugh at them in our turn?"

Of course it is the attitude toward marriage that strikes the most different note of all. I remember Samuel Butler writing somewhere of the practice parents occasionally use in asking a young man, Are his intentions "honorable"? Many a young man might better inquire, he continues, when he innocently accepts the hospitality of a matron with daughters, "Are *your* intentions honorable, madam?" That conceit would have appealed to Jane Austen, too; had it occurred to her she would surely have set it down in one or more of her novels. Yet the idea would have shocked Mrs. Bennet and Lady Lucas beyond belief. What could be more "honorable" than to steer a young man safely toward marriage with a fairly proficient young woman of virtue who, though she may bring no dower, can play on the parlor "instrument"? It is still done, in this year of grace; in Jane Austen's day it was an impeccably normal proceeding. Mothers not only did, but *must* arrange these matrimonial events. Otherwise, their bringing undowered daughters into the world was cruelty indeed. Consider Charlotte Lucas's state of mind in capturing William Collins, the reverend cousin of Elizabeth Bennet whom that sprightly spirit presumed to turn down cold!

"The lady felt no inclination to trifle with his happiness. The stupidity with which he was favored by nature must guard his courtship from any charm that could make a woman wish for its continuance; and Miss

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Lucas, who accepted him solely from the pure and disinterested desire of an establishment, cared not how soon that establishment was gained. . . . Her reflections were in general satisfactory. Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. *But still he would be her husband.* Without thinking highly either of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and, however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now obtained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good luck of it."

Here is satire—yet the author is much less satirical, much more nearly repertorial, than one might carelessly suppose. And certainly "well-educated young women of small fortune" are fortunate to-day in having vouchsafed several other "preservatives against want" than the protection of William Collinses. Moreover, it was not only the fiscal aspect of the case that tended to produce these stodgy unions. Marriage was one way of ending a boresome *dêsœuvrement*—or, rather, substituting a different and more respectable order of ennui. To-day "well-educated young women," who find themselves placed like Charlotte Lucas, can take up what they vaguely call "social work." They are to be congratulated upon the fact that they escape perjury, at least, in entering on this career.

But chiefly it is the bachelor who is to be congratulated. Of course, he is still fair game. He is still likely to find that the "advanced" young female who has welcomed him into disinterested and "intellectual" good-fellowship ends by regarding him as her own property—quite as if she were of the bourgeoisie instead of following the convention-free, earn-your-own-living and live-your-own-life career of our big cities. He is still appraised by the mothers of those of his girl friends who are still old-fashioned enough to live at home; he is encouraged by these mothers (or discouraged, as the case may be); he may even discover that the girl's father has been making discreet inquiries about him down-town, with a view to sizing up his prospects. But we are a good ways removed from the uncomplicated state of society reflected in Jane Austen's novels—when it was "a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife"—so much so, indeed, "that he is regarded as the rightful property" of one of his neighbor's daughters. I wonder if the type of Lovelace was not fairly directly developed by the schemings and plottings of eighteenth-century maternity? The attractive young bachelor felt himself preyed upon by matrons richer in daughters than in dots. "Very well, then," said the young rake to himself, "they regard me as fair game—why should *I* not regard the fair as *my* game?"

All is freer to-day—for maid and bachelor alike. We try to conceal the fact that man is the marrying animal, and make believe that dancing and dinner-parties and the way of a maid with a man all stand on their own legs, and have no ulterior purposes. But under all the disguises, peeping through every subterfuge, the fact is there: Man *is* the marrying animal; man proposes, but mother or maid disposes. . . . Progress we make, but human nature is human nature still. And, sitting before the fire, I pull the terrier's ears and reflect that Jane Austen, living to-day, would see through many of our modern make-believes, and that she would write another "Pride and Prejudice"; and that in it Elizabeth Bennet would as surely say: "I dearly love a laugh."

People and Personality

SUN-WORSHIPPERS, I believe, look upon each rising of the luminary as a fresh miracle, attributable to their own piety and prayers. Most of us get, now and then, a sense of the miraculous in common life; Tennyson from his flower in the crannied wall; Kipling from almost any mechanical device. To me the great commonplace miracle is the making of a new friend—making, that is, in the instantaneous indubitable manner in which it ought to be done. A great deal of attention before and since the days of Juliet has been devoted to love at first sight, but friendship at first sight—in a way a more remarkable phenomenon—has been strangely passed over. Yet never do I feel more convinced of immortality, never am I more aware of spirits directly communicating (or

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rather of that thing for which the nineteenth century, afraid of the Theistic suggestion of the word soul, invented the term "personality") than I am when I behold a total stranger, and know without word or gesture that we are going to be friends.

Not only do we know that we are going to be friends, but we can sometimes tell what kind of friends we shall be. The mother of a large family tells me that the instant her baby is put into her arms a definite spiritual relation is established between them, which, different for each of her children, lasts for the rest of her life.

So between grown-ups, we know, or we often could know, if we tried to see, the form our new friendship is to assume, the qualities within us which are to be most nourished, and the parts of our nature which will be visited least.

Perhaps these evidences of the way in which spirit can speak to spirit are even more marked in those cases, in history, for instance, where our own egotism is not in play. We have all heard of historical personages whose names seem to be famous principally because of the extraordinary personal power that they exercised over their contemporaries. John Nicholson was such a man. Many young Englishmen who went out to India in the first half of the last century had careers as active as his. What makes us remember him so peculiarly vividly is the importance that the men of his time attached to his advice and cooperation, or even to seeing him. In the memoirs and the histories and the private letters of the day, one fact will always be recorded—the writer's first meeting with Nicholson. We have a great mass of testimony, beginning with the native's worship of "Nikalseyn" and ending with Lord Roberts's account of him, to convince us of the high power of this man's personality.

Saint Paul must have had the same power. Even those of us not wholly in sympathy with the contributions made to the church's doctrine by him, and by his follower, Saint Augustine, can feel no doubt that his was a spirit that won instant recognition from the most unlikely audiences. His story, particularly after his last return to Jerusalem, is the story of the triumph of a strong self-confident nature over men who obviously had all the material advantages of the situation in their own hands. The Roman chief-captain who rescued him from the mob, Felix Agrippa, the master of the ship-wrecked vessel, the islanders of Melita, all yielded, and yielded without question, to Paul's suggestions or commands. Such a psychological view, however, is so far from the mind of the devout author that we must re-read the story carefully to see the truth.

"Lessening Your Denominator"

IT happens to be in to-day's paper, but it might be in any day's paper, and particularly in the reports of the divorce courts, as it is in this instance. There are cases, many of them, in which, domestic unhappiness having transpired into litigation, the trodden worm will turn and submit a counter-affidavit which is likely to carry strange illumination. Said the trodden worm immediately in question: "To judge from the affidavits I have been guilty of everything under the sun. I plead guilty to but one crime, and that is the heinous one of being unable to supply my wife with autos, theatres, late suppers, and everything in that line that goes to make a New York woman happy."

The pathos of this is perhaps weakened by the explicit expression of it which follows in the mercenary rhetoric of the worm's lawyer and affidavit-maker: "Hopes for the future, which I had when I first got married, have long since been shattered." After the previous revelation that might perfectly have been left to go without saying. And speaking largely, why "New York woman"? The aggregate of money thrown away in the manners described is necessarily greater in New York than in other cities, purely by dint of the magnitude of the "metropolis." But the *per capita* expenditure upon foolishness is probably no greater than in other cities, and certainly the tendency to extravagant and silly expenditure is no greater. Silly woman of New Haven, Atlanta, Oshkosh, Peoria, of thee the fable is narrated, as the divorce records of those communities amply prove. It was in fact a Minneapolitan philosopher and "magnate" who said: "The high cost of living—you mean the cost of high living."

One would wish for a course of the philosophers to be inculcated upon silly women, if silly women ever listened to philosophers. For the root of the matter is that silly women insist upon expenditures which

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ruin or craze or deprave their husbands, as the case may be, not because they enjoy them, but because other people do them who may or may not be able to afford them. "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion" is a damnable saying which is in the mouths of many well-meaning women, and the application of which has tragical results. Here the good Emerson would help the silly woman, had she the grace to listen to him. "It is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." She might plead that the saying is not addressed to her, she having, by hypothesis, "pas de quoi." But only consider what a Moloch fashion is in the one article of clothes, which is doubtless the article in which fashion-following and its parasites of millinery and mantua-making levy their heaviest toll upon suffering humanity. "Fashion," for example, meaning these parasites who live and thrive by it, decrees that no woman shall appear in 1914 in anything which she might have worn in 1913. As interpreted by the parasites, this means that all the expenditure of last year on clothes shall go to the scrap-heap or the rag-bag this year. In turn this means the destruction of what Ruskin calls "lovely and fantastic dressing." For not only is each successive "style" apt to be uglier and more defiant of the facts of human anatomy than its predecessor, but in the case of all but a very few of the very rich, it means that the victims of the quick changes, instead of buying rich and durable fabrics as they might if the changes were more gradual, are fain to content themselves with cheap and sleazy imitations of the real thing. To mere man, even fashionable man, an evening coat is a thing of several years and a frock coat of a lustrum. Were it so with woman, how much better dressed our dear sisters—and other kindred—would be. And to think that if fifty women of "light and leading"—leading of fashions among other things—in the great cities of the United States got together and "highly resolved," they might put a stop to this monstrous, extravagant, and tragical nonsense, by simply declaring that they would not follow the quick changes of the dressmakers and the milliners, but would give a stability to the fashions for women approaching that of the fashions for men.

In truth, it is "following a multitude to do evil" that is responsible for so many of the domestic wrecks which are mainly submerged, but of which one occasionally emerges to the surface, like that which forms the text of these remarks. One reverts to the notion of the society of an army post, where a number of refined persons are all poor together, where there is no competition in expenditure, and where there is as much enjoyment as can be had in civilian circles for ten times the money. It is enough to make one wish that the income tax were far more drastic. There is a philosopher, Carlyle, to whom Matthew Arnold denied the title upon the ground of his abjuration of happiness as "our being's end and aim." But there is equal sense and value in the maxim of "Sartor Resartus" to those who concur in the abjuration and to those who reject it. "The Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator."

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THE FIELD OF ART

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER—AN APPRECIATION

"SCULPTURE," says Maurice Maeterlinck, "should be the most peremptory of all arts. It should only express moments extremely rare and absolute, unspeakably beautiful, of life, of form, of the joys and the sorrows of humanity. All sculptured movement which is not of a high standard is a permanent crime, inexcusable. In our day, Rodin and Meunier, the one in the world of Passion, the other in that of Labor, are the only sculptors who have succeeded in seizing these moments, these sublime movements."

The Ancestor.

The great collection of sculpture and paintings by the late Constantin Meunier, which has been brought to this country by the Director of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, and which was opened there in November, is thoroughly representative of the artist and will reveal to the American public the grandeur and importance of the work of the Belgian master. There are many great painters in this century, but few great sculptors. One can easily count those who bring to the art of the sculptor the interest of a new vision, the form of a new feeling. The art of Meunier was born of an instinctive sympathy for the laborer.

Many sculptors have been born of the people, but with the exception of Meunier they have never felt the desire to glorify the class of the humble in the different domains of their industrial activity. This probably was due to the strength of the tradition that the poor laborer is too far removed from all sculptural conception to be thought of as a model.

Meunier before portraying miners and carriers, puddlers and blacksmiths, was their friend: he knew their difficult life before analyzing their character; he made himself familiar with their thoughts, with their hopes and with their sadness, before undertaking to reproduce their outline, or to portray with painful exactitude their attitudes. He was contented to live among these children of toil, accompanying them by the light of their dim lamps through the subterranean passages of the mines. Often he stopped to gaze with sympathetic eyes at the old blind horses belonging to the mine, seeing in them the dramatic symbol of the destiny of those who worked with them.

Meunier, like Millet, derived his inspiration from the men and women who work with their hands. It is because he sought this type that the works of the two masters bear such an incontestable likeness. The insight of the Belgian artist into the character of the types which he portrayed is most profound. Though brutally truthful, his art expresses the nobility of labor in a way that recalls the work of the great Barbizon master. Millet painted the laborer, but Constantin Meunier has given him to sculpture; has made him known to the world through his realistic productions, immortalized him in bronze and in stone.

Meunier is the reverse of a psychologist. One could better class his work as socialistic. The laborer is to him without personality, without peculiarity, without name.

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The Harvest.

The figures resemble each other in the structure of the body, in the shape of the head, and in the features. After a short time they become confused in the remembrance and resolve themselves into one, because the difference of age and dress is but slightly indicated. When Meunier individualizes his personages, he does it only to accentuate their especial trade or labor. One recognizes at once the difference between the blacksmith and the glass-worker, the miner and the lighterman.

The work of Meunier appears to us to depict the definite picture of generations of labor up to the present time. It is the perfect presentation of the eternal struggle of man against unconscious power, a gigantic drama, which is of all time, but which in our time is, perhaps, seen under an aspect even more tragic than in past epochs. This double character of eternity and actuality gives to his work a strength of emotion and a representative value quite unique. It is always hazardous and a little useless to try to foresee the admiration of the future, but surely there is no temerity in predicting that Meunier will appear to future generations as the most characteristic sculptor of his time, and as having had the originality of loving not only his ennobling work but the simple subjects of his choice. In spite of his realism, Meunier sometimes reaches to such grandeur in form, to such ideality in sentiment, that he carries us back to the most brilliant epochs in art. His feeling for the typical and the generic in some of his compositions recalls to us the sublime abstraction of Michael Angelo.

One has the sensation that the powerful gesture of the "Burden Bearer," the bold, energetic, and reserved attitude of the "Lighterman," are as symbolical as is the divine grace of "The Victory of Samothrace" or the quiet strength and self-confidence of the figures in the Parthenon. Emotion that is not theatrical but profound is the result of such a conscientious conception of art. It seizes us before each of Meunier's works, notably in the presence of "La Glèbe" (The Soil), "Le Grisou" (The Fire-damp), and above all "The Head of Christ." The heroic bust of a dying miner with its tragic pathos reminds one of "The Dying Alexander," but is made actual by the sympathetic realism of the modern master. It represents the deep spirituality which distinguishes Meunier's work in general together with high sculptural achievement.

Meunier's great monument—not quite completed at the time of his death—consists of four reliefs arranged in an architectural setting and forming a half-circle,

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Industry.

with five figures modelled in the round placed in front of the panels separating the reliefs and at the two ends of the semicircle. The four reliefs carved in stone represent four phases of modern industry—agriculture, manufacture, mining, and commerce. Agriculture is symbolized by reapers binding sheaves, manufacture by a group of glass-workers, mining by men at work underground, and commerce by the unloading of a ship's cargo. Thus air and fire, earth and water, are made the background for the forms of labor appropriate to each. The workmen are represented half nude and the play of their hard muscles under the skin is closely differentiated to show the degree to which the different tasks bring into use the different parts of the body.

In this instance, as in many others, Meunier produced more than one version of the same subject, and his true feeling for the exigencies of his plan led him in each case toward a more monumental treatment with less of the pictorial quality in the work finally destined for the monument to "Labor." He relinquished the charming delicacies of light and shade and the subtly retreating planes for a large and bold simplicity that nevertheless suggests richness of substance and a sensitive relation between the different figures and their background. "The Sower" is a statue of heroic size, the original of which is placed on the pinnacle of the monument to "Labor." With triumphant gesture, he is supposed to sow the ripe grain which will nourish the generations of the future. The statue is the symbol of the productiveness of work. The bronze figures that are placed in front of the panels are also heroically conceived, and executed with great force and breadth of handling.

The statue of "Maternity," which was made for the foot of the monument of "Work," is supposed to represent the mother of men. It is also the symbol of the family of the workman and the perpetuity of the human race. It is the mother and the children who should profit by the wheat sown by the intense labor of the workman. In this beautiful group the limbs of the mother outstretched with magnificent freedom, the integrity of the mass formed by the three figures—all combine to produce an impression of dignity and repose, and suggest the nobility and splendor of the Elgin marbles. The workman resting is a statue and is one of the figures at the corner of the monument of "Work" between "The Harvest" and "The Port." Majestic in his prodigious strength this laborer is seated, his hammer lying across his knee, his hand ready to seize the implement to strike. Curiously classic is

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"The Ancestor," the figure of the old man seated with his hands in his lap, his naked shoulders and chest furrowed with deep wrinkles, his emaciated throat showing the flaccid tendons, his neck narrow, his brow devoid of the marks of thought, his feet and hands large.

One of Meunier's canvases, his masterpiece, represents two miners, one of them with his shoulder pressed against the wall at the opening of the mine, the other seated near him with naked arms, holding his powerful lower jaw in his hand. They are silent and are looking far off at the smoky landscape; an infinite resignation is seen in their fixed gaze and a majestic strength is suggested by their strong limbs in repose. Their heavily built bodies are drawn against a sooty sky. In the voluntary silence one feels a hatred not yet awakened, and back of this extreme severity broods already a savage energy. They are like two modern descendants of the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, seeming to predict in their melancholy tranquillity the danger of the time to come. In another of his large canvases one finds represented a laborer overcome by fatigue; he is seated on the ground, his lips apart, his hands falling in stupid repose. This is a startling and not easily forgotten painting of animal exhaustion. But when Meunier simplifies, there *is* simplicity.

Maternity.

Constantin Meunier was born on the 12th of April, 1831, in Etterbek, at that time a suburb of the city of Brussels. From childhood he was acquainted with poverty, his mother and sister having to support the family after his father's early death. His first artistic training was received in a modelling class in the Brussels Academy, where his elder brother placed him at an early age, and at sixteen he entered the studio of the sculptor Fraikin, where he acquired a certain skill of hand, but received none of the impulse toward realism which afterward was to result in the monument to "Labor." Later he joined a group of young men who, sharing the expenses of a studio, were working independently, and here he found himself. At first Meunier painted, not believing that he could realize his ideals through a sculptor's medium; but under the influence of a friend, Charles de Groux, who was poor, he looked on the dark side of poverty and labor, and, finding in this friend a sympathetic soul, began to paint pictures in which a strong religious feeling and an intense interest in the drama of life were combined.

His first studies of the laboring classes in Belgium were made among the workers of a glass-factory; later he became familiar with the region where Belgian coal-miners are found, then he fell wholly under the spell of the energy and force expressed by hard physical labor. At this moment he turned again to sculpture as the form of expression best suited to his new material. He had started, and intended to work his way to the ideal of the realists, by the aid of paint and canvas, but form was what really appealed to him, and, having filled his mind with vital impressions, he began to model with instinctive faith in the sculptor's medium as the natural interpreter of labor.

Meunier saw his opportunity. He will live in years to come because he understood the touching splendor of his heroes and translated them with truth because he loved them well.

Cornelia Bentley Sage,
Director of the Albright Art Gallery.

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Painted by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE VICTORY OF THE "CONSTITUTION" OVER THE "JAVA," DECEMBER 29, 1812.

One of the great sea fights of the War of 1812.

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